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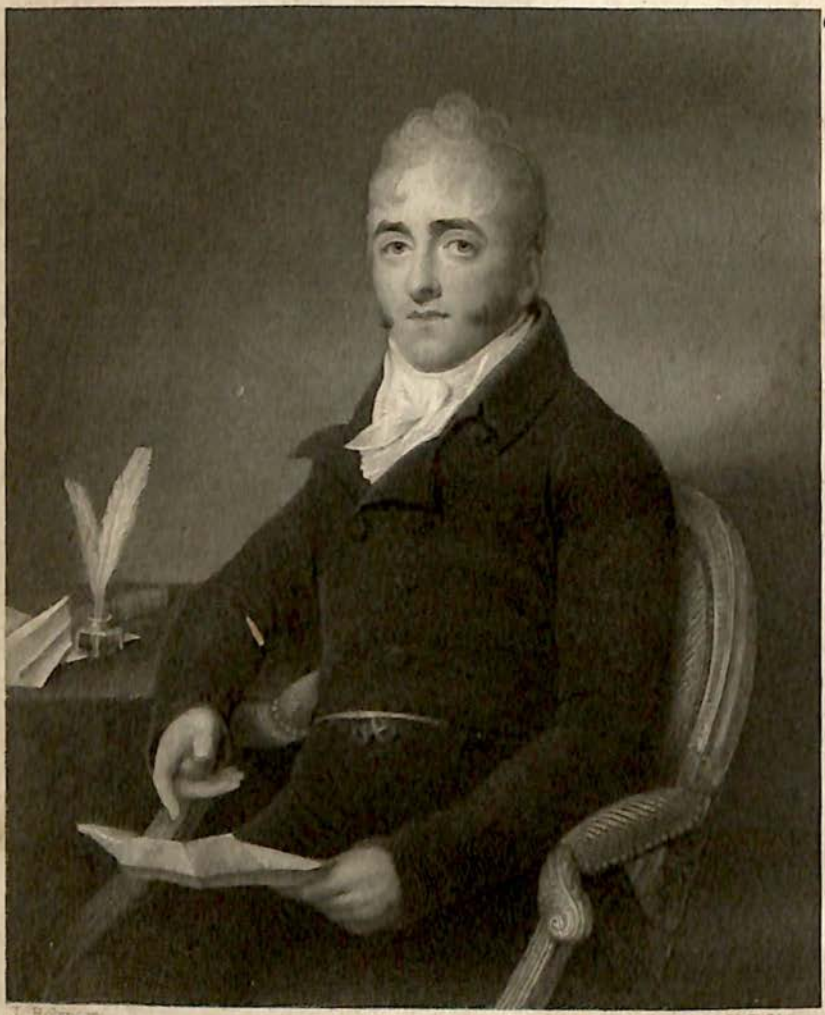

J. Robinson. H. Robinson.

James Corry.

LONDON, LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS

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MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL & CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

Thomas Moore

VOL. VI.

Moore's Residence at Sloperton

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MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

142030

THOMAS MOORE.

EDITED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

"Spirat adhuc amor."—Hor.

VOL. VI.

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PREFACE

TO

THE SIXTH VOLUME.

To the close of the present volume I have given from Moore's own diary, fully and minutely, the story of his life. Having reached a period only twenty years from the present time, I propose to employ with more reserve the remaining portion of my materials. The constant repetition of daily engagements becomes at length wearisome; and as we approach nearer the present day the duty of omission becomes at once difficult and indispensable.

But before I quit these volumes, it may be well to take a retrospect of that portion of the course which has been run, to throw a light on some passages that may seem obscure, and to obviate some inferences which have been rashly made from imperfect knowledge or malignant conjecture.

It must be obvious, to any one who has read these pages, that the character of Moore was not difficult to understand, although, like that of most men, it was not without inconsistencies and contradictions. With a keen sense of enjoyment, he loved music and poetry, the world and the playhouse, the large circle of society, and

the narrow precincts of his home. His heart was thrilled by deep feelings of devotion, and his mind expatiated over the wide field of philosophy. In all that he did, and wrote, and spoke, there was a freedom and a frankness which alarmed and delighted: — frightened old men of the world, and charmed young men and young women who were something better than the world. With a love and affection ready to burst out on all sides, he felt as he sang:

> " They may rail at this life: from the hour I began it,
> I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
> And until they can show me some happier planet,
> More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
>
> " Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
> If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee
> Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
> And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me."

I have not endeavoured to conceal his weaknesses. I have allowed it to be seen that he was dazzled by the first aspect of London society; that, in making confessions to his mother which he would not make to any one else, he avowed his delight at being noticed by the Prince of Wales, and chronicled all the praises which his poems received. Sagacious persons have thence argued that he had a great deal of vanity. A few words on this topic may not be amiss.

There is much truth in the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, that " what most offends us in the vanity of others is that it jars with our own." Every one says to himself, "There is a man so absorbed with his own merits that he does not per-

ceive mine." Still there are different kinds of vanity, and each partakes of the character of the person in whom it resides. Of these kinds the worst is that which makes little display, but is continually at work in depreciating others that our own superiority may become conspicuous. A vanity of this kind is largely mixed with envy. It is an envy too the more odious, as it is not content with hating some single person, or aiming at some single advantage, but hates every person who is admired and loved, and every quality for which a person is admired and loved. This kind of vanity cannot bear that a girl of eighteen should be admired for her beauty, or a child of three for its prattle. Any thing that attracts and absorbs attention is gall and wormwood to it. But above all, when that particular merit which competes with its own supposed eminence is admired, nothing is spared to injure, to depreciate, to depress the person thus endowed. The most sacred bonds of friendship, the strongest ties of affection, are broken to indulge its boundless passion. Truly did Mr. Sheridan say, that ambition and avarice are not so destructive in their rage or so furious in their career as vanity. He must have meant vanity of this kind. There is another kind of vanity, which is in many respects the opposite of that which I have described. It is open and ingenuous, taking for granted that all the world adopts its own estimate of its own excellence, and therefore in excellent humour with all the world. If the world sneers and depreciates, a person of this character ascribes the sarcasm to the malignity of some one, or some few, and goes on satisfied and happy as before. Vanity of this kind is often joined with much

kindness, and even with simplicity and candour. It is compatible with a high appreciation of the works and acts of others. It often overflows in benevolence towards family, friends, neighbours, and mankind in general.

I own it appears to me that an open confession of this kind is preferable to a humility which is often nothing better than hypocrisy. It is difficult to believe that a poet, an orator, or an historian, whose fame is an echo to every effort of his genius, can be ignorant of his own merit. When Horace says —

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"

and when Ovid, in the same spirit, exclaims —

"Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas,"

I applaud their manly candour, and acknowledge the truth of their prophecies. It is the same with Dante, Milton, Ariosto, and many others. They knew their powers and were too honest to affect ignorance of them. But when Mr. Burke, who must have been conscious that his eloquence was stamped with genius and fraught with the treasures of a rich imagination, represents himself as nothing more than an industrious plodding member of Parliament, I cannot fail to perceive that he is mocking his hearers, and that he pretends to a humility he does not feel.

Now it would be folly to deny that Moore had a good opinion of his own powers, and that he was delighted with every tribute, oral, written, and printed, to his talents. But his love of praise was joined with the most generous and liberal dispensation of praise to others. He

relished the works of Byron and of Scott as if he had been himself no competitor for fame with them. Another man, in his position, upon seeing the hospitable mansion of Abbotsford, might have felt some envy at the largeness of the possession acquired by the pen of a rival. But Moore only felt that it was a position due to genius; and, when the frail fabric of Scott's fortune tumbled to the ground, lamented with genuine sympathy the downfall of a prosperity to which he himself had never aspired, but which he considered the right of the "Author of Waverley."

The Journal or Diary of Moore occupies the chief part of these volumes. He has recorded in it the conversations which took place at the dinners and parties where he was a guest. Some persons are of opinion that such conversations ought not to be written, and if written ought not to be printed. Yet it will hardly be denied that there is an interest in the talk of men of talent which is hardly to be found in their most laboured works. One poet has recorded of Addison that he was

> "Form'd with each talent and each art to please,
> And born to write, converse, and live with ease."

Another poet, remembering the groves he loved, says —

> "'Twas here of just and good he reason'd strong,
> Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song."

There is no one, I imagine, who would not be glad to have before him a journal of these conversations, and to see rescued from oblivion the discourse which Pope and Swift and Tickell celebrated for its thought and loved for its amiability.

The defect of Moore's Journal, in my opinion, is, that while he is at great pains to put in writing the stories and the jokes he hears, he seldom records a serious discussion or notices the instructive portion of the conversations in which he bore a part. It may be of some interest to recall, however, the character and type of the conversations which were carried on by the eminent men now lost to us with whom Moore habitually lived. Lord Bacon has said that "reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and conversation a ready man." It may be added that in this, as in other arts, "practice makes perfect." Those who have been renowned for their powers of conversation were constantly engaged in that pleasant task. Addison would pass seven or eight hours a-day in coffee-houses and taverns. Johnson told Boswell that his habit was to go out at four o'clock in the afternoon and not to return till two o'clock in the morning. A vast time for these learned men to spend in talk! Yet, having armed themselves at all points by study, it was no doubt a great delight to these knights of the library to try the temper of their weapons, to run full tilt against an adversary with pointed epigram, and to win the prize in a tournament of wits.

But beyond the mere pleasure of the encounter, it cannot be disputed that much is to be learnt from the conversation of men of reading and observation. Mr. Fox declared that he learnt more from Mr. Burke's conversation than from all the books he had ever read. It often happens, indeed, that a short remark in conversation contains the essence of a quarto volume.

Of all those whose conversation is referred to by Moore, Sir James Mackintosh was the ablest, the most brilliant, and the best informed. A most competent judge in this matter, Sydney Smith, has said, "Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with."* His stores of learning were vast, and of those kinds which, both in serious and in light conversation, are most available. He was profoundly acquainted with the doctrines of the ancient sects of philosophy and the modern churches of Christianity, and he so tempered, assisted, and controlled his memory by his judgment, that if he were referred to on any disputed point, his answer would give, not merely the fact, but a condensed argument on the controversy. So that not only was the hearer correctly informed of the exact nature of the tenet which he inquired about, but such light was thrown upon it that he could account for its rise, its prevalence, and its tendency, without further investigation. This information too, which no book or number of books of reference would have given, was conveyed in the easy language of conversation, and with the unassuming tone of an equal and a companion. Indeed, his mind seemed to comprehend in distinct but harmonious method the whole history of human thought, from the earliest speculations of the friends of Job to the latest subtleties of the disciples of Kant. With rare impartiality of mind, and a charity of disposition stil

* Life of Mackintosh, vol. ii. p. 500.

more rare, he gave its full weight to every opinion, and made the fairest allowance for every error. Not less copious and instructive was his knowledge of civil and political history; the conduct of Queen Elizabeth to Queen Mary, the projects of the Crusaders, the views of the leaders of party during the French Revolution,—all found in him a searching inquirer and an impartial judge. On lighter subjects he was equally at home; epigrams, farces, and novels were not less familiar to him than the treatises of Grotius or the annals of Thuanus. Possessing a good share of wit and humour, he took his part in political warfare, armed no less with the "tart reply" than with the "eloquent harangue." I remember sitting by him when a great lawyer, disclaiming, from the Treasury Bench, all participation in the opinions of the Liberal party, said, "I could see nothing to tempt me in the views of the gentlemen opposite." "For views read prospects," whispered Mackintosh to me. Thus endowed, conversation was his favourite employment and his chief seduction. His style in writing was far from being clear and idiomatic; his manner of speaking in Parliament was too elaborate, perhaps too didactic, and his voice harsh and hoarse; but in society his gentle bearing and his vigorous tone made him powerful and pleasing, victorious and delightful.

If it is difficult to convey any notion of the conversation of Sir James Mackintosh, it is hardly possible to describe that of Sydney Smith. There are two kinds of colloquial wit which equally contribute to fame, though not equally to agreeable conversation. The one is

like a rocket in a dark air which shoots at once into the sky, and is the more surprising from the previous silence and gloom; the other is like that kind of firework which blazes and bursts out in every direction, exploding at one moment, and shining brightly at another, eccentric in its course, and changing its shape and colour to many forms and many hues. Or, as a dinner is set out with two kinds of champagne, so these two kinds of wit, the still and the sparkling, are to be found in good company. Sheridan and Talleyrand were among the best examples of the first. Hare (as I have heard) and Sydney Smith were brilliant instances of the second. Hare I knew only by tradition; but with Sydney Smith I long lived intimately. His great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images: these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughing louder and with more enjoyment than any one. This electric contact of mirth came and went with the occasion; it cannot be repeated or reproduced. Anything would give occasion to it. For instance, having seen in the newspapers that Sir Æneas Mackintosh was come to town, he drew such a ludicrous caricature of Sir Æneas and Lady Dido, for the amusement of their namesake, that Sir James Mackintosh rolled on the floor in fits of laughter, and Sydney Smith, striding across him, exclaimed, "Ruat Justitia!" His powers of fun were at the same time united with the strongest, and most practical common sense. So that while he laughed away seriousness at one minute, he destroyed in the next some rooted prejudice which had braved for a thousand years the battle

of reason, and the breeze of ridicule. The letters of Peter Plymley bear the greatest likeness to his conversation; the description of Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown dancing at the court of Naples in a volcano coat with lava buttons, and the comparison of Mr. Canning to a large blue-bottle fly with its parasites, most resemble the pictures he raised up in social conversation. It may be averred for certain, that in this style he has never been equalled, and I do not suppose he will ever be surpassed.

It has been said that Moore was a cordial admirer of Scott. Nor was personal intimacy likely to diminish their mutual attraction. For Scott had, like Moore, a frankness and a freedom in his conversation which soared far above the small jealousies, snarling criticisms, and faint praise, which are but too often exhibited among authors when speaking of each other. Scott, with a good, sound understanding, had an open, hearty manner, and, where his politics did not interfere, a cordial warmth towards his fellow-men. His chief merits in society were a cheerful tone, an inexhaustible memory, and a fund of anecdotes and stories which he told with strong Scottish humour, aided by a strong Scottish accent. But, in order to see Walter Scott at his ease, it was necessary to see him at the head of his own table, or, at least, in his own country. When he came to London, he was stiff and constrained, and seemed always apprehensive of remarks which he should feel bound to resent. The consequence was, that his London acquaintance were equally constrained with him. But put him in his own house, surround him with friends, and there could not be

a more jovial, a more agreeable, or a more unaffected member of society. Like Samuel Johnson, he pretended to no fine sentiment, or divine inspiration, which made him an author. He did his work as a workman; knew the merits and the defects of his writings, and was contented to reap the reward of a very popular talent without overrating the intrinsic value of the article he produced. This wholesome, genial, kind, and manly disposition is as visible in his letters as it was in his intercourse with his neighbours. Byron has said,—

> "I hate an author who's all author: fellows
> In foolscap uniform turn'd up with ink."

Scott was the reverse of this, and enjoyed his pony and his dogs as if he had been the homeliest squire on Tweed-side.

Among the houses where Moore was most in the habit of dining when in London, was Holland House. The conversation of that house has been commemorated with no more than just praise in an article of the "Edinburgh Review," written by Mr. Macaulay. Yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of adding my tribute to the name of Lord Holland.

Lord Holland early in life sate at the feet of his celebrated uncle. From Mr. Fox he learnt an ardent hatred of oppression, an attachment to the leading principles of the British Constitution, indignant detestation of religious persecution, and a sympathy for all nations endeavouring to shake off the yoke of tyranny. With a taste also fostered by, if not derived from, Mr. Fox, he had a great love of classical literature, both ancient and modern.

With these strong affections and decided tastes, he united a love of society, which absorbed much of his time, and dissipated much of his energy; so that instead of being like Mr. Fox a great leader of party, he was rather a faithful adherent to generous principles, and a warm friend to all who suffered from the fury of an Anti-Jacobin ascendency. But the same love of agreeable society which somewhat blunted the weapons of Parliamentary warfare, added to the grace and liveliness of his conversation. The extreme cheerfulness of his disposition, his kindness to all around him, his toleration for all opinions, his keen sense of the ridiculous, his anecdotes of political debates, enlivened by his admirable mimicry of the chief speakers, made him the pleasantest host who ever presided over a hospitable feast. Lady Holland took care to collect around him nearly every man of eminence in the political, literary, scientific and social world: each received a genial welcome, and shared in a refined and friendly intercourse, no less remarkable for its absence of formality or exclusiveness, than for its wit and intelligence. Such was Lord Holland in the position where he was most admired, and could best be appreciated. From want of practice, and it must be said for want of that animated kind of debate which was best suited to his powers, he never rose to great eminence as a speaker; from want of leisure and time to concentrate his thoughts and polish his style he never attained to much distinction as a writer: in conversation, however, if he had neither the extensive learning of Mackintosh, nor the broad humour of Sydney Smith, he had a quickness of observation and practical experience

of the stirring conflicts of the age, which made him the equal of any man of his time in the charm of conversation. He won without seeming to court, he instructed without seeming to teach, and he amused without labouring to be witty. But of the charm which belonged to Lord Holland's conversation future times can form no adequate conception: —

> "The pliant muscles of the various face,
> The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
> The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
> Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind."

Such were some of the class which Moore loved to frequent. Scott, indeed, did not properly belong to it, but the others are a sample of men belonging to the higher society of England in the first half of the present century.

The character of Moore was much influenced, however, by conversation of a very different kind from that of philosophers, or poets. It is impossible to read many pages of his "Journal" without perceiving that the conversation of women had for him a very great attraction, and that among women he always preferred the natural, the simple, and the amiable, to the learned, the brilliant, and the wise. Or rather, perhaps I should say, he considered that the women who had the truest hearts had likewise the best minds, and that the authoress who shines as a wit too frequently loses that quick perception of the just and the unjust, the truth and the pretence, which seems to belong as an instinct to the less celebrated of her sex. If Moore's taste in this respect may have misled him in his youth, he

was saved from final error by his marriage to one of the noblest of women. Mrs. Moore brought him no fortune; indeed it was intended that she should earn her living by the stage, and Moore, afraid that so unworldly a match might displease his parents, at first concealed from them the fact of his marriage. But the excellence of his wife's moral character; her energy and courage; her abhorrence of all meanness; her disinterested abstinence from amusement; her persevering economy; made her a better, and even a richer partner to Moore, than an heiress of ten thousand a year would have been with less devotion to her duty, and less steadiness of conduct.

There was another person whose society Moore frequented with a growing admiration of its excellence, and an increasing appreciation of the benefits he derived from it. I cannot properly expatiate upon the character of one whose virtues loved to retire even from the praise of loving retirement; who sought in works of charity and beneficence among her poorer neighbours, a compensation for the worldly advantages which excited the envy of others; but among the good influences which surrounded Moore, and led him to revere a woman "unspotted from the world," I could not omit to allude to his intercourse with her who diffused an air of holiness, and peace, and purity over the house of Bowood, which neither rich nor poor can ever forget.

In the former volumes some errors have been pointed out to me, which, in future editions, will be corrected. Mr. Leeves was not the author of the words of "Auld Robin Gray," but of the music. Dr. Croly was men-

tioned as one who had attacked Moore anonymously; there was no truth in this report; and I have to regret that, misled by a different spelling of the name, I allowed a passage to stand injurious to the reputation of a man of Dr. Croly's talents and character.

I hope to complete the work in eight volumes.

MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

DIARY

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

1829.

[THE year 1829 opened with a very general speculation and anxiety as to the course about to be pursued by the Duke of Wellington and his colleagues in the question of Roman Catholic Emancipation. Since the time when Mr. Pitt resigned his undisputed power because he was not allowed to bring this question forward, the plan of relieving the Roman Catholics from their civil disabilities had from time to time been a subject of parliamentary discussion. Mr. Fox, in 1805, had introduced a motion in the House of Commons for this purpose. From that period the Whigs, with undeviating consistency, had declared that the claims of the Catholics were founded in justice, and ought to be conceded. The more able of the Tory party generally adopted the same view. Lord Wellesley, Mr. Canning, Lord Castlereagh agreed with Lord Grenville, Lord Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Windham upon this question. Lord Liverpool had made it an open question in his cabinet. Hence, upon this vital question of internal government, Mr. Canning was seen consulting

with Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Brougham, while he answered his colleague Mr. Peel. The great schism among the Tory party, in 1827, rose from this diversity of opinion. Lord Eldon and Mr. Peel would not consent to serve under a Prime Minister who favoured the Roman Catholic claims.

The Duke of Wellington had taken little part in these discussions. He supported Lord Liverpool in the cabinet, but would have supported him equally had he declared at any time that the claims of Roman Catholics could no longer be resisted.

When he became himself Prime Minister, he took a calm view of the situation of the country. In the summer and autumn of 1828, Ireland was organised for agitation and almost for civil war. The Duke determined to yield. By his great authority, by his firmness, by his patience, he gained over his colleagues. He then obtained the reluctant assent of the King to announce the proposed concession in the speech from the throne.

The following extract alludes to the subject. — ED.]

January 1st, 1829. Left Bowood before breakfast, in order to have more of the day to myself. Intended, at first, to return to dinner, but fixed for Saturday next instead. Found a letter from Barnes, saying that the verses I had sent him (in ridicule of the Duke of Wellington) had been actually set up in type, but that, on maturer deliberation, he had decided not to print them. He then gives his reasons at length, being, in substance, that he has great hopes from the Duke for the Catholic question; that it would be, therefore, wrong to make a laughing-stock of him, &c. &c., but that they will watch him well, and should they see reason to attack him, will then be glad of the aid of my "formidable artillery."

3rd. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. The only addition to the company a Russian, whose name nobody could pronounce for me. Lady L. begged me to take Miss Fox out in going to dinner, and sit next Lord Lansdowne. After the ladies went followed him to the other end of the table, and got next the Russian; a very intelligent man, and much versed in the literature of England, as well as of every other part of Europe. Told me that there were two translations of my "Irish Melodies" into Russian, and that he had with him the translation of my "Peri," made by the Russian poet who accompanied the present Empress when she was at Berlin. In the evening sung a good deal. The Russian showed me the translation of my "Peri" in a collection of Russian poems which he had bound together to read in travelling. My name in the Russian was made *Murosou*, the *ou* at the end being, as in Greek, the sign of the genitive case, "of Moore." Walter Scott not at all to be recognised in its Russian shape. Said that there are two different schools of style in Russia; the one being advocates for a mixture of the old Sclavonic words with their diction, and the other all for a new and purer phraseology. Petersburg and Moscow have each their distinct literary circles,—that of Moscow he thinks the best. Generally two translations of any celebrated foreign work,—a Moscow and a Petersburg one. Read aloud to us a good part of the Russian "Peri," which sounded very musically.

4th. News of Lord Anglesey's recall from Ireland. A great sensation at breakfast, every one producing their letters of private intelligence, with rumours of his successor, &c. &c. Lord L., when asked how he was this morning, answered, "All the better for reading Anglesey's admirable letter."

8th. Bessy took Anastasia to Devizes, to consult Dr. Brabant about her knee, which has been more than usually tender these some days past: her cries this morning dreadful. Little Henry Fitzmaurice called with a message about to-morrow from Lady L. Sent off the verses, "Rival Topics," to "The Times." Find it a hard task now to write *anything* with a mind so harassed as mine is by the prolonged illness of the child, and the evident effect it begins to have upon the (even far more precious) health of the mother, who looks every day more and more worn with it.

9th. The Lansdownes' carriage came for us at half-past seven, and Bessy, Tom, Russell, and I set off in it; my dearest Bess looking remarkably well, and danced four country dances.

16th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Lord L. showed me after dinner a letter he had received from Lord Anglesey, explaining the circumstances that led to his recall and to the publication of his letter to Curtis; was very well written, and both the style and the feeling showing him to have been fully capable of the letter to the Archbishop. One word in it rather an odd coinage: "*upholdatory* of his government." Set off at nine for the ball. The Houltons there, looking very handsome. Kerry all happiness, and I *tant soit peu ennuyé*. Got to Bowood between two and three. My intention was to return home, but Lady L. persuaded me to stay and sleep.

19th. Walked into Devizes, to see Dr. Brabant about Anastasia. Had a long consultation with him; the state of inaction into which she has fallen lately having given us great uneasiness, and the limb making no progress whatever.

20th. A letter from my sister Ellen, to say that my mother is very ill, and Crampton attending her. This, at

her age, is alarming, and affected me deeply, my darling Bessy doing all in her power to strengthen and prepare my mind for the worst. A note from Lord Kerry, proposing to take Bessy and me to the Devizes ball to-night, but declined.

21st, 22nd. A letter to say that my mother is better.

26th. Some conversation with Lord L., Elwyn, &c., after breakfast. Lord Peterborough, being once surrounded by a mob, who took him for the Duke of Marlborough, then very unpopular, looked out of the carriage window, and said, "I assure you, my good friends, you are mistaken in your man; I have rather a large sum of money in my carriage, and, to convince you I am not the Duke of Marlborough, here it is, very much at your service." Elwyn mentioned to me an anecdote of Lord Byron having once taken a challenge from —— to Chief Justice Best, on account of the latter having said that —— was a great rascal. "I confess, my Lord, I did say that —— was a great rascal, and I now repeat the assertion to your Lordship; but are you aware, Lord Byron," (he added, laughing,) "of the consequences you expose yourself to, by bringing a challenge to a Chief Justice?" Lord Byron was soon made to feel the ridicule of the step, and they parted very good friends, leaving ——'s honour to shift for itself. Fielding and Lord Lansdowne walked part of the way home with me.

27th. Busy revising my MS. of Byron's Life, in order to send some of it up by Lord Lansdowne.

[The beginning of this year was clouded by the illness and death of Anastasia, the remaining daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moore. She was of a gentle and affectionate nature, with a sensibility and modesty of character which

deeply engaged the tenderness of her parents. Moore seems to have been afraid of disturbing her mind with religious preparation; but Mrs. Moore had long before inculcated in her daughter's mind those lessons of piety she was so well qualified to give.—ED.]

February 1st. Walked over to Bowood, with my two copybooks; found the Fieldings there to luncheon. Lord L. asked me to stay and dine with them as I was. Went in to prayers with them; a passage in the sermon Guthrie preached, "scenes of great distress await us all," struck mournfully on my heart, which has long had sad misgivings about our poor Anastasia. Staid to dinner. Walked home at night.

2nd. Bessy called with the Hugheses and Anastasia; asked me to go in and dine at Devizes, which I did. Our dear child not looking at all as I could wish. Though Dr. Brabant and I were left alone together after dinner, dreaded asking him about her.

3rd. Breakfasted at Hughes's; our darling child looking, as she lay in bed, like one dying. Walked home to Sloperton with a heavy heart.

4th and 5th. At home at work. On the 5th, Bessy came with the Hugheses and Anastasia; a sad scene with my poor Bessy, who evidently fears the worst. On the evening of the 5th received a letter of Luttrell's to Scott (which my kind Bess despatched to me), announcing the *certainty* that Emancipation is to be recommended in the King's forthcoming speech. Could I ever have thought that this event would, under any circumstances, find me indifferent to it? yet such is almost the case at present. Did not see Bessy's writing on the cover (congratulating me on the news, and saying, "let me have one line") till

I had sent off the servant; and fearing she might be disappointed, wrote a little note, and went out to get some one to take it, though past eight o'clock and pitch dark. The blacksmith's boy, however, undertook it readily.

6th. Obliged to go to Locke's to dinner, having promised a fortnight since to meet the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who made it a particular request that I should be of the party. Were I in a state to be amused, would have been abundantly so by the consternation of my Lord the bishop and five parsons (who proved our company) at the announcement in the King's speech. Discussed the subject after dinner, and (notwithstanding our *toto cœlo* difference of opinion) got on very smoothly with them. Slept at Locke's. The Bishop expressed great compunction at having been one of those who gave way on the Corporation and Test Acts.

7th. Locke at breakfast said that the Bishop (who had started early) was quite delighted with me and with the way I spoke my mind! After breakfast set out to walk to Devizes, but met Bessy and Anastasia coming for me; got in with them and went on to Devizes. The dreadful truth at last forced upon me, that there were but little hopes for our poor girl. Bessy herself has known (and been wasting away on the knowledge of) it these three weeks, but feared to distress me by telling it. Has sent for Dr. Fowler of Salisbury, and expects him to-day. Walked home.

8th. Bessy arrived with Anastasia between three and four. Fowler has twice seen her, and says there are *some* favourable symptoms, but those of an opposite kind, by what I can collect, predominate. Never was there any thing in this world equal to the feeling, the firmness, the total sacrifice of self, the perfection, in short, of all

womanly virtue that exists in my beloved Bessy. Resolved, for *her* sake, to rally all my fortitude, and prepare for the worst.

9th to 12. A melancholy week, but lucky for me that I am *obliged* to work, as it, in some degree, distracts my thoughts. The dreadful moment is that interval at night, when I have done working and am preparing for bed. It is then every thing most dreadful crowds upon me, and the loss not only of this dear child, but of all that I love in the world, seems impending over me. Have sent up to Murray, since Lord L. went, two more books of copy. Shall be obliged to go up myself to arrange about printing. Sent an apology to the Fieldings for both the 10th and the 12th, when I was to have dined with them, telling them the hopeless state of our poor child. Nothing could surpass the kindness of them and everybody else. A letter from Lady Lansdowne, offering Bessy and me rooms at Bowood whenever we might wish to go there. Our poor girl sometimes cheerful, and the night before last not only made me play some waltzes to her, but hummed one or two herself.

13th to 15th. Some signs of amendment in our dear girl; so much so, as to give us a gleam of hope — Bessy, particularly, beginning to think more cheerfully of it.

16th. All our hopes dashed; the darling child's weakness evidently increasing. Doubtful whether I should leave home, but Bessy thinks it better now than later.

17th. Walked to Devizes, and started in the Emerald a little before eleven o'clock; only one companion. Read Penrose's Journal, on account of Lord Byron's mention of it; found it tiresome. Got to town between nine and ten; found my room at Sandon's ready for me. Had something to eat at the Athenæum.

18th. A note from Murray, to come and breakfast with him; found Davidson there. Called upon Rogers; walked with me on my way to Power's. In speaking of Young the poet, as being a very merry fellow in conversation, he said, "I dare say that people who *act* melancholy as he did, must have a vent in some way or other. Now, mutes at funerals, I can imagine them when they throw off their cloaks, playing leapfrog together." From Power's went to Lansdowne House; saw her; full of kindness and feeling about our dear child; neither herself nor Lord Lansdowne well. Went to the Donegals; saw poor Lady D. Thence to call on O'Connell at Batt's. The waiter told me that there came about forty or fifty poor devils of Irish there every day with petitions to the great Dan. Found with O'Connell Mr. Bellew, Sir T. Esmonde, O'Gorman, and a priest. O'Connell, showing me a packet just arrived from Charleston with contributions, said, "It is these things have done it." Mentioned a curious judgment he once heard Curran deliver as Master of the Rolls, on a case connected with the theatre, about free admissions, which the renters wished to restrain; in which he drew an illustration from Lundy Foot, and said that this tobacconist might as well bring an action for damages against a man, who, in passing by his shop, "caught an eleemosynary pinch of snuff on the breeze." He then proceeded to say that the case reminded him of his youthful days, when he was a great visitor of the theatre, and when, being always of an aspiring disposition, he used to choose the loftiest situation in the house; that there he used to observe that the *gratuitous* part of the audience were the most clamorous and applausive; and accordingly came to the conclusion, that "if free admissions were not allowed, not only would the theatre be proportionately thinner, but

(what would be a serious grievance) *bad acting would go without applause.*" Told me a story of himself having, one morning, at the inn at Killarney, got up early for the purpose of setting off by the coach, and as he walked up and down the passage repeating to himself my lines:

> " The friends we've tried
> Are by our side,"

just as he came to " the foe we hate before us," a bedroom door opened, and out walked Goulburn. On my saying that from the wretched state of my mind at this moment I could not bring myself up to the feeling they all had at this moment, O'Gorman answered, " 'Faith, and you were *up* to it as early as any man I know." I then reminded him of a conversation we had one night in the year 1797 (I think) when he and I were in college together, he rather my senior.

19th. A note from Murray to come and breakfast; did so. Had been reading my MS. of Byron, and expressed himself highly delighted with it, which gave me pleasure. Publishers, like picture-dealers, are sharpened into taste by their interest, and acquire a knack of *knowing* what is good without understanding it. Called upon Rogers; he had yesterday, at my request, written to William Bankes to know whether I might call upon him on the subject of Byron, and his answer was, certainly. Set off for Bankes's; found him at home. Was very civil; said he had but few letters of B.'s he thought free enough from personal matters to suit my purpose, but those that were fit to be published should be at my service. Mentioned a key to the persons alluded to in " Hours of Idleness," which Byron had given him, and which I should have if he could find it. Talked with much affection of B.; his sensitiveness to criticism. When

Bankes was with him at Venice, he told Byron of some Mr. S—— (then also at Venice, and, as Byron said, "a salt fish seller"), who declared that Don Juan was all "Grub Street." The effect of this on Byron was so great, that Bankes is of opinion (as, indeed, Byron himself told him) that it stopped Don Juan for some time. "That damned Mr. S——," he used to say, speaking the first syllable (as was his custom sometimes) broadly. He also showed Bankes one day a drawer containing the MS. of Don Juan, saying, "Look, here is Mr. S——'s Grub Street." As an instance of his good nature, said that when he arrived at Venice he found Byron had marked down the pages of different books he had been reading in which Bankes was favourably mentioned; particularly what Napoleon says of him in his Memoirs. Found Byron, he said, greatly altered in Italy; had got coarse. Gave me seven or eight letters, but could not find the "Key;" promised, however, to look for it. From thence went to call on Mrs. Speaker, and was not a little amused to see her enshrined in her magnificent establishment. Showed great feeling and kindness about my poor girl. On my mentioning that I had some idea of going to the House of Lords in the evening, asked me to dine quietly with herself and daughters, and I should be put in there when I liked. Left my card at Secretary Peel's; thence to Croker's, and sat with him some time.

20th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Wrote a note to Peel, saying that he must be rather surprised at seeing my card yesterday, but that I had two motives for leaving it at his door; the first and chief, to pay my humble homage to what I considered the finest example of moral courage and high-mindedness in our times, and the other (which but for the first I should not have troubled him

with) was to ask whether he recollected a circumstance which Byron mentions of him in one of his letters, and which I then stated. I added that (as it might give him less trouble to speak with me on the subject for two minutes than to write) I would, myself, leave this note at his house on my way to William Bankes's and call as I returned. Did so. William Bankes had not been able to find the Key to the "Childish Recollections," but gave me another letter of Byron's. Was admitted at Mr. Peel's; received me very kindly, and said how much obliged he was by my note. The circumstance mentioned by Byron was, that Peel, in the year 1810, I think, had met (as he thought) Lord Byron in the streets of London at a time when the latter was actually lying ill of a fever at Patras. The fact was, Peel said, (though he did not like his name to be quoted seriously as an authority for a ghost story,) he was really under the impression, and still continued so, that he had not only seen, but talked with Lord Byron at the time. He then talked a good deal of Byron; mentioned his fondness for low company; the influence that the example of his grand-uncle, the old Lord, had over his mind, and particularly on the subject of duelling, which he accustomed himself to connect with the name of Byron, and to look to as a resource and a revenge in his manhood when under any mortifications from being bullied by stronger boys at school. This last remark, I owned to him, had not occurred to me before, but I felt its truth and should make use of it: the former observation (respecting the general effect of the old Lord's example on his mind) I had anticipated. On shaking hands at parting, he assured me that nothing had been said on the late occurrences that gave him so much pleasure as my note. Called upon Lord John Russell and found him at home. A good deal of

conversation; find there is a drawback (in the mind of him and others) on the merit of Peel's conduct, from the consideration that he must have had pretty nearly the same views of the necessity of yielding the question at the time he separated from and opposed Canning on it. Lord J. walked out with me. Dined at the Athenæum between seven and eight, and went afterwards to Power's, and thence to Printing House Square to see Barnes. Had written to him before I left home, to say how impossible it was that I could do any thing to assist him now, from the state of mind I was in, and proposing to give him a draft on the Longmans for the money the proprietors had advanced me. Had sent me an answer, as he now told me, to say that I need not make myself uneasy on this point, as the proprietors were well satisfied to wait till my mind was more at ease. Added now, too, that Walter (who was the only one of the proprietors he ever consulted) felt the value of my co-operation so much that he would be most unwilling to do any thing to risk or disturb it. Met Lord Grey this morning, as joyous as a boy about these events (as, indeed, I find every body except myself). Told me he counts on near sixty in the Lords.

21st. A little after nine Mrs. Shelley (on whom I called yesterday) came in a hackney coach, as she had announced by a note last night. Went afterwards to Rogers's: Carey (Dante), and Danby the painter, with him. Forth thence to the Athenæum, where I had promised to meet Truganoff, the Russian, who was to bring me an account of the names of the Russian translators and imitators of Byron; brought me also a publication he had just received from Petersburg, containing several translations from myself, and made me a present of it. Went to Longman's. Forget whether I mentioned their proposal

to me when I was last in town respecting a sort of Cyclopædia publication they meditate, and which it was their wish to commence with histories of Scotland and Ireland (one small volume each) by Sir Walter Scott and myself. What they proposed to offer me then was 500*l.*, but, by a letter written after my return home, I declined the proposal, giving my reasons at length. They now returned to the charge on new and certainly more tempting grounds, their plan being to have a history of England by Mackintosh in three small volumes, and those of Scotland and Ireland (as before) by Scott and me, but the price raised to 1000*l.* for each volume; 3000*l.* to Sir James, and 1000*l.* each to Scott and me. The difficulty they apprehended (I having said that under such circumstances I saw no objection to the undertaking) is on the part of Scott, who has given for answer, that in his "Tales of a Grandfather," he has already performed the task they demand of him. Begged that I would join Mackintosh in a request to Sir Walter to be our *collaborateur*, which I promised to do. Went home for my letter; our darling, in driving out the day before yesterday, was so exhausted that Bessy says she can attempt it no more. Had asked Dr. Brabant whether she should hurry me down, but he said Sunday would be time enough, adding at the same time, that we should have very little warning of what must soon come. Went to Rogers's to look over the letters he has of Byron's. * * * Slept at the Gloucester.

[The plan which is here mentioned, of combining Mr. Moore with Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott in historical works, was carried into effect. Had Mr. Moore been able to keep to the restriction of one volume, which seems to have been originally in contemplation, the result might have been an easy, agreeable, and readable

work. But, unfortunately, he extended his labours, and spread the work over several volumes. For this task he was not originally very well qualified. No man knew better how to turn his researches in libraries to account, and to pick out the jewels from the stone and rubbish of the mine in which he was employed. But a critical examination of obscure authorities on an obscure subject was not a pursuit well suited to his genius. His time was absorbed by it, his health worn, and his faculties dragged down to a wearisome and uncongenial task.

I had long urged him to undertake the life of Grattan; and when the documents for that purpose were not confided to him, I advised him to pass lightly over the earlier periods of Irish history in order to narrate at length the events which took place from the first formation of the Volunteers to the conclusion of the Legislative Union. There is much that is bright, as well as much that is sad, in the history of that period. The characters of Lord Charlemont and Mr. Grattan deserve to be drawn with a "pencil of light." Purer and more upright statesmen have never adorned the annals of any country. The story of the Rebellion of 1798, and the devotion to their mistaken cause of Lord Edward and his associates, is of melancholy interest.

Had Moore undertaken this task, materials would have been poured at his feet in abundance. His country would have found in his brilliant and touching narrative the highest examples of virtue to imitate, the sad memorials of misdirected patriotism to lament, the foul stains of corruption to loathe, and the dreadful records of cruelty to abhor. It is much to be regretted that such a task has not been performed; to a friend of Moore's, it is matter of deep concern that he should not have performed it — ED.]

22nd. Off at seven: an intelligent man in the coach,

who knew the history of all the seats along the road and of their inhabitants, and strewed the whole way with anecdotes. Arrived at Calne before five, and set off on foot for home. Felt most anxious as I approached the cottage, not knowing what might have happened since the day before yesterday. Could not bring myself to enter at the hall-door, but tapped at the back kitchen window in order to know what I was to expect. Our poor child much the same; found her up stairs in the room she was never again to leave *alive*.

23rd to 28th. The next fortnight furnishes but a melancholy detail of the last hours of our darling child, the only consolation of which was that she passed them without suffering, and even in calm and cheerful enjoyment. She had no idea of her danger, nor did Bessy, nor I, nor any of those about her, ever show the least sign of alarm or sorrow in her presence. There are some pious persons who would think this wrong, and who would have disturbed and embittered the last moments of this innocent child with religious exhortations and *preparations* (as they would call it) for another world, as if the whole of her short and stainless life was not a far better preparation than any that their officiousness could afford her. We passed every evening together (she, and I, and her mamma) in some amusement or other, and as it had been seldom in my power to spare so much of my company in this way, it was a treat to her which she enjoyed most thoroughly. "What nice evenings we have!" she would say to her mamma continually. Sometimes we used to look over together a child's book in which there were pictures from history, and talk of the events and persons they alluded to; at another time, Caroline Fielding's sketch-book and the engravings of Pinelli were an amusement to her; but, in general, what

gave her pleasure was either playing a game or two at draughts with me herself, or looking on while her mamma and I played draughts or cribbage, and betting with me as to which should win. However difficult it was to go on cheerfully in such circumstances, I am convinced that the effort did both Bessy and me much service, by accustoming us to control our feelings, and, in a certain degree, *hardening* us for the worst. I have already mentioned her having attempted to sing through a quadrille one evening, a little before my departure for town, and at the same time she gave an imitation of a foreigner whom she had heard counterfeiting the tones of different musical instruments with his voice at Devizes. A few nights after my return (on the 27th I think) she said to her mamma, when she was putting her to bed (having been all the evening in most cheerful spirits), "Shall I try and sing?" "Do, love," said her mamma, and she immediately sung the line "When in death I shall calmly recline," without, however, (as Bessy is persuaded) having the least idea of applying it to her own situation. In the meantime, the poor child grew weaker every day, and the swelling in the legs increased. She continued, however, to eat very well and to sleep comfortably, and sat up every day, employing herself a great part of the time (for, notwithstanding her years, she was still perfectly a child) in dressing and undressing a little doll in which she took great delight.

March 1st to 12th. Towards the end of this week she began to have *accesses* of extra weakness in the mornings, so much so as to make me think, each time, that her last moment was come; but she revived from them after taking some refreshment, and the strong cheerful tone of her voice on recovering from what had appeared to be death

seemed wonderful, and even startling. On Thursday evening (5th) I looked over with her Pinelli's prints, and she was much amused with and made remarks on most of the subjects. When she used to close her eyes from weakness, she would say, "I can't talk, but do you and mamma go on talking, for I like to hear you." On Friday, she was again alarmingly weak in the morning, and her sweet face still more sadly altered. That evening she played a game of draughts with me; but her exhaustion was so great on getting to bed, that Bessy (who for the last month has slept, or rather lain down on a sofa in her room) sat up the greater part of the night. The dear child, indeed, had often said, "It is odd, mamma, I never wake in the night, but there I see you and Hannah with your eyes fixed on me, and looking so cheerful and nice." Poor child, she little knew what those cheerful looks cost. On Saturday morning she was so weak that we thought it better not to move her from her bed, and she dozed away most of the day, occasionally teazed by her cough, but without any other suffering. That evening she expressed a wish that mamma and I should play a game at cribbage together, and she would listen to us; but she remained in a drowsy state the whole of the time. As she did not appear to me much weaker than last night, I entreated Bessy to take a little sleep that she might be better able to go through what was yet before her; but though she did not say so, I saw that she would sit up. Next morning (Sunday, 8th) I rose early, and on approaching the room, heard the dear child's voice as strong, I thought, as usual; but, on entering, I saw death plainly in her face. When I asked her how she had slept, she said, "Pretty well," in her usual courteous manner; but her voice had a sort of hollow and distant softness not to be described.

When I took her hand on leaving her, she said (I thought significantly), "Good bye, papa." I will not attempt to tell what I felt at all this. I went occasionally to listen at the door of the room, but did not go in, as Bessy, knowing what an effect (through my whole future life) such a scene would have upon me, implored me not to be present at it. Thus passed the first of the morning. About eleven o'clock (as Bessy told me afterwards) the poor child, with an appearance rather of wandering in her mind, said, somewhat wildly, "I shall die, I shall die;" to which her mamma answered, "We pray to God continually for you, my dear Anastasia, and I am sure God must love you, for you have been always a good girl." "Have I?" she said; "I thought I was a very naughty girl; but I am glad to hear *you* say that I have been good; for others would perhaps say it out of compliment, but you know me, and must therefore think so, or you would not say it." "But every body thinks the same, my love. All your young friends love you. Lady Lansdowne thinks you a very good girl." "Does she, mummy?" said the dear child; and then added, "Do you think I shall go to Lady Lansdowne's party this year?" I don't know what poor Bessy answered to this. In about three quarters of an hour or less she called for me, and I came and took her hand for a few seconds, during which Bessy leaned down her head between the poor dying child and me, that I might not see her countenance. As I left the room, too, agonised as her own mind was, my sweet, thoughtful Bessy ran anxiously after me, and giving me a smelling-bottle, exclaimed, "For God's sake don't *you* get ill." In about a quarter of an hour afterwards she came to me, and I saw that all was over. I could no longer restrain myself; the feelings I

had been so long suppressing found vent, and a fit of loud violent sobbing seized me, in which I felt as if my chest was coming asunder. The last words of my dear child were "Papa, papa." Her mother had said, "My dear, I think I could place you more comfortably; shall I?" to which she answered, "Yes," and Bessy placing her hand under her back, gently raised her. That moment was her last. She exclaimed suddenly, "I am dying, I am dying, Papa! papa!" and expired.

On the 12th our darling child was conveyed to Bromham churchyard, poor Bessy having gone the night before to see where she was to be laid. Almost all those offices towards the dead which are usually left to others to perform, the mother on this occasion would perform herself, and the last thing she did before the coffin was closed on Wednesday night, was to pull some snowdrops herself and place them within it. She had already, indeed, laid on her dead darling's bosom a bunch of cowslips, which she had smelled to (and with *such* eagerness) the day before her death, and it was singular enough, and seemed to give Bessy pleasure, that though lying there three days they were scarcely at all faded. I had ordered a chaise on the morning of the funeral to take us out of the way of this most dreadful ceremony, (well remembering how it harrowed up all our feelings in following my poor father to the grave,) and a most melancholy drive we had of it for two long hours, each bearing up for the sake of the other, but all the worse, in reality, for the effort.

And such is the end of so many years of fondness and hope; and nothing is now left us but the dream (which may God in his mercy realise) that we shall see our pure child again in a world more worthy of her.

April 1st, &c. It has been most lucky for me that

I have had compulsory work to do; work which I *could* not put off, and which is of a nature to *force* my mind to it. This, with Bessy's calm, wasted looks, which tell me hourly what an effort she is making for *my* sake, has enabled me to rally far beyond what I expected, and I have accordingly worked, and am now working, almost as if —— but I must have done with the subject.

Received, since I left town, the most flattering letters from Murray respecting my work, which, as far as it has gone, he is delighted with. The first time I touched the pianoforte for months (excepting the evening when I played over a waltz or two to our dying child) was about the beginning of this month, when I sat down to sing over by myself some words which I had written for Power to a melancholy Spanish air. The thought uppermost in my mind had shadowed itself out in the words, and on my attempting to sing them over, I burst out into the same violent fit of sobbing which had seized me on the fatal day. Moved from Sloperton to Bowood on the 10th, Bessy remaining at the cottage to pack up everything. Went to dine with the Hugheses on the 15th to meet dear Tom, who came home for a few days. Had a chaise in the evening, and took him immediately to Spye Park to Bessy; she having moved there from Sloperton, after finishing her operations of packing. Should have mentioned how truly kind Lady Lansdowne has been about my going to Bowood. She had already, before our dear child's death, written to offer Bessy and me rooms there, and when I proposed lately to accept the offer for myself, nothing could be more *comfortable* and cordial than her answer. On the 21st went with Dr. Starkey to Devizes to consult William Salmon with respect

to the arrangement we have in contemplation respecting Sloperton. Towards the latter end of last month, having made up my mind to leave the cottage, unless some plan could be hit upon to give me such an interest in it as would justify me in rebuilding and making it comfortably habitable, I communicated this resolution both to my landlord and Dr. Starkey, on which the latter expressed himself willing (for the purpose of retaining us still in the neighbourhood) to consent to the sort of agreement which was thought of once before, but relinquished; namely, the taking into his own hands, as tenant of Mrs. Goddard, both the house of Sloperton and the property around it, and giving me such a lease of it as would enable me to lay out money on building, or if I liked it better, letting *him* build, and giving him a rent accordingly. I lost no time in making a proposal to this effect to Mr. Goddard, and his consent being as promptly accorded, everything appeared in a fair train for the accomplishment of our object. The view in consulting Salmon was to ascertain what rent it would be right that I should pay (in the event of my building myself) so as not to be, on the whole, a loser by the transaction; a lease of fourteen years being all that Starkey has it in his power to give me. It now appeared, however, that it was doubtful whether Starkey could give a valid title to property held by such a tenure as he would hold Sloperton by from Mrs. Goddard; his settlement giving him such power only over property in *possession*, not over that in *reversion*. This set us all adrift again. Dined at Hughes's. In the evening Starkey went for a short time to the ball, and we returned at night to Spye Park, where I slept, as I have indeed done frequently during this time.

22nd. Bessy set out (the morning being most dreadful)

to take Tom to Salisbury. Had a note from her at Bowood in the evening, to say that she had been obliged to turn back. Neither her spirits nor health are at all good; and have got worse, I think, since she has lost the occupation which Sloperton gave her.

During this whole time I have been as hard at work as cares and some sad thoughts would let me be. Have heard from various quarters of Murray's delight with my work, as far as it has gone. He has sent me many interesting communications, and among others, Dr. Kennedy's conversations with Lord B. (which by my advice he means to publish), and Hoppner's "Recollections." Dined one day with the Fieldings, and slept there. Attempted in the evening to sing the new song I have written, "Bring thy lute hither, love;" but just at the last line, when I had with difficulty restrained myself throughout, the violent burst came; and for near ten minutes (to the great alarm of the girls, who fled out of the room) I continued to sob as if my chest was coming asunder. Was to have dined with Elwyn at Bath on the 25th, but as I felt a strong wish to be up in town time enough for the meeting on the subject of a statue to the Duke of Wellington, and the interval would barely allow of my doing so, sent him an apology. Received a letter on the 29th from the Duke of Leinster to say that the meeting was put off to the 6th, telling me at the same time that my name was added to the committee, and begging me to draw up a set of resolutions for them. This, however, I had not time for. Angell has signified to me that he will be most ready and willing to build a cottage for me on the site of old Romsey House, after whatever plan I may suggest. Strong, by the by, has drawn a plan for us, which we mean to follow, *if* we build. His estimate for the labour is 400*l.*, and,

with the materials, he calculates that the house when built would be worth ten or eleven hundred pounds. Had no idea that Lord L.'s contribution formed so large a portion of the expense.

May 5th. Started for town in the York House; Tom Bailey in the coach. Mentioned that he heard Sir W. Scott say once, of the imitators of Johnson's style, "Many can make Johnson's *report*, but few can carry his bullet." Found on my arrival a long note from Lord Lansdowne on the subject of the meeting, which, he says, "you seem so anxious to attend;" stating his objections to it. Rather puzzled by this note. Had already thought it odd that so few of the names of the great Irish Whig proprietors appeared on the list of the committee. Called upon the Fieldings; found them at dinner; told me that there was a very general dislike to this meeting among our Whig friends, Lord Auckland, Lord Holland, &c.

6th. Went in search of Corry, who had come up from Cheltenham to the meeting, solely because I was to be there. Found Mr. Mahony, the projector of the whole affair, at the same coffee-house with Corry. The resolutions (which had been one of the chief grounds of objections among the Whigs) were now altered. Told me they counted upon me to move one of them; this not at all fair, as I had written to offer myself as "a mouth-piece" to the Duke of Leinster, and on his not noticing my offer in his answer had dismissed the whole thing from my mind, so that I had not sufficiently prepared myself to address a meeting of so much importance. Went to call upon Lord Lansdowne, Corry walking part of the way with me. C. very anxious that I should consent to move the resolution. Lord L. not at home. Went to Lord

J. Russell's; found him at home. Said he did not mean to attend, but quite agreed with me, that as I had come up, I ought to go. Have no time to give details of the meeting. In the course of my walks, I had thought over something to say, and communicated to the secretary that I was now willing to move the resolution. The other resolutions were moved by the Duke of Leinster, Marquis of Downshire, Lord Darnley, Lord Clifford, &c. &c. Nothing could equal the enthusiasm of my reception; huzzas, hats and handkerchiefs waving, the whole audience standing up; it was several minutes before I was able to utter a word; my speech, too, though so hastily got up, produced a great effect. Came away with Agar Ellis, who regretted extremely the view that so many of our Whig friends took of the matter, and thought it would do them harm with the public.

7th. Staid at home in the morning, correcting. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: the Cowpers, the Hopes, Lord W. Russell, Lord Villiers, Caroline Fielding, the George Lambs, &c. A good deal of conversation with Lord W. Russell in the evening about Byron; his dissipation at Venice; doing it very much out of bravado, and not really liking it. Used often to fly away from home and row all night upon the water. Mentioned what he had heard of Byron's not feeling any admiration of Rome: saying to Hobhouse "what shall I write about?" and H. giving him the heads of what he afterwards described so powerfully. Some talk with Lady L. (who is not at all well) about the cottage, the lease, &c. Promised to come and breakfast with them some morning and talk over it.

8th. Had been invited to dine to-day with Mackintosh, to meet Dr. Lardner, our joint employer in the historical line; but Clapham is a deadly distance to dine at: besides,

I wanted to see Malibran and Sontag. Breakfasted with the Lansdownes; nothing could exceed their kind anxiety about our cottage affairs. On my telling Lord L. of the alarm we were in at the meeting lest some one should propose to substitute Lord Anglesey for the statue instead of the Duke (a proposition not unlikely to have been carried), he mentioned a parallel case in Dublin at a meeting for some sort of testimonial to Isaac Corry, when just as the whole thing seemed to be settled, an amendment was moved that the two words "Isaac Corry" should be omitted, and the words "John Foster" substituted, and without much difficulty carried. Went with Corry at one o'clock to call on Lord Anglesey, a fine gallant fellow. Told us of the King's wish (as far back as his visit to Ireland) to make him Lord-Lieutenant. I mentioned to him our alarm at the meeting lest the Duke should be ousted and he put in his saddle, which amused him a good deal. Asked me if I could meet Lord Lansdowne at dinner with him some day soon; most happy, of course. Told him of the scene at the Bowood breakfast-table the morning that the newspapers with his letter to Curtis arrived.

9th. A kind note from Lord Grey, to say that his turn of nomination for the Charter House being come, he had very great pleasure in offering it to me for Tom.

10th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum, and set off to the Charter House to look for Barber. Found him at his office in Fetter Lane; told me various particulars that I wished to know, and said he would write that day to Dr. Russell, the master, for further information on the subject. Dined at Lord Listowel's; Corry and I in the evening to Lady Jersey's. Some talk with the Duke of Sussex about the settlement of the great question. Thence to the ball at

Devonshire House; very fine and very hot. Interesting conversation with Lord Clare; his confessing what wrong he had done me for a great part of his life from what he had thought due to his father's memory (whom I had attacked in an early poem, "Corruption"); his having refused to be introduced to me by Rogers, &c. I told him I had never in the least blamed him for this feeling, as it was one I should most probably have had myself. He then said, "But I *do* feel that I have been guilty of *tort* towards you, and you cannot conceive with what zeal Byron took your part against me when we met in Italy, and when I stated the reasons of my feeling, he said laughingly, 'Well, you are both Irishmen, and therefore, perhaps, both in the wrong.' Lord Clare then added, "Byron was strongly attached to you, and I feel quite sure that you and I were the persons he liked best in the world." Got home to bed at two o'clock.

11th. Called upon Lord Grey, and received the warrant of our dear Tom's nomination; some talk about the ball. Called upon Lady Lansdowne, read her a letter I had had from Bessy, full of sadness and sweetness. Could hardly refrain from giving way while I read it. Again discussed with much kind anxiety all the various plans for our residence in their neighbourhood. Lord L. joined us, and said that he had been casting about in his mind whether there was any thing in his own grounds he could give me; but there was no building any where. There was, however, a situation, and a very pretty one, at Cassan, which I should have to build upon if nothing better offered. Dined at Lord Auckland's, having been asked to various other places. Thence to the Opera to Rogers's *stall*, he and I having changed tickets in the morning; odd enough that the Duke of Wellington

should have taken one of these stalls. Rogers told him that he had tried to get the one next; "I wish you had," he said, "I don't know either of my neighbours;" and there he sits, between John à Nokes and John à Styles, subject to have all who want to reach their seats pushing past him and treading on his toes. No doubt he is glad to be placed between strangers, as it gives him time to think, and he has thus both the credit of idleness and the opportunity for thought. Did not stay out the ballet, being tired.

13th. Dined with C.; called and left my name at the Duke of Sussex's in my way. Party at dinner, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lowther, Sir G. Clerk, and Spencer Perceval. The conversation agreeable. The King, it appears, did not ask Scott (as I have always understood) whether he was the author of the novels; he only alluded pointedly to some character in them, upon which Scott said, "Sir, it is impossible to mistake the meaning, &c. &c., and I beg to say, &c. &c.," disclaiming in the most decided manner his being the author. This was going out of his way to deny; had the Prince *asked* him, he might have been justified in doing so; but volunteering an untruth in this way is unintelligible; always taking it for granted that the story is true, which it may not be. C., however, said he was by when it happened.* Speaking of Canning's excessive fastidiousness in the style of his papers, C. said that, after all his painstakings, he would suffer any body to

* It is very strange that Moore, who was constantly denying his authorship of the squibs in the "Times" and "Morning Chronicle," should be so severe upon Scott. The person to be blamed in these instances is the asker of impertinent and unjustifiable questions. Nor does it much signify whether the question is by a point-blank shot, or by the mode of sapping and mining. Either mode is hostile and aggressive.—Ed.

make alterations in them with the utmost good-humour and readiness. This seems unaccountable, but Lord Palmerston seemed to confirm the assertion. In talking of my "Byron," said he hoped my printer was a good critic, as he had told him wonders of its merit; that the printers could not get on at their work from admiration of it, &c. &c. This is all that chattering fellow Davidson. Came away with Spencer Perceval and Sir G. Clerk. Packed up and went to sleep at the Gloucester Coffee-house, where I had ordered beds for myself and Corry. Did not get to bed till past one.

14th. Up at five, and off at six. An old acquaintance of mine, Miss Addison (now the widow Macpherson) in the coach with us; a good deal of talk on the way. On our arrival at Cheltenham learned that my darling Bess had got there half an hour before. Found her in lodgings (which I had written to Williams's of the circulating library to procure for her) in High Street, looking languid and a good deal tired, but rather better than I expected.

15th. Walked out with Bessy and Corry, looking at different houses, Corry being in search of one. Walked a little in the evening, and Bessy bought some books for my birthday present. Offered to stay with her a day or two more if she wished it, but as my time is precious just now she thought it better I should return to town. Fixed all our plans about dear Tom, &c. &c.

16th. Off at eight for town; had the coach to myself most of the way, and got through J. Cooper Walker's "Memoirs of Tassoni." Had dinner at the Athenæum.

17th. Went out to breakfast at Holland House, having written to my Lady from Cheltenham to offer myself for dinner either on Wednesday (20th) or Friday, 22nd; but my letter not yet arrived, as it was too late for the post on

Tuesday. Found that Lord and Lady Holland had slept in town last night; but learning that Lord John Russell and Lord Clanwilliam were in the house, joined them at breakfast. On my mentioning what had been said at C.'s of Canning's dispatches, Lord C. said that it was true Canning allowed (what, indeed, he could not help,) the alterations and manglings of his papers in council; but that this was merely directed against their sense and purport, and that Canning had them back again to correct the style before they left his hands.

18th. Called at Murray's; found the sub-committee for Byron's monument sitting; a hearty shake of the hands from Hobhouse. Went to the House of Commons early, having begged Mr. Speaker yesterday to put me on the list for under the gallery. An immense crowd in the lobby, Irish agitators, &c.: got impatient and went round to Mr. Speaker, who sent the train-bearer to accompany me to the lobby, and, after some little difficulty, I got in. The House enormously full. O'Connell's speech good and judicious. Sent for by Mrs. Manners Sutton at seven o'clock to have some dinner; none but herself and daughters, Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Sutton. Amused to see her, in all her state, the same hearty, lively Irish-woman still. Walked with her in the garden; the moonlight on the river, the boats gliding along it, the towers of Lambeth rising on the opposite bank, the lights of Westminster Bridge gleaming on the left; and then, when one turned round to the House, that beautiful Gothic structure, illuminated from within, and at that moment containing within it the council of the nation,—all was most picturesque and striking. Did not return to the House, but went home to dress; then to Sir G. Warrender's music, where I for the first time heard Pesaroni.

Left it with Lord Lansdowne to go to Lady Jersey's, and after staying there a short time returned to Warrender's to hear the duet in "Semiramide" between Pesaroni and Sontag.

19th. Called upon O'Connell to wish him joy of the success of his speech; told him how much Lord Lansdowne was delighted with it. Asked him did he feel at all the novelty of his station. Said he felt that he was not on an equality with those he was addressing. Invited to-day to Lord King's, Lord Leitrim's, George Dawson's, Poodle Byng's, Alexander Baring's, and one or two other places, but bound to refuse all in favour of my partners at Hampstead. Cost me seven shillings to reach them in a hackney-coach. The company numerous, and among them Miss Lucy Aikin, M'Culloch the political economist, and old Whishaw.

20th. Dined at the Speaker's, himself being (as this was Wednesday) of the party. No one else but the two Messieurs that we had on Monday. The Speaker very agreeable. Told me a good deal about the manuscripts found in the State Paper office: those of Wolsey very curious: show the skill with which he ruled the King. Mentioned a curious proclamation (I know not whether among the new State papers) issued in Queen Elizabeth's time, forbidding people, under pain of punishment, to talk of the Queen's person or features, or to describe them in writing or otherwise. In a conversation with him after dinner dwelt much on the advantages of humbug; of a man knowing how to take care of his reputation, and to keep from being *found out*, so as always to pass for cleverer than he is: the wisdom, particularly, of looking to the *position* of those who offer to promote him; whether it is in order to bolster themselves

up or not. The *position* of a Government makes all the difference, and in *one* state of affairs the same man will disgrace himself as Secretary of State who, in another, will fill that office with honour and success. As it was not civil to differ with him on his imputation of humbug to himself, I insisted that the policy he had been describing was that of a wise man, not of a humbug; that to know what one was fit for, and manage skilfully one's resources and opportunities, was the part of prudence and wisdom, not of imposture; that even if, by this line of conduct, a man induced his fellow men to give him credit for being cleverer than he really was, the fault could not be his, as long as he did not himself advance any claims to this credit; the moment he *pretended* to what he did not possess, then began humbug, but not sooner. He still pushed his point, playfully, but pertinaciously; and in illustration of what he meant, put the following case: — "Suppose a Speaker, rather new to his office, and a question brought into discussion before him which parties are equally divided upon, and which he sees will run to very inconvenient lengths, if not instantly decided. Well, though entirely ignorant on the subject, he assumes an air of authority, and gives his decision, which sets the matter at rest. On going home, he finds that he has decided quite wrongly; and then, without making any further fuss about the business, he quietly goes and *alters* the *entry* on the journals." To his *supposed* case, all I had to answer was, that I still thought the man a wise one, and no humbug; by his resolution, in a moment of difficulty, he prevented a *present* mischief; and by his withdrawal of a wrong precedent, averted a *future* one. Got home early.

21st. Breakfasted with Sharp (having first sat some time with the Lansdownes), to consult with him about my

projected flight to the little inn in the neighbourhood of his estate near Dorking. It is totally impossible for me to do any thing in town; and the consequence is, though a good deal a-head of the printers' devils when I came up, they have now caught me, and are "crying aloud for copy." Not a minute of the day am I left without cards to answer, visits to return, authors and authoresses, musicians and musicianesses (not to mention peers and peeresses), to attend to; and, in short, such a ceaseless whirl, that if I do not fly I am ruined. Sharp, aided by his ward, gave me, most good-naturedly, all the *renseignements;* and on Sunday I shall be off. Dined at Lord Anglesey's: company, Lords Harrowby, Lansdowne, Carlisle, Darnley, Holland, Wellesley, and the Duke of Sussex. Dinner agreeable as well as splendid. The avowal of some of the noble Lords of their having assisted at some of the Jacobin Clubs at the beginning of the Revolution rather amusing. When Lord Anglesey smiled at it, Lord Harrowby said, "Why, it was something like attending the Catholic Association." Lord Harrowby gave a detailed account of Thistlewood's conspiracy, and of the share he himself had had in detecting it: all seemed to consider Thistlewood as a very extraordinary man. After dinner made a third (being *listener* for the most part) in an agreeable conversation with Lords Wellesley and Holland, chiefly about Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, who (they agreed) had a kindly and generous feeling towards each other. Mentioned several curious prognostics of Pitt in his young days; Lord Mansfield saying, "He has twice his father's parts, and half his sagacity;" old Lady Holland saying to Charles Fox, "That boy will be a thorn in your side one day or other." A good deal of humbug about Lord Chatham; used to

mutter pompously over a great portion of his speech till he came to the fine parts; and, in his latter days, used to go on with a sort of gabble, as if he was speaking, saying nothing whatever all the time.

22nd. Breakfasted with Lord John Russell; Lord William joined us afterwards. Forgot to mention that I was yesterday for some time with Lord Clare, looking over his own early letters to Byron (those of Byron all, except one, which he gave me, unluckily lost), and felt much interested by them: from one of them it appeared that Byron was violently jealous of some regret Clare had expressed at the loss of Lord John Russell, who was then going abroad. Told this to Lord John, who said it was the first time he ever heard of it. Mrs. S., between four and five, took me out in her job to Holland House, where I was nearly too late for dinner: company, Duke of Grafton, Lords John and William Russell, Marsh, Leslie the painter, Rogers and Miss Rogers, Luttrell, Woolriche, &c. &c. Table too full. In the evening the Duke of Bedford and two of his younger sons; the latter offered to take me to town. Walked with the Duke to Camden Hill (his grounds joining with those of Holland House), lighted by a servant with a lantern; very kind and civil; hoped he should soon see me here.

23rd. Breakfasted at the Athenæum for the purpose of meeting Mr. Matthews, with whom I had been lately corresponding so much about his brother, &c. &c. A good deal of conversation on the same subject and about his father, whose remains he has some notion of publishing. The parody on Eloisa to Abelard, so generally attributed to Porson, was, it seems, really written by Mr. Matthews's father. Dined at Lansdowne House, having been asked to Lord Darnley's to meet O'Connell

and his brother agitators: company, Baring and Lady Harriet, the Carlisles, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst, Lord Dudley, &c. Sat next to the Chancellor, and found him very agreeable. A good deal of talk with Lord Dudley after dinner; came away pretty early. Had rather a painful scene this morning. While I was knocking at Lord Ilchester's door, Lord Anglesey, with his daughters, drove up to his own; and calling me over, seized me by the arm, and said, "Now that I have caught you, I will not let you go till you hear my daughter sing, and sing something in return for her." In vain did I protest that I was in a hurry somewhere upon business; he would hear of nothing, but forced me upstairs, where I was introduced, for the first time, to his lady. The girl was set down instantly in a bustle to the pianoforte, and sung my "Common Sense and Genius," which Lord A. declared to be his especial favourite. I was then obliged (in spite of various protestations about want of voice, long time since I sung, &c. &c.) to take my seat at the pianoforte; and the moment I sat down, felt that I should make a fool of myself. With difficulty I got through "When he who adores thee;" but when I came to "Keep your tears for me," the melancholy sound of my own voice quite overpowered me; and had I not started up instantly, I should have burst into one of my violent sobbing fits, which, before strangers, would have been dreadful. I never was better pleased than to find myself in the street once more. When shall I be able to sing again? The thought of my dear child comes across me at these moments with a gush of bitterness which is indescribable. Called upon Lady Jersey, who was full of tenderness; thence to Lord Auckland's, for the purpose of going with him to the distribution of prizes at the

London University. The ceremony very interesting; Lord Lansdowne in the chair. All went from thence to the Zoological Gardens, where I met, among others, the Fazakerleys; and Mrs. Fazakerley having offered to bring me home in her open carriage, I enjoyed the drive exceedingly, being languid and exhausted with the sad struggle I had undergone, and the fresh air seeming to bring comfort to me. All this should have been mentioned before my account of my dinner; also, that on coming in to dress, I found an invitation (*i. e.* command) to dine with the Duke of Sussex to-morrow, which rather puzzled me, as likely to disconcert my project of going to take "mine ease in mine inn" for a few days, not quite liking to refuse him, as being always so unroyally good-humoured and good-natured. On consulting Lady Lansdowne, however, plucked up spirit enough to send an excuse.

24th. Busy all the morning getting together my papers, &c., and at two set off in a chaise for my inn at Burford Bridge. Found the house full of company, and even the rooms I had bespoke invaded by intruders. After a little time, however, got settled in a sitting-room, and worked a little.

25th, 26th. Working and walking; delightful out of doors, but the devil within; noise and eyes in all directions. Contrived, however, to do a little.

27th. After a busy morning set off in the coach for town at four. Dined at the Athenæum between eight and nine; found my table literally heaped with letters, notes, &c. One among them from Agar Ellis, with whom I was to have dined to-morrow to meet the Duke of Orleans, saying, "Here's a pretty business; the best of kings has taken away the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Chartres from me," &c. &c.; in short, his dinner was given up in

consequence of the King's dinner and juvenile ball, to the latter of which the Duke of Orleans and son were invited. Another note from Lady Lyndhurst, with whom I was to have lunched, saying that from the same cause her luncheon was given up. Had refused Mr. Thomas Grenville for the 28th, and others.

28th. My birthday. "What, *old* Thomas?" as the catch has it. Yes, alas! *old* Thomas. Staid at home working. Called upon Rogers; found him in a most amusing state of causticity. His saying, when I made some remark about the Duke of Wellington's good sense, "Yes; I once thought Chantrey the most sensible man going, but now that he has been spoilt by vanity and presumption, the Duke is the man that takes that place in my estimation." In speaking of Mackintosh, and the difficulty of getting him to work at his "History," though he has been always ready to fire off articles in reviews or periodicals, Rogers quoted what Allen said of him, that he was like your profligate fellows, who will go after any one but their wives, being always ready and willing to write anything but his book.

29th. Worked in the morning. Took to Power the money (raised by a bill I drew on him yesterday for 300*l.* at six months) to meet some payment he has to make for me. Confessed he had been in some little alarm, lest from some accident or other I should, for the first time since our intercourse, be unpunctual to my engagement, and added, with tears in his eyes, "I assure you I never yet have had any dealings with but one truly honest man, and you are he." Met Livius, the opera manufacturer, and wishing to see his "Massaniello," at Drury Lane, asked whether there was any chance of a place in a private box. Said, if I would dine with him to meet Charles Kemble

and Moreton the dramatist, we could go together. This I did not accept, but promised to call upon him after dinner. Meant to have dined with the Fieldings, but having sat down to correct a sheet at six o'clock, continued at it till near eight. Dressed, and dined at the Athenæum. Called at Livius's; found them hardly done dinner; staid a short time, and giving up the plan of Drury Lane went to pay a visit to Lady Grey. Found only her and Lady Durham; talked of the King's ball last night; the gentlemen got no supper, there being some difficulty in seating the Duke of Orleans with the foreign ambassadors, who, it seems, could not yield the point of precedence to him. It was, therefore, only the ladies that supped, the King saying to the Duke of Orleans, "*Vous vous passerez de souper ce soir.*" The little Queen of Portugal fell down in the dance, and cut her nose with one of her diamonds, which made her blubber most unroyally. Talked of Lord Holland, the most *aged* man of his *years* that one knows: has been, almost as long as I can remember him, called "the venerable Lord Holland," though now no more than fifty-five, just ten years younger (as Lady Grey said) than Lord Grey. She mentioned also, that when Lord Holland was thirty, having told his age to some Frenchman, the Frenchman remarked, with the air of a compliment, *Vous representez bien quarante, milord.*

30th. Received an invitation yesterday from Peel to dine with him on the 14th. Rather amused, as I sat at breakfast, on looking up at my card-rack and seeing there not only this invitation from Peel, but the names of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons among my visitors. Called upon Miss Crump, and found Lord Dillon with her. His description of the way in which he lives at Ditchley; reading aloud

of an evening all "the good old coarse novels," Peregrine Pickle particularly, because Commodore Trunnion was his (Lord Dillon's) uncle. Told of the manner in which this uncle died. His old rough tar of a servant came to his room to say the carriage was ready, and then looking at his master exclaimed, "Why, you're dead on one side." "I *am*, Tim," he answered; "turn me on the other," which Tim did; and he died. Called upon Lady Bath, and sat some time; Murray's. Murray full of ultra-Tory predictions about Peel; that he is a ruined man; will be obliged to give up; to go to the continent, &c. &c. Dined at Holland House: company, the Lady Fitzpatricks, Captain Spencer, Lord Melbourne, &c. &c. Allen said that Jeffrey is about to give up the "Edinburgh Review;" question whether they can get another editor; the "Edinburgh Review" and the Catholic question ceasing together. Brougham, he said, would like to keep it still alive, for the purpose of forwarding his education plans. Talked of Campbell as an over-rated man, and as now afraid of his own reputation. Talk with my lady in the evening; her attacking my "Life of Sheridan:" "quite a romance" — "want of taste and judgment" — and "from *you* whom the world always expects so much from;" then stopping herself suddenly, "What am I saying to you?" Told her she might go on; that I took everything and anything in good part from her, &c. &c.

31st. Staid at home in the morning to work: called at various places; Murray's. Sadler told him that Lord Eldon in referring to Peel's change, said that Mr. Pitt once consulted him with respect to some change in his opinions, and that he (Eldon) advised him not to declare it, there being nothing, according to his view, more fatal

to a public man, than any alteration of his course on any great question. Dined at Lord Essex's: the Fords, Bruce, &c. &c. In the evening Lord G. went to Warrender's music, where I left him, taking his carriage on to Twiss's, where I found a strange mixture of company; his dinner party having consisted of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Bathurst and Lady Georgiana, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble, and Theodore Hook! Theodore Hook told me of Mrs. Nash saying that I had been to see her husband's gallery; described me as a little gentleman ("so far," says Hook, "I could not deny"), with high brass heels to my boots ("here," he said, "I ventured to doubt her accuracy"), and that I was in a hurry, going away to church ("this, of course," he added, "I did not dare to question"). A gentleman standing by said, that Mrs. Nash had shown him the person she took for me, and that he then saw she was quite mistaken.

June 1st. Finished some more copy for the printer. My spirits sadly depressed; a barrel-organ passing while I was at work, played an air which set me crying like a child. Dined at Lord Auckland's: company, F. Baring, Villiers, and Caroline Fielding * * * * Went to Prince Leopold's. Ronald Ferguson advising me about Brookes's club, and pressing me to let him and Lord Duncannon put me up for it; said I would consider of it. Said he always observed that I never talked to any but the very prettiest women in the room (I had just been speaking to Miss Bailey and Lady Graham). The view of the music room from the gallery, at Prince Leopold's, quite a picture. Some admirable singing, particularly the duet from the "Didone," between Sontag and Malibran.

2nd. Breakfasted with Rogers: the Lady Harleys. Talking of the sort of mountain and mouse results of the

great measure of emancipation, R. said, "all our ancient bulwarks are removed; the barriers of law are broken down, the gates of the constitution are burst open, and—in enter P—— and Lord ——!" Went out to Kensington to call upon the Duke of Sussex; shown into his waiting-room, where I found one unfortunate man, and we were soon joined by a third. After a pretty long interval, the servant summoned the last comer, a captain, and for more than half an hour the first gentleman and I were left silent in opposite corners of the room. At last was called in, in preference to the poor first gentleman, who, I dare say, is waiting there still. "Ah, Tommy! (said the Duke, when I entered his room) had I known it was *you*, you should not have been kept waiting a minute." Gave me his two speeches on the Catholic Question. Told him of my "Irish History," and he very civilly said, I might command his library for the purpose. Took me up to it and made his librarian produce two or three Irish manuscripts; one of them an account of the family of O'Connor, which, if it has never been published, may be of some interest. Said I should have a room all to myself whenever I chose to come and read there. Servant announced the Duke of Orleans, and he left me, begging I would wait there till he returned, and he would most likely bring the Duke of Orleans up with him, but he no sooner turned his back than I left my excuse with his librarian and fled. If waiting for *one* Royal Highness had taken so much of my morning, what would waiting for *two* do? * * * * Went to the Catch Club at five, but found dinner nearly over, their regular hour being half past four. Had my dinner at a side table. Found in their book my words of "Maid of Marlevale" attributed to C. Fox. Off to Drury Lane, where I found the Lockes.

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers: company, Sharp, Lord Lansdowne, and Hallam. R. very amusing; his account of a club to which Sharp and he belonged, called "Keep the Line." Their motto, written up in large characters, the composition of Reynolds—

> "Here we eat and drink and dine—
> Equinoctial—keep the line."

Most of them being dramatists, the effect of a joke upon them, instead of producing laughter, was to make them immediately look grave (this being their business) and the tablets were out in an instant. Went to the London University, in consequence of an invitation from Dr. Lardner to meet Lord and Lady Stafford, &c. &c.; to whom he was to display his sections of machinery. As I was fearful of not being back in time to dress for Lord Essex's early dinner, Lady Carlisle very good-naturedly hurried away and took me home. Company at Lord Essex's: Warrender, Miss Stephens, her brother and niece, Rogers, Mr. York, and Archdeacon Macdonnell. Dinner agreeable. Taken to the Ancient Music by Lord Essex (Lord Cawdor having given me a ticket) and sat in the *preserve*, as the director's box is called. The Archbishop of York very civil to me. Sat with Lords Lansdowne and Essex and Lady Mary Fortescue (that *was*). Remarked to Lord L. that some of the Handelian part of the selections might be called the ultra-Toryism of music. When we came to the duet of Malibran and Sontag, he said, "We are now getting into the New Light a little."

4th. Staid at home till one; working. Called upon the Fieldings; Lady E. anxious that I should go with her to Holland House, Sunday evening next. Dined at Lord Bath's; dinner very late, on account of the

Epsom races. Company: Lord and Lady Harewood, the Carlisles, Mr. Lister (the novelist), Lord Cawdor, &c. &c. Day rather agreeable: conversation with Lord Harewood after dinner about Political Economy. "The first thing (he said) I always take for granted in any position of a political economist is, that he has a sinister object in it." Gave us an instance of their theory about absenteeism, which was all for the purpose of drawing off the interest of the aristocracy from their respective neighbourhoods, and undermining their moral station in the community. His lordship a thorough-paced Tory. Went to Lady Grey's; taken by the Carlisles; a small and choice assembly; did not stay long. Was to have gone to-day to the Exhibition with Lady Lyndhurst, but received a note from her saying, that her lord and master required her to dine at Wimbledon, and "in her quality of a good wife" she was about to do so. Proposed to me Saturday morning at eleven instead. Called upon the Donegals before dinner.

5th. At home, working in a sort of way. Murray came and introduced me to my fellow lodger, Mrs. Knox, wife of the President of Ithaca during Lord Byron's visit there.

6th. At home, working, till between two and three. A visit from Murray: mentioned that he heard yesterday Dr. Hume describe some circumstances connected with the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo: his going to bed, covered with dust as he was, having stripped himself, and lying there on his back, talking to Hume of the friends he had lost that day. There is such a one gone, and such a one; and then, "There is poor Ponsonby: I have some hopes that his body will be found, and have despatched an orderly to search for it."

He then, Hume said, burst into tears as he lay, and said, "I have never lost a battle, but to win one thus is paying hard for it" (or something to that effect). Called for by Denman to take me to dinner with Mackintosh, at Clapham: company, Charles Grant, Falck, Elphinstone (the writer on Cabul), and Lady Mackintosh herself. The conversation very delightful, at least Mackintosh's part of it. In speaking of the advocates of religious liberty said, "that among the earliest in England were to be accounted Jeremy Taylor and Sir Harry Vane; the latter particularly, whose book upon the subject called forth Milton's fine sonnet to him. Neither this sonnet nor that to Cromwell published till after the Revolution. Discussed the difficulties of French poetry; the faults that grammarians find with Boileau and Racine. M. quoted the lines of Boileau (the beginning of his epistle to Molière), where the *vein* is clumsily made the agent in writing, — "*Dont la fertile veine ignore, en écrivant,* &c. &c. Talking of College reputations, quoted a remark of Lord Plunket, "That a distinction ought to be drawn between the reputation a young man has among his *teachers* and that which he enjoys among his associates; the former may be fallacious, but the latter not." A very striking objection of Warburton's to mathematical studies, "That in making a man conversant only with matters in which *certainty* is the result, they unfit him (or, at least, do not prepare him) for sifting and balancing (what alone he will have to do in the world) *probabilities*; there being no worse practical men than those who require more evidence than is necessary." Thanked Mr. Elphinstone for the aid I had received from his work in "Lalla Rookh." Brought into town by Mr. Falck; told me as a proof of the circulation of my poetry in Holland, that a friend and countryman of his, who had

never been in England, wrote to him at the time of the passing of the Catholic Question, to direct his attention to the prediction, in my Irish Melodies, of this achievement of the Duke of Wellington. Denman mentioned Lord Byron's affidavit about Lord Portsmouth as a proof of the influence of Hanson over him; Lord B. swearing that Lord P. had "rather a *superior* mind than otherwise." Must inquire into this.

7th. At home till latish. Dined at Holland House; had been asked for the two days. Was to have slept to-night, but finding that the man with whom I am in treaty for the three acres at Sloperton has fixed to-morrow morning to meet me at Power's, wrote to tell my lady I could not sleep. Company: Mr. Grenville, the Vernon Smiths, Mackintosh, Lord St. Asaph, &c. Lord H.'s story of the man in Spain with a basket of vipers proclaiming their freshness and liveliness to a large party of travellers who slept in the same room with him. At night somebody awaked by feeling something cold passing over his face; and at the same moment the viper-merchant exclaiming aloud in the dark, "My vipers have got loose, but lie still, all of you; they will not hurt you, if you don't move," &c. &c. In the evening Lord H. showed me, according to promise, Byron's poem of the "Devil's Drive" (which he had, I must say, made a good deal of fuss about showing, nor should I have seen it at all but for my lady). A good deal disappointed by it. Lady H. asked me to come some morning, and mark what I wished extracted from it. Came away with Mr. Grenville; made me the offer of his library, to make use of whatever it contained relative to Ireland. In speaking of Mackintosh, remarked (as characteristic of that distrust of himself which prevents his great acquirements from telling in society as they ought) his

habit of advancing three or four steps forward while he is conversing, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, retiring again. Left me at Lord Bective's: Lady Bective's daughter, Adelaide, sung some Italian things with the true hereditary taste and feeling.

8th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Went to meet my old man about the acres, at Power's; better appearances with respect to the validity of the title; little doubt that the son, whose claim we apprehended, has been dead a year or two. Two letters from my sweet Bessy within these few days, of which I cannot help transcribing some passages. I had told her in one of mine how much deeper every day the memory of our sad loss sunk into my heart. "How exactly (she says) your feeling about our sweet girl resembles mine. All last night I was with her, and had hopes of her recovery; but the light of the morning again told the same sad truth, that she was gone, and, in this world, we should never meet, but in dreams." In another part of the same letter she says: "There are three sisters here (Cheltenham), that always remind me of what our dear girls might have been. It is not that they are at all like any of our dears, but they are three in number, and about a year or so between them, dressed alike, and full of the life and happiness so beautiful at that age. There are, indeed, many other children here, that often make me sigh; and there are times when the sweet music and their happy faces and firm step make me feel most sad and lonely in the midst of all the gaiety; but I do not indulge more than is quite necessary to me, and I trust I shall meet you, improved and strengthened, both in mind and body." In the second letter, announcing her coming, she says: "I am already, thank God, better; but it is my mind that prevents me from going on as well as you could

wish. Every day only adds to the loneliness of the future, and the happy face of that sweet child is for ever before me, as she used to sit at the other side of the table. But I will try and only think of her as I trust she *is*,—happy, and often looking down on those she so tenderly loved. How she thought of and loved *you!* Her dear eyes were always full of light if you but went upstairs, and she thought there was a chance of your coming into the parlour. Though my thoughts are melancholy, and my heart sad, still I have great, very great blessings; and if God but allows me to live for and with the three beings that are still left, I must be happy." Bless her admirable heart! At a quarter past four was at the coach-office to receive little Tom from Southampton; deposited him at Power's; dined at the Athenæum; and, between seven and eight, went to receive Bessy also, who came last from Buckhill. Found she had left Hannah and Russell behind, and means only to stay till Friday. Took her to Power's. Letter from Tom's schoolmaster, confessing that he had given our poor little fellow an over-severe beating one day, for a supposed offence of which he afterwards found the child to be innocent. The fellow's confessing it is something, though the marks all over the child's body sufficiently tell the tale. Little Tom very manly and sensible about it. Supped at Power's, where Bessy and Tom were to sleep, and home to my lodgings.

9th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went off (Bessy and I with little Tom) to the Charter House, to inquire into particulars. Saw the old matron; much pleased with her; every thing looking highly comfortable and regular. To Somerset House Exhibition on our way back; then to Lady Donegal's. Dinner at Power's, and Astley's (to Tom's great delight) in the evening.

10th. To breakfast (Bessy and Tom and I) with Rogers: Philippa Godfrey and Barbara, Colonel Napier and Luttrell. In talking of Tom's schoolmaster, R. seemed to think that his frankness in telling me what he had done was some little palliation of it. "On the principle," says Luttrell, "of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation." Rogers very comical about Bessy's denying herself to visitors. "We know," he said, "how hard it was to get admitted at Hornsey when she was there. Curran got in once, and he had a stroke of the palsy" (alluding to poor Curran having had the first attack of the complaint that carried him off at our house at Hornsey). Mentioned what La Place had said of Mrs. Somerville, "that he never knew but one woman before so deeply versed in mathematics, &c., and that was a Mrs. Gregg;" being evidently the same Mrs. Somerville whom he had met before under the name of Gregg.

11th. Breakfasted at home. Bessy with me between eleven and twelve. Went out with Tom and her; took them to see the statues of Tam O'Shanter, &c. Then to the Solar Microscope, in Regent Street, which is truly curious. From thence to the Charter House, to see Dr. Russell, the master, on the subject of Tom. Found that Russell was (as I had suspected) an old acquaintance of mine, having met him, ages ago, at William Spencer's; said, however, that he had seen me some time before that at a masquerade at Mrs. Egerton's, with Tom Sheridan. Remarked to him how odd it was that, with another grave Doctor, whom I waited on upon business (Lushington), without being in the least aware that we were acquainted with each other, and expecting to see a pompous big-wigged civilian, it turned out, in the same way, that we

were old masquerading acquaintances. Russell begged to be understood that the masquerade where he met me was the only one he had ever been at, and I promised, laughingly, not *to commit* him. He entered my little Tom's name, and talked to him very kindly and civilly. Came down, too, to be introduced to Bessy, who left the place quite delighted with our good luck in being able to place our dear boy so comfortably. Went to the Bazaar with him to buy some little articles he wanted. Dined at Power's, and off again to the Charter House in the evening, to deliver up our young Carthusian into the hands of the old matron. Sent for Sydney Smith's son, the only boy whose father I thought I knew, to introduce Tom to him. Brought with him a son of Sir James Montgomery, who is also on the foundation, while the matron sent for the boy that was to be Tom's monitor. After talking to them a little, gave Smith a sovereign and a half to divide between the three. While I was doing this, Bessy took Tom aside (on whom we have always impressed the propriety of not taking money from any one but ourselves) and endeavoured to explain away the inconsistency of my doing with these boys what I did not choose should be done with him; telling him that some people did not mind their sons taking money, but that he knew *our* feeling on the subject was quite different. Back to Power's, and thence to Duke Street, where Bessy, for the convenience of starting in the morning, slept.

12th. Up early, and saw Bessy off early in the coach for Salisbury (on her way to Weymouth) at nine. Breakfasted at the Athenæum; went with the secretary to look over the new building; 40,000*l.* the expenditure on it. At the Charter House, too, 50,000*l.* is laying out on building; and all this, while the country is avowedly in a

state of distress! Went to Murray, and found Hobhouse and him still in discussion about those works of Byron's which are still in the hands of the executors. Hanson's opinion (confirmed by that of Denman, to whom he submitted the case) is, that the executors cannot be a party to any such arrangement as Murray proposes for the works, and that their duty is to set them up to auction, and let them go to the best bidder. Hobhouse seemed, very properly, to disapprove of this mode of proceeding. Murray told me he had just received a note from the widow K——, in which she quotes Greek to him: "There's an end to our acquaintance," he added. Called upon Pusey, who has been good enough while at Florence to procure a cast from Bartolini's bust of me, and is having it brought over with some things of his own. Dined at Fielding's; no one but Lord Auckland. In telling Lady Elizabeth about the scene at the Charter House last night, mentioned a conversation I had once, on the subject of *tipping*, with Lord Holland, who, like most men brought up at public schools, is an advocate of this as well as for any other abomination connected with them. "I remember once (said Lord Holland) refusing a pound which a man, whom I used sometimes to go to see at Windsor, offered me; but the man, thinking that I had only refused it because the sum was so small, offered me five pounds, and, egad, that I *couldn't* withstand." Went with the party to Prince Leopold's box at Covent Garden. Left them for half an hour to look in at Phillips's lecture *on singing*, and after waiting through part of the farce, got home early.

13th. After breakfast set off to Richmond to call upon the Lansdownes, who (I know not whether I before mentioned it) have had the great kindness to offer us this

beautiful villa for the summer. Meant to have accompanied Lord L. to lunch with Lady Lyndhurst at Wimbledon, but find he had slept in town last night, and was to go from thence. Nothing could look more beautiful than the view from this place, nor anything more friendly than its admirable mistress. Showed me the rooms she thought would be most comfortable for Bessy and me, and pointed out in the corner of the drawing-room a provision of wooden rakes, wheel-barrows, &c., she had made for little Russell. After lunching set off for town, she having pressed me much to stay to dinner. A man in the coach so delighted with the beauty of the women we met flocking out in barouches, &c., to Lady Ravensworth's breakfast; "Gad, how gracefully they loll!" Dined at Barnes's. In talking of the Apollo (the statue), Barnes said that to him it always "gave the idea of a barber." The last time I dined with him he abused Grattan, and said his oratory was all humbug. Grattan a humbug, and the Apollo a barber! Twiss quoted a joke of his own, saying, of the man who remained so long swung from the dome of St. Paul's, while taking a panorama of London, "It was a *domy*-silly-airy visit;" a domiciliary visit. Came away with Twiss in his cabriolet. On my return found the following note from Lord Essex, who had promised to let me know the result of my ballot at Brookes's: —

"My dear Moore—Though the Knight of Kerry is gone to your house to tell you that Brookes's Club has shown its good taste this evening in electing you, I cannot help writing this to say how happy I am, as it will, I trust, make us meet oftener, which is so agreeable to

"Yours, very faithfully, ESSEX.

"Brookes's, half-past 11 o'clock."

14th. Breakfasted at home. Went to Brookes's to pay twenty-one guineas; a costly honour. Thence to Power's; to Lady Donegal's; to Holland House, where I marked out the passages of the "Devil's Drive" I wished to extract, and my lady undertook to have them copied out for me. Found Rogers and Luttrell there; and all walked out in the grounds with Lady H., who set off in her whiskey with Lord Ashburnham, while we remained with Lord Holland stock-still on horseback, and flattering himself that he was taking exercise. Lord R. Fitzgerald, who had been there some time, offered to take me into town in his pony chaise, which I accepted. Before I went to Holland House, called upon Lord King, and sat some time with him looking over the proofs of his "Life of Locke." Pointed out to me the strong passages against the Church; and when I was coming away said, "Then, you *don't* think I shall be in good odour with the Church?" Called upon Mr. Thomas Grenville; very amiable in his offers of the use of his library to me. Spoke of Lord King; his agreeableness in a country house; his readiness to take a part in everything, drawing, architecture, &c.: regretted his embroiling himself still further with the Church. Gave me an account of the manner in which the King bestowed the Ribbon on Lord Ashburnham lately, the Duke of W. wanting to give it to some one else. Dinner at Peel's; went with Rogers and Luttrell. Party very large, Lords Carlisle and Farnborough, the Attorney-General, Watson Taylor, Lyttleton, Wilkie, Smirke, Wyatville, and God knows how many artists besides. Sat between the Attorney-General and Watson Taylor. Mentioned to the former Elwyn's story of —— having once sent a message to Judge Best through Byron. Seemed to doubt it. Advised me to write to Best about

it, and said that I should find him very good-humoured and willing to give me an answer. Had some conversation with Mrs. Peel; the evening most lovely, and the effect of the water and St. Paul's, &c. &c., from Peel's balcony beautiful. Went to Lady Grey's; some movements towards asking me to sing, but a few words to Lady Grey put an end to them, and nothing could be nicer than she was about it. A good deal of talk with Lord Grey about the King; his manner of receiving different people: cutting Lord and Lady Lyndhurst; saying nothing to Lord Rosslyn on his official presentation but "There's another oath you must take." On my way home went into Brookes's, and was received with *hurras* by those there: George Ponsonby, General Ferguson, &c. &c. Ferguson assured me that if the whole club could have been collected at my ballot, they would have admitted me by acclamation.

15th. In some anxiety for the receipt of Bessy's letter, as the day after she left town a letter arrived from the Starkeys, whom she was going to at Weymouth, to say that they were on the point of leaving that place. Her letter arrived; she found them still there. Called at Murray's to settle about the size of page, portrait, &c. &c.

16th. Breakfasted at home. A message from Rogers to say he was waiting breakfast for me with a party of beauties, Miss Wynnes and Miss Brook; could not go. Off to Davidson's, carrying with me in a hackney coach all the remaining materials of my Byron in order to have their quantity estimated in pages by the printer. Find that, together with what is already printed, and not allowing for what my text will occupy, they will make 1260 pages; two volumes, therefore, are inevitable, which

I regret. Called at Longman's, and thence to my darling Tom at the Charter House. Found him quite well and happy; everybody, he says, kind to him. By great good luck, too, his monitor (to whom young Smith had given his share of the *tip* the other night) had set Tom the very example I could have wished, by returning it to me through his hands, and bidding him say how much obliged to me he was, but his father did not allow him to take money.

17th. Breakfasted with Rogers; the Fielding girls and F. himself: Lady E. came afterwards. Thence to Mrs. Baring's (who was to have taken me out to Wimbledon to Lady Lyndhurst's luncheon) to beg her to make my excuse. Showed me some new pictures Baring had just bought. On my mentioning that Holwell Carr pronounces Lord Lansdowne's beautiful little Claude (for which he gave 1500*l.*) to be "a good *Patel;*" (?) she told me of a picture by Rembrandt that Baring once bought at a very large price, which used to make Sir T. Lawrence unhappy from its being a finer Rembrandt than that of Angerstein. After contemplating it, however, for several hours one day, he came to the conclusion that it was too highly finished to be a genuine Rembrandt, and, in consequence of this opinion of his, the picture fell in value instantly. Went to Printing House Square to look for Barnes, in consequence of a troublesome agency imposed upon me by Sir A. F——, who wishes to be employed as a correspondent to some of the newspapers while on his projected tour through Italy. Did not find Barnes. Called upon Mr. Bell, editor of the "Atlas," and mentioned the subject to him. Went to Brookes's: found Lords Carnarvon and King. Lord C. very anxious for me to join him in a visit to Baring's this summer, as was

also Mrs. Baring this morning. Brougham came in and said, in shaking hands with me, "This is the first time I have seen you since you took your seat." Dined at Lord Lansdowne's (meant to have established myself at Richmond yesterday, but Lady L. made it a point I should stop for this dinner): company, the Clanricardes, the Sandons, Lord Gosford, Empson, &c. &c. * * * My neighbour on the other side, Lady Sandon, whom I made laugh a good deal by my account of Varley's book on Astrology, his portrait of the "Ghost of a Flea," &c. &c. Mentioning, in the evening, to Lord L., Mrs. Baring's story of the Rembrandt, he said that Lawrence had in the same manner destroyed the credit of a Correggio of Angerstein's, by declaring his opinion that the one in the Duke of Wellington's possession was the original.* Lord L. aware that his own Claude is questioned. Mentioned to him what some one said of a portrait of Holwell Carr, that it looked as if in the act of saying, "The original is in the Borghese Gallery." Cautioned me against the hospitable assaults of the Richmond people, who, he thought, would be very apt to pounce upon me for their parties.

18th. Busy preparing for my flight to Richmond. Our cook arrived from Wiltshire yesterday, and was despatched off by Power to have everything ready for me. A housemaid of Lord L.'s also in the house. Dined at the Athenæum. Not able to get either chaise or place in the stage on account of the races, and obliged to take a hackney coach. Got to Richmond between nine and ten. Forgot to mention that I sent Peel since I dined with him

* The Correggio in the National Gallery, formerly in Mr. Angerstein's collection, was bought by him on Sir Thomas Lawrence's express and urgent recommendation.

an autograph of Lord Byron (being a leaf relating to Peel himself out of B.'s memorandum-book), and received from him the following answer: —

"My dear Sir,—I shall prize very highly the autograph which you have sent me, and for which I return both you and Mr. Murray my best thanks.

"I think I have the most curious and characteristic autograph of Buonaparte that is in existence, and this of Byron will not be an unworthy companion of it. Ever, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"My autograph of Buonaparte was given by Talleyrand to the Duke of Wellington. The channels through which it has come into my possession add an interest and value to it, of which this of Byron sent to me by your hand partakes in the highest degree."

19th to 22nd. At Richmond, busy; the place delicious and quiet.

23rd. Went into town for the Lansdowne ball. Dined at Spottiswoode's. The ball beautiful, and the fine statue room looking to great advantage with such a profusion of lights, flowers, and pretty girls.

24th. Called upon Lady Cowper, having fixed to do so last night. A good deal of talk about Byron; wished to know from her the date of B.'s proposal for Miss Milbanke, but found her (as every one is) all adrift about dates. Said she was sorry at Middleton to see that Lady Jersey wished the verses about the picture and the king to be inserted, as it would revive all the sore feeling on that subject at Windsor. Spoke of the King with great liking; his being so agreeable, and so full of fun and good nature. Out early to Richmond; Bessy, who had taken Buckhill

on her way from Weymouth, having fixed to turn off the Bath road at Brentford and come across to Richmond. Arrived safe, she, and Hannah, and Russell.

25th to July 4th. Domesticated comfortably at Richmond, and working at the "Life."

5th. Had a fly, and went into town with Bessy. My lodgings occupied: no room either at Sandon's. Went to Rogers's (he having often asked me to take a bed at his house) and fixed to sleep there; Bessy going as usual to Power's. Dined at Lord Durham's: Rogers, Luttrell, and I going together. The Duke of Sussex, on my entering, started up, "Ah! Tommy, I am so glad to see you." Company, besides his R. H., Lord and Lady Cleveland, Lord Grey, Lady Cecilia Buggins, Duke of Somerset, Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, &c. A good deal of talk with his R. H. after dinner about his library, &c. Told him I heard he had 60,000 volumes. "Not quite so much," he answered, "but about 50,000." Asked me when I had been to Holland House, and when I said not for some time, but that I meant some morning soon to put myself in a Richmond coach and go there to breakfast, he said, very good-naturedly, "A much better thing for you to do would be to come sleep at my house the night before: I can give you a very comfortable room, can't I, Stephenson?" Party separated at twelve, the Durhams going to Lady Grey's, and asked us to accompany them, but we thought it too late. Home with Rogers. Mentioned a clever thing said by Lord Dudley, on some Vienna lady remarking impudently to him, "What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!" "It is true, Madame (he answered), we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."

6th. The Henry Grattans, Mrs. Blackford, and her

sister Harriet to breakfast; Luttrell too. Rogers calling on Wilkie the other morning; when he entered the room, Wilkie exclaimed, "and your goat;" on which R. turning round saw that a goat had followed him out of the street, and came upstairs with him. Luttrell said it was not an uncommon thing for goats to follow people in this manner, and to *affect* to belong to them. Went to Power's for Bessy, and took her shopping. Called upon Lady ——, who gave me another letter. Mentioned a little trait of Byron's egotism at a party in London, where they appointed to meet each other at a certain part of the room, in order, I believe, to go down to supper together. Her going there at the moment fixed, and waiting for him in vain; his saying to her afterwards, when she reproached him with disappointing her, "What, do you think I would run the risk of being disappointed myself? I did not expect you would come, and so did not expose myself to the slight. I was, however, watching whether you came or not, and if you had not, I never would have spoken to you again." Met Lord Strangford by appointment (he having written to me to fix a time) at the Athenæum. Showed me a note from Canning, which he had lately found, and which oddly enough (notwithstanding his own admission to Napier, that the despatch was written in Bruton Street) proved that, after all, it was written in Stanhope Street, Canning, at the time, not having got to his house in Bruton Street. This, though of no consequence otherwise, shows at least how little memory is to be depended upon. Repeated me some rather comical verses he wrote on his way home, about his own mission to Don Pedro. Said that Gordon (the minister before Lord Ponsonby) having made Pedro very angry about something, Pedro exclaimed, "The House of Braganza never

was before so insulted," on which Gordon, who had also felt himself insulted by Pedro, answered, "Give me leave to tell your Majesty that the House of Gordon is as ancient, if not more so, than the House of Braganza." Pedro was of course dumb-foundered at such audacity, and afterwards, when Lord Ponsonby was coming to succeed Gordon, in making inquiries of some one respecting Lord Ponsonby his Majesty asked, "Do you know whether he belongs to the Royal family of Scotland, because, if so, he shan't stay here." Went to Brookes's, where I found Luttrell and Lord Sefton, and the latter offered to take us all to dinner. Called for us at Rogers's at half past seven, and proceeded to Prince Leopold's. Party numerous: Hollands, Carlisles, Durhams, Seftons, Lords Grey, Clifden, Gower, Essex, &c. &c., to the amount of about twenty-eight. Got well placed with Lords Grey, Clifden, and Holland, and found the dinner agreeable. On my telling Lord Clifden the first anecdote about Gordon and Don Pedro, he mentioned as something parallel what Elliot said to Frederick of Prussia, on his sending a *roué* of a fellow as minister to England, merely to spite the English Cabinet. "Well, what do you think (asked Frederick tauntingly) of Monsieur —— ?" "*Digne représentant de votre Majesté*," answered Elliot, bowing very low. From Prince Leopold's went to Lady Grey's, taken by Lord Grey. Some of Lady G.'s children (as well as two of Lord Durham's) had gone with Lady Jersey to Astley's; she having made a party of more than thirty children, and taken them, together with the Duke of Wellington, to see the battle of Waterloo! In talking of the odd effect of seeing a comic personage in ill-humour (as I saw Liston once, when dressed for the part of "Rigdum Funidos;" and as W. Irving described to me his having seen Grimaldi

behind the scenes in a furious rage, with the regular grin painted on his cheeks), Lady Grey reminded her daughter of the passion Lord Grey was in the night of Watier's masquerade, at their having got him a dirty white silk domino, and the mask he wore being a very smiling, complacent-looking one; the effect of his anger as he walked impetuously about the room was, she said, highly ludicrous, and the more angry he grew, the more they laughed. This to me an additional proof of the exceeding amiableness of Lord Grey in his own family. On our return home, sat up talking with Rogers, and got to bed rather late. R. had asked Lady Lyndhurst, Lord Grey, and some others to breakfast in the morning.

7th. A desperate wet morning. A note from Bessy to say she would get out to Richmond by an early coach. Luttrell arrived to breakfast, and after him Colonel Armstrong; near twelve when Lady Lyndhurst came; a good deal of laughing. * * * The rain continuing violent, Lady Lyndhurst offered to take any of us about wherever we wanted to go. "Unluckily," I answered, "I want to be taken about all day;" on which Armstrong said, "Suppose we all club to take Moore about all day, it would pay well." Set Luttrell and me down at Brookes's. Went thence to Murray's; got my bill for 1,200*l.* from him, out of which I must return him 250*l.*, having anticipated to that amount upon it. Down to Longmans' to put the bill in their hands; thence to the printer's. Dined at Athenæum, and set off for Richmond at a quarter past seven.

8th to 12th. At Richmond, and working; nothing but rain all the time. On the 11th had dear Tom home from the Charter House; took him and Russell boating in the evening. On the 12th (Sunday) all the Powers, nine in

number, came out to dinner: meant that they should have dined in the summer-house by the river, but, on account of the rain, had only tea there; took the children in a boat. Tom returned to town with the Powers. Great congratulations yesterday to the Carlisles on the approaching marriage of Lady Blanche to young Cavendish: told us the girl was just turned seventeen and he twenty-one. Luttrell remarked very truly that the family of the Carlisles act as *softeners* on society; there are so many of them, and all so gentle and good-tempered, that they diffuse a kindly tone around them.

13th to 15th. At work and unmolested. On the 15th a very pretty scene on the Thames from a boat-race; the shores and water covered with people.

16th. Went into town for some queries. Lord Sandon outside the coach, but when he saw me came inside. Very agreeable. Talking of Hall's book and the question of primogeniture, explained how the law for division of property in Germany is counteracted by family compacts, without which all the great houses would have dwindled away. The surprise of Auguste de Stael on finding how deep-rooted the love of entails was in England. Was present at a debating society of radicals, where the question was mooted and carried triumphantly in favour of the principle of entail. Lord S. agreed with me that our hereditary aristocracy could not co-exist with a law of equal division of property. The very act of attempting to form a chamber of peers was a violation of the principle of this law, as there was no reason why the eldest son should be chosen for such a distinction more than the rest. The mothers and younger sons are the great supporters of the present law of property in France, and so much does the general feeling influence those even who are naturally opposed

to it, that there are very few peers who have availed themselves of the permission they might obtain of establishing a larger *majorat,* but have confined themselves to the low degree of *majorat* they are *compelled* to make. The present state of domestic politics very like that which intervened between Walpole's ministry and Lord Chatham; the distinction between Jacobite and Whig then broken down as those between Whig and Tory are now, and the boundaries of party confused. A similar laxity, too, ensuing in the conduct of public men. Called at Rogers's, found he was at Woburn; at Luttrell's, gone to Lord Sefton's; at Murray's, who was going in the Stationers' barge up the river. Went to the printer's. To Longman's: got 250*l.* from them to return to Murray out of his 1,200*l.* Met Sir A. —— on the subject of his newspaper scheme: asked him to dine to-morrow. Went to the Royal Institution to look over old newspapers. Dined at the Athenæum, and back to Richmond by coach at half-past seven. Met Tom Hume in the Strand, just returned from Naples; said he saw my books in English all along his road. Davison mentioned the enormous price given by Murray for Irving's two last works; 3,000 guineas for "Columbus," and 2,000*l.* for the "Chronicles of Granada;" the latter never likely, he said, to sell at all. Longman, by the bye, in talking of my "Byron," said he thought Murray was bound to give me more for it, as being so much more voluminous a work than was foreseen.

19th. Had Murray out to dinner, and Fielding to meet him; the latter being brought by Murray in his carriage. The day dreadfully wet, and all our fine rurality spoiled; but got on, nevertheless, very well.

22nd. Went into town to see Murray on some business before his departure for Wales. Met Sir T. Lawrence,

and fixed to sit for my picture (which he is about to paint for the illustrious Murray) on Tuesday next. A sad drain upon my time just now, and must try to avoid it.

23rd and 24th. At work. A note from Denman to ask me to dinner on Sunday to meet Brougham and Mackintosh.

25th. A note from Denman to say he had asked Burdett, who, he hoped, would come and bring me.

26th. Burdett called upon me soon after breakfast; doubtful what he should do, having promised the Duke of Sussex yesterday to dine with him; but still not liking to lose such a party as Denman's. Resolved, after many *pros* and *cons*, to cut the Duke and take me to Denman's. Sent his carriage for me at half-past five. Great difficulty in finding Denman's house. In talking of the vanity of great men, said that Mr. Fox was an instance of a great man without a particle of vanity; Pitt, he believed, also. Company at dinner besides ourselves, Brougham, John Williams, Denman's own family, and some naval officer, also, I believe, a relation. Brougham not in his usual feather, but still very agreeable. In talking of Junius was glad to find that he considers this writer much overrated; said that he had declared this opinion once in the House of Commons, in making some reference to Lord Mansfield (*quære*, in his long speech on the Reformation of the Law?). Francis's handwriting a very strong part of the evidence in favour of his being Junius: his feigned hand (of which there were specimens on one or two occasions; particularly in some contributions he sent to Lady Miller's "Batheaston poetry") agreed perfectly with the feigned hand of Junius. It was singular enough, too, that the first present which he made to his wife, on their marriage, was a splendidly bound copy of "Junius," *not*, however, the

famous vellum-bound copy that Junius had bound for himself. Brougham was by when Francis made the often quoted answer to Rogers—"There is a question, Sir Philip (said R.), which I should much like to ask, if you will allow me." "You had better not, Sir (answered Francis); you may have reason to be sorry for it (or repent of it)." The addition to this story is, that Rogers, on leaving him, muttered to himself, "If he *is* Junius, it must be *Junius Brutus*." Brougham himself asked him one day, "Is it a thing quite ridiculous to suppose that you might be the author?" "Why, Sir," he replied, "if the world is determined to make me out such a ruffian, I can't help them." He never, Brougham thinks, actually denied the charge, but at all times, in this sort of angry way, evaded it. To Lady Holland, too, who tried him with the question, he answered, "Now that I am old, people think they may with impunity impute to me such rascality, but they durst not have done so when I was young." Francis's vanity, it appears, led him to think that it was no great addition to his fame to have the credit of "Junius," having done, according to his own notion, much better things. This gets over one of the great difficulties in accounting for the concealment; and it must have been, at all events, either some very celebrated man who could dispense with such fame, or some very vain man who *thought* he could. In talking of handwriting and its being sometimes hereditary, Brougham said that he had found some of his grandfather's which exactly resembled his own, though the grandfather had died before he was born, and his father's writing was altogether different. Thought Curran *boring* in his latter days, being much disposed to argue, which was not his *forte*. Burdett agreed with me in thinking him, to the last, wonderful. Home pretty early.

28th. Went into town (Bessy with me) to sit to Lawrence. Found him engaged with somebody else; and not sorry, as it gave me more confidence in putting off the operation altogether, at least for some time. Some hitch in the negotiation for the three acres, in which I am engaged, one of the deeds on which the title depends being, it appears, mutilated, and in such a way as to be fatal to the validity of the title. Dined (Bessy and I) at Lady Donegal's; she had just received a present from the Duchess of Gloucester with a very pretty and friendly letter, which we read. Jekyll, in speaking of the length of time Lawrence takes in finishing a picture, says that a man not very young, must leave it to his executors to finish the sittings, and he means to look out for a good-looking executor to perform this task for him. Returned in the coach at night, Lady D. having sent us in her carriage to the White Horse Cellar.

August 1st to 3rd. At home.

4th. To town. Went out to dine at Mrs. Montgomery's, where poor Lucy Drew has been some time not at all well. Party, Bessy (who had come to Brompton by a later coach), Fielding, the two Montgomerys, Lucy, and Miss Montgomery. Found there Mrs. Blencoe's Miscellany, "The Casket," the first I had seen of it. Besides my own acknowledged contribution, she has put in an old poem of mine ("Verses in a Lady's Album") as Lord Byron's. Very near missing the coach at night; poor Bessy and I had a run for it.

5th. Barbara Godfrey brought by her aunt Philly to pass a few days with us, having been passing some time at Hampton Court with Lady Montague. Murray (Bessy's brother-in-law) came out to dine accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Henry Siddons, to pay a visit. Murray very amusing

at dinner; returned to town at night. Murray's story of a poor Irishman he met with on his way from Edinburgh. This poor Paddy was leaning disconsolately at a gateway, with a small panfull of potatoes near him, when a dandy on the top of the coach said to him, pointing to the potatoes, "I say, Pat, how do you call those things in Ireland?" "Call, Sir," answered the other; "oh, faith, there's no use in *calling* them; we're obliged to *fetch* them."

7th. Had asked a party to dinner to-day, Fielding, the two Montgomerys, and Barber; and Bessy suggested to me, an hour or two before dinner, to send over and invite Sir F. Burdett also, who came. Neither Fielding, however, nor Barber was able to come. Montgomery mentioned a curious translation into French of a sentence of Lady Morgan's. In talking of Lord Castlereagh, she said that "he had purchased for himself the scorn of all Europe," which the translator made "*Il s'est acheté tout le blé de l'Europe.*" In another place where she had remarked that some one had a "very pretty *brogue*," the version rendered it "*Elle avait un joli* sabot." Burdett full of the last number of "Blackwood" (which he brought in his pocket) containing an ultra-Tory article on Reform, which, he said, was but a *rechauffé* of all his own Middlesex "Addresses and Speeches." In talking on national vanity, M. mentioned a Sicilian he once knew, who, whenever there was a question of the merits of different countries, always produced a bit of Sicilian garlic, saying, "*Che bel paese*, &c.; what a fine country it must be that can produce such a *morso d'aglio.*" Burdett very agreeable.

8th and 9th. Quiet and at work.

11th. To town at half past one. Dined at Lady D.'s. Drove out with Bessy and Barbara in the evening to the Regent's Park, and heard the bands. Slept at Rogers's.

12th. Breakfasted with Mrs. Shelley. In talking of Byron's religion, mentioned a book, "Easy Way with Deists," which made a great impression upon him. Shelley undertook to answer it; but when he had got through six pages, stopped in his task, saying that Byron was a person who wanted checks rather than otherwise. Byron shocked afterwards at the life he had led at Venice, and hated to think of it. Called for Bessy and Murray at Power's and went to the Charter House to see Tom: agreed to dine with Murray at the Hummums. Found out Mrs. Kean, to whom I wished to put some queries. Told me about the presents from Lord B. of a box and a sword. The former has on it a representation of a boar-hunt, and was presented by him to Kean after seeing him in Richard III. Byron offended at Kean's leaving a dinner, which had been chiefly made for him, at which were B. himself, Lord Kinnaird, and Douglas Kinnaird. Kean pretended illness and went away early; but Byron found out afterwards that he had gone to take the chair at a pugilistic supper. B., after this, would not speak to Kean. He was, however, so delighted with his acting in Sir Giles Overreach, that, notwithstanding all this, he presented to him, immediately after seeing him in this character, a very handsome Turkish sword, with a Damascus blade. Sent him 50*l.* at his benefit. In talking of the circumstance of Kean's first appearance in London, I said that some memorial of it ought to be preserved; on which she exclaimed eagerly, "Oh, will you write his life? you shall have all the profits if you'll only give me a little." Had called at Lady D.'s; Jekyll had just been there, having returned from his visit to Windsor to the King, and had been amusing them with an account of it. The early dinner, the drives out afterwards to the Virginia Water, and on their

return tea and *marrow-bones.* Jekyll startled when he first saw this latter appendage to the tea-table, but took his bone with the rest; and there was, in consequence, a larger supply every evening afterwards. The King never made his appearance till late in the day, as the lacing he requires would not be endurable if he underwent it early. It did not strike Jekyll that the Duke of Cumberland had much the ear of the King; on the contrary, the latter seemed to treat him very cavalierly.

13th to 15th. Murray with us; highly amusing and intelligent; his anecdotes and illustrations all cleverly done. Kemble's opinion of Kean's "Othello:" "If the justness of the conception had been but equal to the brilliancy of the execution it would have been perfect; but the whole thing was a mistake; the fact being *that Othello was a slow man.*" Kemble consulting the man for some ornament (to the cloak, I believe) to wear in "Coriolanus;" the man saying he had just the sort of thing that would do, and then calling to some one to bring "that *thistle*" which had just been finished.

16th, 17th, 18th. Sent to the printer the last *copy* for my first volume of Byron. A note from Rogers to say that he sets out on his tour in three or four days.

19th. Went into town to see Rogers; Bessy with me. Dined with R.; no one but ourselves. Millingen in the evening. His son has written an account of Lord Byron's death for the purpose of defending himself on the subject. Both Murray and Colburn have had the MS., but neither will publish it. His statement is, that it was Lord B.'s left foot that was lame; most strange discrepancy of evidence on this point. Miss Pigot, Mrs. Leigh, the old shoemaker at Southwell, and others, say the right (which is also Bessy's impression from the *once* she saw him);

but, as many more, on the contrary, say it was the left. Hunt (for instance), Mrs. Shelley, Dr. Kennedy, &c. Lord Chesterfield said, on seeing some people dance a minuet, "They look as if they were dancing for hire, and were not very sure of being paid." Rogers going off on Friday (21st), and expressed a strong wish that I should come in again to him to-morrow. Promised to do so. The coaches having to go by Curzon Street (on account of the paving of Piccadilly) stopped and took up Bessy at Lady Donegal's.

20th. To town rather late; dined with Rogers. Have made a mistake in saying it was yesterday evening that Millingen joined us, for it was *this* evening. Took leave of Rogers and back to Richmond at night, having to come in again for a dinner at Rees's to-morrow. Sad expense and destruction.

21st. To town late; went to printer's. Dinner with Rees: company, Spottiswoode, Dickinson, Dr. Ure, Murray, Allan, &c. &c. Murray's stories of Mathews; his being twice in danger of drowning. Once in a bath, when he was pulled out by the little finger by a dandy; "Happy, I'm sure, to be of the least service to Mr. Mathews." The other time, on recovering from insensibility, hearing an Irish fellow saying, "Can you see any visible object?" and beholding a large blind, goggle eye which this fellow presented to him, with a candle close to it, to ascertain his powers of vision. Went to Vauxhall: Rees, Murray, Allan (the Scotch painter), and myself. The night chilly, and the place, with its ill-lighted walks, mournful. Had some conversation with the proprietor, Hughes, on the badness of this season for his purpose. On his remarking that they were obliged to light upon fixed nights, let them be ever so bad, I said that it was difficult to imagine a

more melancholy spectacle (in his eyes particularly) than a place of this kind on one of those rainy nights we have had lately, illuminated and empty: "Sir (he replied), the deserts of Arabia are nothing to it." Supped between twelve and one, and, to warm ourselves, had some burnt port. To bed a little before three; slept at Paternoster Row.

22nd. Went to the printer's, thence to Power's. Saw Bessy off in the coach at two, and took my own place for eight in the evening. Met Jackson, the boxer; asked him which foot Byron was lame of, and, strange to say, even he, who had seen it so often, having constantly bathed with Byron, hesitated in his decision about it. Expressed himself, however, pretty sure that it was the left foot from his recollection of Byron's attitude when sparring. Being a right-handed man, he would naturally, he said, place his right foot behind, and the strength with which he followed his man up showed that this foot must have been the sound one. This very association, however, staggers me as to the correctness of his conclusion, as I think I remember wondering at the power which Byron's foot seemed capable of, notwithstanding its lameness, in this position. Dined at Lady Donegal's; a dreadfully wet evening, and when eight o'clock came, so did *not* come the coach that was to call for me. Waited in a worry for some time; at last sent off the servant to the office and ascertained the coach had started without me. Had nothing for it but to send for a chaise, and at the expense of two or three and twenty shillings (to inflame my other long list of disbursements) got to Richmond a little after eleven. Found Bessy all in alarm, and determined if I had not arrived at twelve to set off to town.

23rd to 26th. At work. All this time past various plans in agitation with respect to our future disposal of ourselves. The purchase of the three acres, and Dr. Starkey's negotiation with Goddard having failed, our projects were either to go and pass the winter months in Dublin, or to take a house temporarily in the neighbourhood of Bowood till something better should turn up. In the midst of this, received a letter from Lord Lansdowne to say, that, in casting about to see what other spot (besides Cassan, which he before offered) could be found for us on his property, he had hit upon one on the high road between Calne and Melksham, which he thought would suit our purpose exactly to build on. Being part of the property he could not alienate it, but I might have a lease of twenty-one years, and be in short a freeholder and only pay him a moderate ground-rent, leaving the whole of the money I could command disposable for the building. Nothing could be more kind than this letter. Before I answered it, in the course of some correspondence with Goddard on the subject of my rent for Sloperton, it appeared that he had let the whole Sloperton property (the cottage, at 10*l.* per annum) to Webb of Bromham, but gave us a hope that if we should like to have the cottage at this rent on a repairing lease, it was very possible Webb would consent to give it back. Wrote to him to say we should be happy to have it on those terms.

27th. Dined with Sir Francis Burdett, he having called himself in the morning to press Bessy to accompany me, offering to send the carriage for her and back. She, however, declined. No one but their own family, except Sir Robert Wilson. A very wet night; B.'s carriage brought me home.

28th. A note from Lord Sandon to say they were going to Ham House, and, as I expressed a wish to see it,

they would be happy to take me. Too busy, however, to go. Dined at Lady Bute's; taken there by Burdett. Company, the Duke of Buccleugh's two sisters, the Sandons, and a clergyman of the name of Byron. Day very agreeable. In the evening was induced to sit down to the pianoforte (for the first time in society since my scenes at Lord Anglesey's and the Fieldings') and was rejoiced that I did so, as I found myself able to go on as usual, and have now, I trust, surmounted the feeling. Was very much led to it by the gentle unaffectedness of Lady Sandon, who sung some of my own things with me, and indeed seemed familiar with every thing I have ever written.

29th. To town for some inquiries. Went to the printer's; to Peel's Coffee House to look over a file of newspapers. Received the long promised communication from Scott concerning Byron; luckily, just come in time to be inserted. Dined at Lady D.'s and back to Richmond at night.

September 5th. Left Richmond for town; Bessy and the boys to go to Lady Donegal's, and I to 19. Bury Street. Dined at Lady D.'s; she all delight with the two boys. Jekyll the only company, and very agreeable company he is still in spite of his deafness. Gave me an account of Lord Erskine's strange history. First, an officer in the Royals; marrying for love; writing a sermon at Malta, which he himself read at the head of the regiment; taking to the law on his return to England, his whole means consisting in 300*l.*, which some relation had given him, and 100*l.* of which he laid out with a special pleader, having a wretched lodging near town, and a string of sausages hanging in the fireplace, to which they resorted when in want of food. After he was called to the bar, was asked one Sunday to

dine with Welbore Ellis, but preferred walking out some miles to dine with an old half-pay friend of his. Caught in a violent shower of rain, and kept for hours under a gateway, till it was too late for his friend's dinner. Bethought him then of Welbore Ellis, and went there to dinner, which proved the making of him. Among the company was Captain Bailey, brother to the Colonel Bailey, against whom an information had just been granted for a libel on Greenwich Hospital, and Lord Sandwich; struck with Erskine's eloquence, and when he went away said to W. Ellis, that he had a great mind to employ him on his brother's trial that was coming on. Did so. Jekyll, who at this time had seen Erskine but once, met some eminent lawyer, who said, "We had a most extraordinary young man at our consultation yesterday evening, who astonished us all," and added, that this young man (who was Erskine) had given it as his opinion, contrary to that of all the rest, that the rule against Bailey would be discharged. Then came the day of trial. Jekyll returning into court (having been called away during Erskine's speech) and finding the whole court, judges and all, in a sort of trance of astonishment. Next day Erskine's table was crowded with retainers, and from that moment he flourished both in fame and fortune. He immediately moved to handsome lodgings in town, and the string of sausages was no longer resorted to. As Erskine began life without a sixpence, so he ended it. What became of his money no one can tell. He had made in the course of his practice, 150,000*l.*, and had besides his pension as ex-chancellor; yet all vanished. * * * Erskine showed Jekyll the guinea he had got from Bailey, which he had had fixed in a little box, in which you saw it by peeping in. Story of Jekyll going to the chemist in some country

town, and telling him, if he should bring a tall, good-looking gentleman (describing Erskine) to ask for laudanum, not to give him any, as he meant to commit suicide. The scene between Erskine and the apothecary; the former asking for "Tinctura sacra;" the significant looks exchanged between Jekyll and the shopman, and the surprise and anger of Erskine on being told that there was no such thing to be had. His revenge on Jekyll for this trick, having him called up in the middle of the night at the inn where they both lived, by an ostler, who came into Jekyll's room, saying, that his friend was dying, and wanted him in a hurry to come and make his will; his finding Erskine sitting up in bed looking very melancholy, with papers, &c. before him. E.'s dictation of the will. "Being of sound mind, &c. &c., do bequeath the pond in my garden at Hampstead to the Newfoundland dog; my best beech tree to the macaw, with full liberty to bark it as he pleases; but for my friend who, &c. &c." Erskine's fun afterwards about this one day in court during the state trials; imagining the validity of the will discussed before Lord Kenyon. Lord Kenyon's inquiries as to "who was this Colonel Macaw (Erskine's name for the bird), &c. &c." Erskine always as frolicksome as a boy. Canning's joke about Lord Sidmouth's house; calling it the Villa *Medici;* lately applied to Lady Lyndhurst on her dining at Sir Henry Halford's with a party of physicians—the Venus de *Medicis.* Jekyll's story about "Honest John" (Sheridan's servant). Kemble making him bring wine after all the rest of the party had gone to bed, and sit down with him; taking him to see him home, and bidding him strike him if he saw him getting into a row. Kemble quarrelling with the coachman, and "Honest John" obeying him; upon which Kemble turned to and gave him a desperate licking,

&c. &c. Bessy joined us in the evening from her mother's, and was much amused with Jekyll's fun.

7th. At work in the morning. Dined at Lady D.'s, and went in the evening, Bessy, Barbara, Tom, Russell, and myself, to the Surrey Theatre. Elliston hearing I was in the house, came to the box. Not home till between one and two.

11th. Took them to Sir T. Lawrence's; very civil to Bessy; asking her wishes and notions respecting the picture he is about to paint of me. Thence to Chantrey's; he himself in the country. Bessy a good deal affected by his monumental groups. Then to call on Mrs. Siddons at Bayswater. In the evening to Astley's.

13th. Breakfasted at Lady D.'s, and went with Bessy, Barbara, and Tom, to the Warwick Street chapel: music, though not so good as when the best singers are there, charming. Dined at Lady D.'s. Slept at the Gloucester Coffee House in order to see Bessy off in the morning.

14th. Up at six, and off to Curzon Street. Brought Bessy and the two boys and Hannah to the coach, and saw them off. Not well all day; tried to work, but could not. A note from the Donegals to come and meet Mrs. Stratford Canning at dinner. Did so. The dinner and talk revived me. In the evening sung alone and with Barbara; and as well as in my best times.

15th. At work seven hours and a half. Dined alone at the Athenæum.

16th. To Holland House. At dinner, Duke of Bedford and young Dundas. Slept there.

17th. Lord Holland came and sat with me in my bedroom some time. Walked into town; back to dinner: company, Mr. and Mrs. Calcott, Leslie, and young Dundas, &c. Leslie's description of Sir W. Scott when he

(Leslie) went to Abbotsford to paint him. Scott thinking that it was the same as with Chantrey, who let him move about and turn as he pleased while making his bust, said to Leslie, "You will see me, you know, about the house and at breakfast and at dinner, which, of course, will be enough for you." Lord H. referring to Erasmus (one of whose large folios he read through last year) to see who was the painter he mentions as having (besides Holbein) painted him, found it was Albert Durer. Question, whether this portrait is in England? Lord H. delighted to find Erasmus's authority for Burgundy not being heating. Slept there.

18th. Sir F. Burdett to breakfast; promised to come out to dine with him on Friday next. Mentioned his having given a guinea, by mistake, to a beggar, and saying to him, "You are in luck, my good fellow, I meant to have given you only a shilling; but as you have it, you may keep it." This was told *à propos* to some other stories. One by Lord Holland, of Erskine having once dropped 20,000*l.* of stock out of his pocket in a shop; and on discovering his loss, after some time, running back and finding it still on the floor of the shop, it being some sort of shop where there were cuttings of paper lying about, which prevented these others from being noticed. Rogers tells of Tennant, that, having lost sixpence one day when a boy, on coming back to the spot next day to look for it, he found sixpence in *halfpence* in its place. Talk of foreign politics and Russia. Lord Holland all for Russia, and says it has been always the natural side of England. Even in the affair of Ockzakow, Pitt did not (he says) profess to act against Russia so much as in favour of Prussia. Lady Holland has at last taken the trouble of looking out Byron's letters to Lord Holland for me. Went into town.

Charles Greville, at Brookes's, offered me the use of his carriage and horses during the two months he is about to be away from town. Returned to Holland House to dinner: company, Sir T. Lawrence, Lord Essex, Woolriche, &c. My Lady unwilling to let me go and dine with Lord Essex to-morrow. Slept.

19th. Busy after breakfast copying out Byron's letters. Staid some time with Lord Holland in his own room. Read me some of the materials he is collecting for the life of Mr. Fox. Many curious anecdotes from the unpublished papers of H. Walpole, with remarks upon them, pointing out their inaccuracies, &c. &c., by Lord Holland. Walpole's account of the dissipation and extravagance of the two Foxes almost incredible.

20th. At work all day. Dined at Lady Donegal's.

21st. Took C. Greville to see Lawrence's pictures. Said, in looking at the portrait of Canning (for Peel), that he could imagine him speaking those very words, in his great Portuguese speech: "Here I plant my standard, and where the standard of Britain is planted, no oppressor can ever come."* These *are* the words (said Lawrence) which I had in my mind in painting him. Greville talked of his delight at some of my squibs, particularly

> "Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,
> Are Lord Glandine and Lord Dunlo?"

Went to Murray's, to Longman's, and to the printer's. Was to have dined with Lord Essex, but fatigued by my walk into the city, stopped short on my way back at the Athenæum, and dined. James Smith at a neighbouring table; agreed to go with him to see the new piece at the

* "We go to plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted, foreign dominion shall not come."— *Canning's Speeches*, vol. vi. p. 92.

Haymarket. Quoted a well-rhymed epigram he had found in some old magazine: —

"The truth is—if one may say so without shocking 'em—"

or,

"The truth to declare—if one may without shocking 'em—
The nation's asleep—and the minister Rockingham."

The following also of his brother Horace's: —

"I cannot comprehend, says Dick,
What 'tis that makes my legs so thick;
You cannot comprehend, says Harry,
How great a calf they have to carry."

Mentioned an anecdote told by Croker as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teazed Richelieu (and ineffectually it would seem) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription," said Richelieu sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other; "it was so like you." (Resembles the epigram, "Come hither, Sir John.")

23rd. To Holland House; used Greville's carriage, and took Woolriche. As I was about to take my place next Lord Holland at dinner, my Lady said, "No, come up here," ordering me to another seat. "So you have taken Moore from me," said Lord Holland, with the look of a disappointed schoolboy: company, Lord Porchester, Sharpe, W. Ponsonby, &c. &c. Slept there.

24th. Conversation after breakfast about Mackintosh. I said he was the only man that, in abundant stores of knowledge, and in the power of generalising and bringing his knowledge to bear, gave me an idea of what Burke must have been. This brought on a comparison between

him and Burke. Sharpe mentioned a habit Mackintosh used to have of lifting up his heel, and looking down and whistling at it. In speaking of the Archbishop of Tuam's strange speech on the Catholic Question, Lord Holland imitated Horsley in his speech on the Slave Trade, "What does the Holy Apostle say," &c.; and then, when some Peers laughed, "My Lords, when I quote the words of the Holy Apostle, I expect to be listened to, not only with awe, but with reverence." Went into town to the printer's, about Byron's letters to Lord Holland: at dinner Lord H. again referred to Horsley's speech, and most amusingly gave an imitation of another passage, where he said, "My Lords, we have the authority of Mr. Mungo Park, that to such a pitch of elegance and refinement has Africa advanced, that in the bosom, in the very heart of that calumniated country, there are women to be found wearing white petticoats." Lord Thurlow, in answering this part of his speech, said, in his peculiar way, "With respect to what the Right Rev. Prelate has said of the *black* women in the white petticoats," &c. &c. Another time, when Lord Stormont (I think) had quoted some resolutions which he had heard brought forward at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Thurlow, in answering him, said, "In regard to what the Noble Lord may have happened to hear at the ale-house," &c.: company at dinner, Burdett, Lord and Lady Dudley Stuart, Byng, &c. &c.

25th. Sat to Lawrence: this the third time of sitting Began an entirely new picture, having seen Shee's portrait of me at Holland House, that he had taken the same view of the face with him, and wishing to have one different. In talking of Sir J. Reynolds's tapering-chinned faces, said ("in confidence," as he impressed upon me) that the fact was, Sir Joshua was not sufficiently acquainted

with drawing to venture out of that one particular style of beauty, and hence the mannerism of his fancy heads. Returned home to work a little, and at four started for Burdett's (at Richmond) in his cabriolet, which he left in town to bring me: company at dinner, the Dudley Stuarts, Brownlow, and George Sinclair. Found G. Sinclair to be the same whom Byron mentions in one of his journals as "a prodigy of school learning." Music in the evening. Lady D. Stuart sang some songs of the Roman peasants, and Clara Burdett also some Italian and Spanish songs to the guitar. Slept there.

26th. After breakfast, Burdett accompanied me to the coach-office. Found the coach not quite ready, and walked on with him, intending to be taken up on the road; but being engaged in conversation, took the wrong road, and had to walk all the way to Putney, and get from thence as I could in a Fulham coach. Talk chiefly about religion.

27th. At work in the morning. To Holland House to dinner, taking Irving and Newton in *my carriage* with me. Lord H. had mentioned to me a curious speech imputed to Lord Chatham (by Walpole, I think), in which, observing some of the Lords smile at the high-flown way in which he spoke of the Livery of London, he said, "My Lords, the Livery of London is the most ancient body connected with our institutions. My Lords, when Cæsar landed in England, he found the Livery of London existing and flourishing!" Showed me now a printed report of the speech, from which it appears he must have said something pretty nearly, if not to the full, as absurd as this; the report representing him as asserting that, at the time of Cæsar's landing, Arviragus was Lord Mayor of London. Returned at night.

28th. Dined with Bailey in Seymour Place: company, David Bailey, Ben King, Prendergast, &c. &c. Talked of Canning's suffering under the attack of Lord Grey during his ministry; was like a man frantic and in his first paroxysm declared that he must have himself called up to the other House to answer it. Sloperton Cottage, after all, to be ours. Somebody at dinner said that the watchmen in Portugal (who proclaim the state of the weather as ours used to do) are called *serenos;* and if this be true, it tells well for the climate.

29th. Dinner at Lord Essex's: the Tierneys, Ben King again, Lord Clifden, &c. &c. A good many particulars about the Duke of Wellington's duel with Lord Winchilsea; the awkwardness of the Duke's sending a government messenger with his letter to Lord Winchilsea's country-house; the messenger arriving at dinner-time, and the *éclat* such a circumstance naturally made. I think I should not hesitate to trust *my wife* under such circumstances, having always impressed upon her the *vital* importance of a man's honour on these occasions. Brought home by Lord Clifden.

30th. At work, as I endeavour to be most mornings. Asked to Lord Essex's, but had to meet my dear little Tom at the coach-office, from Wiltshire, and deposit him at the Charter House. Did so; and having seen him safe in the matron's hands, dined at the Athenæum between eight and nine.

October 1st. Saw Luttrell at Brookes's, just arrived from Lord Bathurst's, when he told me I had been invited also, from their thinking that he was on a visit to me when they wrote to ask him. * * * By the bye, I have found in some book those lines of Foscolo's on Machiavel

and Petrarch which he once repeated to me as some of the best he had ever written, and which I find I had but imperfectly remembered. Here they are: —

"Vidi ove posa il corpo di quel grande,
Chi temprando lo scettro a' regnatori
Gli allor ne *sfronda*. . . . . .
E tu*, i cari parenti e l' idioma,
Desti a quel dolce di Calliope labbro,
Che Amore in Grecia nudo, e nudo in Roma,
D' un velo candidissimo ornando,
Rendea nel grembo a Venere Celeste."

Company at Byng's, Sir C. Bagot, Vesey Fitzgerald, Newton, Irving, and Luttrell, who, on hearing I was to dine there, offered himself. Rather amusing.

2nd. Dined at Lady Donegal's, to meet Lord Clifden, Irving, Newton, young Jekyll, and Luttrell; the latter asked by me. Singing in the evening.

3rd. Called upon Dr. Lardner after breakfast to fix about taking him out to the Longmans to-day. Showed me some proofs of Sir W. Scott's "Scottish History;" complained grievously of the trouble he gives with corrections, and the extreme carelessness of his first manuscript, as to style, &c. &c.; repetitions and clumsinesses without end; is sure he must always have somebody "to look after him" in such points. Lardner also gave me to look over the proofs of Mackintosh's commencement of his "History;" the Introduction, and part of First Chapter. Mackintosh's corrections also elaborate, notwithstanding the carefulness of his first copy. To Hampstead at five, taking Lardner and Brown in the carriage with me; singing in the evening.

4th. Called for by Mrs. Shelley to take me to Barnes's

* Florence.

at Barnes Terrace, where he has had a house for the summer. Stopped at Holland House; saw Lord H. Mentioned Pitt's having been guilty of a false quantity, which I was not before aware of, "*capit opes*" instead of "*ducit.*" John Hunter once saying to Lord Holland, "If you wish to see a great man you have one before you. I consider myself a greater man than Sir Isaac Newton." Explained then why; that discoveries which lengthen life and alleviate sufferings are of infinitely more importance to mankind than any thing relating to the stars, &c. &c.

5th. Dined at Murray's: company, James Smith, Irving, Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson, &c. Criticisms of some one on Kemble's (I think) acting of Don Felix: "Too much of the *Don*, and not enough of the *Felix.*" Charles Lamb sitting next some chattering woman at dinner; observing he didn't attend to her, "You don't seem (said the lady) to be at all the better for what I have been saying to you." "No, Ma'am" (he answered), but this gentleman at the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other." Bannister's melancholy at finding himself sixty-five, exactly the number of his own house. Looking up at the plate on the door, and soliloquising, "Aye, you needn't tell me, I know it; you told me the same thing yesterday." Received to-day a letter from Madame Guiccioli in English. Henry Fox delivered me a message from her the other night with respect to her family *living upon* Byron, which, if I could collect rightly from him, she wished me to contradict. Confirmed what Lord W. Russell told me of her enthusiasm for Byron's memory, but advised me not to make her *too much* of a "*héroine de roman.*"

6th. Dined at Holland House; went in G.'s carriage.

Company, Lady Hardy and daughters, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Seaford, &c. &c. Home at night.

7th. Sat to Lawrence; his portrait of the Duke of Wellington scratching his elbow, a frequent trick of his. Mentioned it once to the Duke: "Me!" he exclaimed, "me have such a trick! I'm sure I haven't:" and all the while he was speaking his fingers were unconsciously at work at the elbow. Called for by Mrs. Shelley in her job; the day desperate; storms of wind, snow, &c. Drove to the Charter House, to see dear Tom, who came to me with his bare head all feathered with snow. Mrs. Shelley's admiration of him; said she could have sworn he was the image of his mother; "there was all the woman in his face, particularly at the rise of the cheek near the eyes." Dined at Lord Essex's to go and see Miss Kemble, a girl of wonderful promise. After her potion scene, went behind and was taken by Charles Kemble to her dressing-room.

8th. Set off in the coach for Bowood. Stopped at Buckhill, where I found Bessy and Russell comfortably established. Had dinner there, and walked to Bowood (Lady Lansdowne having sent down the key of the pleasure-grounds for me) between eight and nine. Found Miss Ricardo with them.

9th, 10th. On the 10th met the builders on the subject of the cottage, and discussed their plan with them. Drove with Bessy to the lodge, which Dr. Starkey offers us for the winter; met himself there. Nothing could be more kind. Thence to Wyatt's, where there are lodgings we can have for five guineas the half-year's rent. The lodge, of course, a far better residence, but lonely, and too far from Sloperton. Almost fixed to take Wyatt's.

Went to Sloperton: looking dismal, but still home-like.

11th, 12th. On the 12th walked to Sloperton to meet Bessy; thence to Spye Park. Dinner at Bowood; the Starkeys, Bowleses, Moneyweather, &c. &c.

13th. The Lansdownes left home for Mrs. Ricardo's, and I dined with Bessy at Buckhill.

15th. To Bath with Bessy to make purchases, carpets, chimney-pieces, &c. &c. In the carpet-shop (in Milsom Street), when I gave a cheque for the money, and my signature betrayed who I was, a strong sensation evident through the whole establishment, to Bessy's great amusement; and at last the master of the shop (a very respectable looking old person), after gazing earnestly at me for some time, approached me, and said, "Mr. Moore, I cannot say how much I feel honoured, &c. &c.," and then requested that I would allow him to have the satisfaction of shaking hands with one "to whom he was indebted for such, &c. &c." When we left the shop Bessy said, "What a nice old man! I was very near asking him whether he would like to shake hands with the poet's *wife* too." Had a snug dinner of mutton-chops at Hughes's on returning. Found the Abercrombies at Bowood, arrived to-day.

19th to 23rd. For the remaining week I passed at Bowood had no time to journalise; the little I was able to do of my work and the society of the house taking up every minute of my day, besides visits to Bessy, who being so near the gate of the pleasure-grounds had frequent calls from me. The after-breakfast conversations (generally agreeable) lasted usually into the middle of the day, and in the evenings Lady Macdonald and I sang. Here follow a few things I remember from our talks. Louis

Dixhuit's cook said to his royal master's physician, on the latter expostulating with him on the high seasoning of some of his dishes, "*M. le Médecin c'est à moi de faire manger Sa Majesté; c'est à vous de le faire digérer.*" In talking of the horror some people have of innovations, some one told of a very religious French woman saying of conductors, which she looked upon as a most impious invention: "*Je le regarde comme un autre coup de lance que l'on met dans le sein de notre Seigneur J. C.*" Randal Jackson once said in the House of Commons, "If this bill should pass into a law, I shall expect to see the city of London left to warble her native wood-notes wild in some vast wilderness." Baring told me, as an instance of the precarious value of pictures, that a supposed Correggio, bought by Lord Grosvenor for 5000 guineas, was afterwards, on being discovered *not* to be a Correggio, sold at a sale for 500*l.* Lord Lansdowne's story of a Fitzmaurice coming to beg of him, and claiming to be a relation. Gave him a pound note, with which the Fitzmaurice went to a public-house and got roaring drunk. On his sallying out into the street, the first object that caught his eye was Hat Vaughan, whom he flew at instantly, and would soon have demolished both his hat and himself had not somebody interfered. All the watchman could get out of him was, that he was a cousin of Lord Lansdowne, who had given him a pound-note, for the purpose, it would appear, from the fellow's account, of setting him at old Vaughan's hat.

24th. Meant to have been off to-day, and had taken my place; but my kind hosts expressed such anxiety for me to stay till Saturday, that I consented. Wrote to Lord Essex to announce my coming, and to say that Abercrombie would be soon after me.

26th. Breakfasted with Bessy at Hughes's, and started for town. Supped at Power's.

November 1st. Dined with Lord Essex. Working away at proofs every morning.

2nd. At the White Horse Cellar at four to accompany Croker to Moulsey. Smith (of the "Rejected Addresses") with us. At dinner, besides Croker's family, a Mr. Follett. To Justice Park's brother, who is a great churchgoer, some one applied the words, *Parcus deorum cultor.* Bentley once wrote to Walpole, "Why do you complain of the badness of the summer? As for me, I always have my summers from Newcastle."

3rd. Went over in Croker's cab to Richmond, and there took the coach to town. Dined at Lord Essex's; Captain and Mrs. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert, and Woolriche. Sung in the evening, as did also Mrs. Montague, some of my songs, and very prettily.

4th. Dined at the Athenæum.

5th. At Lady Donegal's.

6th. Dined with Corry and Philip Crampton (who has been in London some days, at the Union Coffee House. Both good fellows, and Crampton a right clever one. Told me he never saw my mother looking in better health. Told a remarkable story (which is too long to relate here) about ——, who was hanged a year or two ago for the murder of his father-in-law, in Ireland, and who, it appears, was innocent, and died to save his mother. Must write this case down some time or other. Parted between eleven and twelve.

7th. Dined with Lord Essex; taken by Sir F. Burdett in his cab, and found him not a very safe driver.

10th. Lord John Russell just returned from Paris; wanted me to go down for a couple of days with him

to Brighton; was nearly tempted to do so. Went to Rochampton to Lord Clifden's (taken by Greville) to stay till Thursday. Company: the Ellises, Mackintosh, Greville, and Byng.

11th. Set out to go and see Strawberry Hill, but the rain coming on turned back. Mackintosh, as usual, delightful; his range of knowledge and memory so extensive, passing (as Greville remarked) from Voltaire's verses to Sylvia up to the most voluminous details of the Council of Trent. Mentioned, as one of the happiest applications of a classic quotation that he knew anywhere, that of Leibnitz in his answer to Bayle's objections against Theism in the *Theodicée*. Bayle had died before Leibnitz published this work; and in speaking of this event, the latter said that it was but natural to suppose one of the rewards of his candid spirit, in its present state of bliss, would be the happiness of seeing all his former doubts on divine subjects cleared away—

> "Candidus *insuetum* miratur limen Olympi
> Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera." *

The epithet "insuetum" M. remarked as particularly happy and arch in its allusion, as well as "nubes et sidera," which were applicable to Bayle's doubts, and to the wit with which he illuminated them. (This last addition, I rather think, is my own.) Mentioned Gibbon saying of Priestley, "The miraculous conception, &c., were the last articles he has retrenched from his scanty creed." Talked of the excessive stupidity of the Tories in their misrepresentation of what Plunkett said of their "turning history

* "Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis."
Virgil, Ecl. 5.

into an old almanack," as if he had meant himself to assert that history was no more than an old almanack. There is, however, quite as much of Tory craft as of Tory stupidity in this wilful mistake. Clapham Common, from being a great abode of the Saints, called *Campo Santo.*

12th. Came back to town with Greville. Left some of the printed sheets with Irving to be sent off to America, he having undertaken to make a bargain for me with the publishers there. If I but make a tenth of what he has done lately for himself in that quarter, I shall be satisfied: 3000*l.* he received from Murray for his "Columbus," and 2000*l.* for his "Chronicles of Granada;" and on the same two works he has already got 3000*l.* from the American market, with the property of the copyright there still his own. It is true that for Murray (according to his own account) they have not been so fortunate; his *loss* on the two publications being (as he says) near 3000*l.*, which may not be far from the truth, as the "Chronicles" have not sold at all. Dined at Lord Essex's.

14th. Had Tom home from the Charter House to stay till Monday at Lady Donegal's; stopped at my lodgings on his way. Helped to scrub and brush the little dog, and try to get the dirt of school out of him, and walked with him to Curzon Street. Dined there: company, Jekyll, and his son, and Irving. Jekyll's stories of Sir Whistler Webster (the father of Lady Holland's husband), his walking with Lady Webster and Sir W. without knowing that she was married, or being acquainted with him; her saying continually, "Sir Whistler says this," and "Sir Whistler says that," and Jekyll, taking it for some cant phrase, saying, "I am really not up to the joke; what does this mean?" then being introduced by her, &c. &c. The servants somewhere announcing him

and his wife by a whistle from one to the other, "Sir (here a whistle) and Lady Webster." Spoke of the talents of General Fitzpatrick; his speech about Lafayette very fine, but delivered in so low a voice as to have made but little impression. Lafayette finding a copy of the "Morning Chronicle" with this speech on his prison table without knowing where it could have come from, as all communication had been long cut off between him and his friends. Gave Irving, to take home and read, the first 200 pages of the "Life."

15th. At work all the morning. Dinner again at Lady Donegal's, for the pleasure of Master Tom's company, who, bless the dear fellow! was more amusing than any of the *beaux esprits*. On Barbara's telling of her having seen a woman in the streets the other day selling the works of the poets of the day, printed on long ballad sheets at a penny a yard, Tom exclaimed waggishly, looking at me from head to foot, "Only think of a yard and a half of Papa!" Went in the evening to Charles Kemble's, and found a good many people; Lawrence, Sir G. Smart, Durant, &c. &c. Fanny Kemble and her sister sat down and sung my duet, "Farewell, Theresa."

16th. A note from Lady Holland to express her disappointment at not seeing me arrive with Lord John, and entreating me to come down as soon as possible; adding, "though we cannot lodge you, we shall be most happy to feed you." Sat several hours to Lawrence; thence to Longman's. L.'s opinion that it would be wise of Murray to publish the first volume separately. Sir T. Lawrence's story of the "Teniers" offered to the King for 2000 guineas, and his Majesty sending for him to see it; his delight with it on the first view, but his altered feeling in looking more closely into it. The King saying, "Why, you have no

doubts about it, have you?" and Lawrence answering, "It would be more satisfactory to me if your Majesty would allow Mr. West to see it." L. accordingly showed it to West, whose admiration of it as a genuine Teniers was equal to what his own had been. "May I ask you," says Lawrence, "to look at it a little more closely." West accordingly went down on his knees before it, and after minutely examining every part, turned round and said, "I see why you bid me do that; it is *not* a Teniers." The King got the picture after this for seven or eight hundred pounds.

17th. Lord Lansdowne arrived in town; had written to me to say he was coming.

18th. Dined at Longman's at Hampstead. Mentioned to Longman that Murray had resolved to publish the first volume immediately, but that the engraving, not being ready, must in that case be reserved for the second. Thought this unlucky, and that the engraving was worth waiting for. Brought home by the Spottiswoodes. Find that Madame Belloe has just arrived post-haste from Paris about the translation of the "Life."

19th. Told Murray, who called upon me, Longman's opinion that he ought to wait for the engraving; determined to do so. Lord John called and sat some time. Dined at Murray's: company, Sir J. Mackintosh (whom I was lucky enough to sit by), Sir T. Lawrence, Irving, Lockhart, the Somervilles, a Mr. Miller, who has written well it seems on law. Mentioned the circumstance of Coke being called Lord Coke, though with no right to it. Lord Bacon, too, a misnomer; ought to be called Lord Verulam. Judge Blackstone a vulgarism.

Pearce's account of Lord Stowell and Capt. Morris; the former saying to the latter (both being of the same

age, eighty-five), "What is it keeps you so young, Morris?" "It is all owing (says M.) to my having fallen violently in love at sixteen, and that has kept my heart warm and fresh ever since. I have married in the interim, but never forgot the impression of that first love, though the girl never knew I felt it for her." Lord Stowell pleaded guilty to the same sort of youthful passion, and it turned out, on comparing notes, that it was for the very same girl, who was a celebrated beauty in their young days in the town of Carlisle where they both lived. On coming to inquire what had become of this common object of their admiration (whom Morris supposed to have been long dead), it appeared that she too was still alive, and also in her eighty-fifth year, having changed her name from "Molly Dacre," under which they first knew her, and being now a widow. This discovery inspired old Morris's muse with some very good stanzas, of which the following are the prettiest: —

"Though years have spread around my head
The sober veil of Reason,
To close in night sweet Fancy's light
My heart rejects as treason.
A spark there lies, still fann'd by sighs,
Ordained by beauty's Maker;
And, fixed by Fate, burns yet, though late,
For lovely Molly Dacre.

"Oh, while I miss the days of bliss,
I passed enraptur'd gazing,
The dream impress'd still charms my breast,
Which Fancy's ever raising.
Though much I meet in life is sweet,
My soul can ne'er forsake her;
And all I feel still bears the seal
Of lovely Molly Dacre.

* * * * * *

"I've often thought the happy lot
Of health and spirits left me
Is deem'd as due to faith so true,
And thus by Fate is sent me.
While here she be [*or* "lives she"] there's life for me;
But when High Heaven shall take her,
A like last breath I'll ask of death,
To follow Molly Dacre."

Lady Clarke, upon being informed of her two old lovers (for, I believe, the first time), wrote a letter to one or both, very playfully and cleverly expressed.

20th. Set off between ten and eleven to Lawrence's through a dense fog, but in vain; no painting to-day. Found him in the precious room where he keeps his drawings, which are most curious and valuable. Has the original drawings of L. da Vinci for the heads of the "Last Supper," which will be one day beyond price. Rubens' drawings too of some of his own pictures for the engraver. Showed me that they had no other way then of designating the differences of colour in engraving but by light and shadows. Now an engraver can so *meander* his shadows as to convey (to a painter's eye, at least) the idea of blue and (I believe) one or two other colours. Went to Murray's; means to wait for the engraving. Four sheets given to Madame Belloe to begin her translation, but no settlement of terms with her till we have an answer from Galignani. Set out for Lord Clifden's with Charles Greville at five. Fog very thick: got off the road once, and were obliged to have boys with links through the lane near Fulham. No one but themselves.

21st. Went to see Strawberry Hill; Greville, Agar E., Lady Georgiana, and myself. The day too cold to enjoy anything. Some pretty and curious things, such as Benvenuto Cellini's bell, Cardinal Wolsey's hat, &c. &c.; but, upon the whole, a mere showbox, and, after the grand

engravings of it in Walpole's book, disappointing and *mesquin.* ——'s report of what he had heard —— say of the King, that he has great moral courage, is always for the boldest measures; in short, fears nothing but *ridicule:* before this he is a rank coward; hence his secluding himself so much, his never having anything but dull men about him, &c. &c. This led them to talk of my squibs against him; whether he had seen them all. A. Ellis said he had been told that "The Tailor's Song," at the end of the "Fudges" had annoyed him very much.* Ellis repeated it to my own amusement, having almost wholly forgot it. Between him and Greville I am reminded of all my delinquencies in this way, as they have them all by heart. Irving alone came to dinner, Maclean (his principal) being ill. Byng too came. Sung in the evening. Lord Clifden's hints for my "Irish History:" those who had been dispossessed in 1615 being still young enough to take their vengeance in 1641.

25th. Dined at Lockhart's: company, Irving, Christie and a brother of Lockhart's. L. mentioned Chantrey's description of a morning in the King's bed-chamber at the Cottage. His tailor, Wyatville, Chantrey, and somebody else in attendance, and the King in bed in a dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap. A servant announces that the Duke of Wellington is arrived, and waits an audience in the adjoining room. His Majesty gets up, puts on a fine silk *douillette* and velvet cap, and goes to the Duke, and after the conference is ended, returns, puts on the dirty

* At the same time there was good-humour and good-fellowship in his quoting to Scott Moore's lines, —

"The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants, and the 'Morning Post.'"

See "Life of Scott." — Ed.

flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap, and to bed again. Generally walks about in his room all the morning in bare legs. In talking of Sir W. Scott's *quaigh* of whiskey after dinner, which I had fancied was merely taken to show off the Scotch usages to me, Mrs. Lockhart told me it was his daily practice. "Aye," added Lockhart, "and a good pot of porter every night too." Walked home in a snow-storm.

27th. Made all preparations for my start to-morrow. Dined at Lord Essex's: Rogers, Mr. Greville, Lord Lansdowne, &c. &c. In talking of suicide, Lord L. quoted Montesquieu: *Il faut avouer que c'est une grande commodité pour l'héroisme.*

28th. With Lord L. to breakfast at half-past eight, and started at quarter-past nine. A very agreeable journey. Took a chaise at Calne, and arrived at Wyatt's before seven. Found it all made most comfortable, the magic wand of my sweet Bess having converted it into a little palace of snugness, and all for 4*l.* 15*s.*, the half year's rent. In the rooms where, when I last saw them, were washing tubs and flitches of bacon, I now found books, maps, pianoforte, &c. &c.

December. Must dispatch this month rapidly. On the 3rd went to Bowood. Returned home on the 6th. On the 9th received a letter from the doctor of the Charter House, to say that Tom had shown symptoms of scarlatina, and had been removed to the matron's rooms, and that it was necessary some one should take charge of him on his coming down for the holidays. Bessy determined upon starting herself, and wanted to go the same night, but I would not let her. Walked with her to Buckhill. Met Lady L. in her jaunting car near the lane to Buckhill, and she turned back and took Bessy the rest of the way

Her kindness and evident sympathy with Bessy's apprehensions (though, as usual, making no display of it), highly amiable. Left Bess at Buckhill and walked home.

11th. Very anxious all day; Bessy having gone by one of the late coaches, too late to write, and no letter from the doctor. Walked over to Locke's; asked to dine, and gladly consented.

12th. A letter from my sweet Bess, enclosing me one from the doctor, with the intelligence of Tom's complete convalescence, and that I might expect them down in the evening. Was to have dined at Bowood, but sent an excuse, and between five and six Bessy and Tom arrived.

13th. Allowed Tom to walk out a little alone, and a good deal alarmed by his returning home as pale as death, and but just able to crawl along. I had thought the journey would have accustomed him to the air, but it was too much for him, and he had nearly fainted, and been obliged to lie down upon a bank. The thoughts of his catching cold from the damp, together with the exhaustion of his looks, kept me for some time in an agony of apprehension, but in an hour or two he quite revived again. Dined at Bowood; only the two Strangways.

15th. Went to Bowood. Party: Lord Auckland and his sister, the Strangways, an extraordinary fellow, a Russian, who has been in all parts of the world — Japan, Mexico, the Swan River, &c. Slept there and staid over the

16th. The Russian mentioned at dinner an anecdote of a Swiss and a Brabanter talking together, and the latter reproaching the Swiss with fighting for money, while he (the Brabanter) fought for honour. "The fact is," answered the Swiss, drily, "we each of us fight for what each most wants." An old story this.

17th. Strangways walked home with me. Found a letter from Murray, full of alarm about Byron's verses to Lady Jersey, declaring that they must be cancelled, and entreating me to do what I could to fill up the blank. Too provoking this. Continually have called his attention to these verses, and, finding that even in their entire state, he made no objection to them, left out, of myself, all the severe parts against the King, and thought no more about them. Must go up to town: cannot otherwise manage it. Wrote to tell him I should come up on Sunday.

19th. A letter from Murray, expressing his regret at the trouble his want of attention is giving me, and enclosing a bill for 100*l.* in lieu of the money from Galignani, which (having broken off all that negotiation) he requested me not to accept.

20th. Off to town. In late, from the slippery state of the roads. Found Murray's servant waiting for me; bedroom ready, with fire, and all sorts of luxuries; but decided for my own den in Bury Street. Expecting me to a late dinner, they had had nothing since luncheon-time, and at ten o'clock we sat down to a hot dinner. Murray's joke, or story rather, of a man recounting his feats in shooting, and appealing to Murray, who had been out with him. "What he hit is history; what he missed is mystery;" a double joke, taking it as "*his* story," and "my story." Home to Bury Street, tired.

21st. Hunted out, among my papers, a poem of Byron's (which I had rejected) to supply the blank left by the cancel. Thence to Murray's and the printer's. Left the verses at Printing House Square, on my way to the Longmans'. Dined at Byng's, having had a letter from him before I came up, to say that he would secure Lut-

trell and Greville on the chance of my meeting them. Company, besides these two, Vesey Fitzgerald and Irving. Luttrell's delight at Hood's puns, particularly one where he makes a soldier say, "I thought, like Lavater, I could *write* about *face*." Though Hood is admirable in his line, yet what a line it is for men like Luttrell to admire! Was ever Pope, Prior, Addison, *any one*, in fact, of real wit a pun-hunter? It was among Swift's drivellings, to be sure; but all the lucid intervals of his humour were free from it.*

22d. Dined with the Hollands: only themselves. Lord H. delightful; his saying, after dinner, about the *ordinaire* claret, "If we finish this, we shall be able to get some better." Told of Mr. Fox saying one night in the House, that his person had been frequently caricatured, but that he defied any one (and in saying this he placed his hands on his fat sides) to paint him in the character of Envy. Spoke of Fox's famous answer to Lawrence's parallel of Hanno and Hannibal; his application of the words, *Ego Hannibal peto pacem.* In speaking of Burke he said, "You all overrate Burke; you, too, Master Moore, among the number; particularly in saying that he ever could have been trusted as leader of a great party." This I, of course, denied having said; the fact being, as well as I can recollect, that I have maintained the direct contrary. In the evening Rogers came, Luttrell, Lord Ashburnham, Byng, &c., but not Lord John (whom, by the bye, I had sat some

* Luttrell's jokes were chiefly puns. For instance, when Mr. Croker had charged the public with war salary on account of Algiers, and thereby excited much indignation, it happened that some one at dinner talked of the name of Croker Mountains given to land supposed to be seen in one of the voyages to the North Pole. "Does any thing grow on them?" said some one. "Nothing, I believe, but a little wild celery" (salary), said Luttrell.—Ed.

time with in the morning), though I chiefly waited for him and for the Americans. Lord Ashburnham quoted an epitaph he had met with in a churchyard, and which, he said, "contained poetry, piety, and politeness." The following are the lines:

"You who stand around my grave,
And say, 'His life is gone;'
You are mistaken — *pardon me* —
My life is but begun."

23rd. Asked to various places to dine, but reserved myself for the chance of seeing Fanny Kemble in *Belvidera*. Fanny K.'s acting clever, but not touching, at least, to me. Was unmoved enough, during the pathetic parts, to look around the house, and saw but few (indeed, *no*) symptoms of weeping. One lady was using a handkerchief most plentifully; but I found it was for a cold in the head. Sir Thomas Lawrence in the orchestra, full of anxiety and delight; and I made it a point whenever he looked our way, that he should see me clapping enthusiastically. Came over to speak to us afterwards. Got home between ten and eleven, with all the horrors of correcting the cancel and of packing before me. Dispatched all, and set off in a hackney coach for the Gloucester Coffeehouse, where I slept.

24th. Started for home; a deuce of a journey. On Marlborough Downs was within an inch of being upset, having got off the road, which was untraceable from the drifting of the snow. Got out with all speed, the leaders of the six horses that drew us being already down in a hollow, and the heavily-loaded coach within an inch of following. When the coach was righted, took in two poor girls (milliners, apparently, from their smart dress), who

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had been all along outside. The rest of our way to Calne very slow and perilous, the coachman being obliged to get down continually, to see if we were still keeping the road.

25th to 31st. The printing off of the first volume delayed by a mistake at mv lodgings relative to the transmission of the revised cancel to the printer.

1830.

JANUARY, 1830, 1st to 3rd. Busy at my second volume.

4th. Went to Bowood: party, the Barringtons, Henry and Mary Fox, the Hallams, father and son; Spring Rice and son. Staid till the 7th. Henry Fox's story of the wonderful calculating boy in Italy (only seven or eight years old). Two young men one day being inclined to quiz the child, asked him several frivolous questions, and, among others, "*Due e due, quanto fanno?*" The boy answered, "*Quattro cento.*" "The devil!" they exclaimed; "how is that?" On which he replied, calmly, "*Due e due fanno quattro, e poi* (pointing to them) *due zeri.*" This is hardly credible. Talking of the small potentates of the Continent; the Prince de Reuss (?) one of the first to acknowledge the French Republic; the terms of his recognition as follows: — "*Le P. de Reuss reconnait la Republique Française;*" to which Talleyrand returned for answer, "*La Republique Française est bien aise de faire connaissance avec le Prince de Reuss.*" The present Prince of Monaco is *Hercules* the 50th. Dean Ogle a very absent man; has been known more than once at a strange table, where there happened not to be a very good dinner, to burst out with, "Dear me, what a very bad dinner! I am so sorry not to have given you a better," &c. &c., thinking himself at home. Story of a sick man telling his symptoms (which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful) to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming!" "Delightful!" "Pray

go on!" and, when he had finished, said with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

8th to 15th. Busy, and wondering at the further delay of the first volume. At length an article in the "Times," and another in the "Courier," both favourable, announced its publication at hand.

16th. Received a copy of the book.

19th to 27th. At work. Loads of letters every day about my book, and most flaming eulogies of it in the "Sun," "Atlas," "Court Journal," "Northern Whig," &c. &c.

31st. Walked home from Lacock. Found my own darling Bess a little better; the state of her health gives me many a sad moment. Great God! spare her to me. An article in the "Times" of yesterday, very flattering to me, but hard upon poor Byron.

February 1st. A chaise in the morning to take me to Bowood. Started with Lord L. at a quarter past nine. Dined at Maidenhead, and got to town about eight. Found myself very comfortably lodged at Fielding's, in Sackville Street.

2nd. Working at home. Murray called. Very good accounts of the "Life." Talked of the late Radical article in the "Quarterly," and the sensation it has made. When Croker, among others, was expostulating with Murray about it, the latter reminded him that he (Croker) had sent for him a short time ago, and said, "You may be sure, Murray, Reform must be given some time or other, and the sooner you take up that tone the better for the 'Review.'" Croker said he only meant as far as related to East Retford, &c. &c. Talked of the letter Davison,

the printer, had from Bland, Lady Byron's solicitor, in which he says that Lady Byron was highly pleased with the "Life." Murray assured me that Bland is not the man to have said this, unless he had good grounds for it. Dined by myself at Brookes's, and home pretty early.

3rd. Notes from Lady Holland and Rogers, to ask me to dinner to-day. At home all the morning, working. Irving called, and sat some time. Company at Lord King's: Sir J. Graham, Wilson, Sharpe, Warburton, Dr. Rees, and Macaulay. Tierney, to the last, very nervous about speaking; Pitt, too, and I think they said Erskine. Brougham said of Wetherell that he "drives his substances and four." Lord King showed me a journal kept by the Chancellor King, in short-hand, which Dr. Rees had lately deciphered for him.

4th. Went at one to call upon poor Mary Godfrey, who was quite overwhelmed upon first seeing me, but more composed afterwards. The meeting altogether a sad one, and both Barbara and she seemed to recover their spirits at last far more than I did.

6th. To printer's, &c. Dined at the Athenæum; a grand dinner, for the opening of the Club, consisting of all those members that had belonged to Committees. Croker in the chair, supported by Lords Lansdowne, Gower, Lowther, and Bexley, Bishop of London, Agar Ellis, &c. &c., to the amount of about thirty. Sat next Chantrey.

7th. Worked all day; and, intending to return to it in the evening, ordered a dinner at Brookes's, but had scarcely done so, when Stephenson (who had been commissioned by the Duke of Sussex to throw his drag-net at Brookes's for any stray guests he could catch for an impromptu dinner at Kensington) tempted me to join the party, and I *dis*ordered my cutlet. Set off, six in a coach (one of the

Duke of Sussex's which he had sent in for the *haul*), consisting of Lords Durham, Howick, &c., and found myself most heartily and hospitably welcomed by his R. H. Lord and Lady Cleveland and daughter, Lady Cecilia Buggins, &c. of the party. The day most royally odd, and (to do it justice) *un*royally easy and amusing. Brought back by Lord Durham.

8th. Worked at my sheets six hours and a half. Dined at Athenæum alone, and worked for two or three hours afterwards.

9th. A note from Lady Holland, to say she would wish to put me off from dinner till Friday or Saturday, as to-morrow she means to go to the play. Glad of the opportunity to accept Kenny's invitation instead.

10th. Dined at Kenny's, taken by Rogers. Company: Jekyll and son, Irving, Newton, Mrs. Badham (Fanny Holcroft that was), and her husband. In talking of the Duke of ——, Jekyll mentioned that for years, whenever he met him, his R. H. used to ask regularly, "I hope your two daughters are well?" (Jekyll's being two sons): to which Jekyll would answer, "Quite well, thank your R. H.; they are both at Westminster:" and the Prince's reply was always "They couldn't be better placed." An excellent specimen of the sort of attention royal questioners pay to their answerers.

[At this time a proposal was made to Mr. Moore, apparently with Lady Canning's full approbation, to write the life of Mr. Canning. There was much that was tempting in this proposal; the brilliant oratory and delightful wit of Canning would have found a congenial biographer in Moore. On the other hand, the career of the friend and disciple of Pitt, Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Reformer, must have jarred with the liberal and reforming

politics of the author of the Irish Melodies and the "Twopenny Post-bag." Here is the result.]

11th. The first aspect of the plan appeared to me most inviting; the importance of the period, the abundance of materials I should have to illustrate it, and my general coincidence with the principles of Canning's latter line of politics; not to mention (what unluckily is always last in my calculations) the great pecuniary advantages I should reap from having (as was agreed I should) the whole of the profits resulting from it; all this was, I own, most tempting. But, upon coming to consider the matter more closely, an obstacle presented itself in the person of Lord Grey, which at once put an end to the whole speculation. The decided hostility in which he and Canning were placed during the period in question, would make it wholly impossible for me to enter into the subject, without such a degree of freedom in speaking of the conduct of Lord Grey as both my high opinion of him, and my gratitude to him for much kindness, would render impossible. If left to myself I might perhaps manage to do justice to all parties, without offending any; but under the dictation of Lady Canning, the thing would be impracticable. Told —— accordingly (who felt my reasons to be unanswerable) that I must decline the undertaking.

12th. Dined at Longman's; M'Culloch and Dr. Lardner. M'Culloch mentioned Dobbs on the "Trade of Ireland" as good; spoke of a pamphlet published by Dilby in 1786, in which the fallacy of the Sinking Fund was exposed. Talked of Sir W. Petty; a clever book "on the Bills of Mortality, by Captain ——," said by Burnet to be really written by Petty. This is however improbable; why should he, who avowed everything else

he wrote, be so chary about *one* book, and that a good one? Talked of Evelyn's account of Sir W. Petty; his mimicry, dancing, &c. &c. Spoke of the republication of Berkeley's "Querist," with notes; a good idea, and well executed, though in some instances deficient in information; found, from M'Culloch, it is by Vernon Smith. Lord Lansdowne had already told me he knew whose it was, but had been enjoined secrecy.

13th. After working a little, off to the Charter House. Tom better. Dined at the Athenæum, and home in the evening to work.

14th. Dined at Chantrey's. Had been asked to the Lord Chancellor's, and promised Lady Lyndhurst, if possible, to come in the evening. Company at Chantrey's: Bedford, Babbage (the great mathematician), Penn, Stokes, and one or two others. Babbage, in praising my "Byron," said that my analysis of the character of Lord B. came nearer to the clearness of science than anything he had ever read. * * *

15th. To Tom at Charter House. Dined at Sir E. Codrington's. Company: Lord Essex, and Sir H. Bunbury. The Codrington girls sung in the evening very nicely, their brother, the Captain, joining them. Brought home by Sir H. Bunbury.

20th. Took Miss Macdonald to see over new Athenæum; met Mr. Grenville, who took advantage of the escort to see it also. Dined at Byng's; Agar Ellis, Greville, Irving, Lyttleton. Received from Dr. Lardner some of the sheets (about half a volume) of Mackintosh's "History of England;" read them with much avidity, and was, on the whole, not disappointed, which, taking into account the expectation with which one must always approach any thing of Mackintosh's, is saying a great deal.

21st. At home, as usual, at work most of the day. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's. Company: the Granvilles, the Hollands, Lord Lansdowne (Lady L. too ill to come), Lords Auckland and Carlisle, and C. Greville. Lord Holland's remarks on Thurlow and Mansfield presiding in their respective courts, both handsome men, both able judges; but while law was all gentleness and suavity, equity was all violence and savageness. Told of Allen standing some time before Vandyke's portrait of Laud, which is in Lord Holland's possession, and at last being heard to mutter, with a sort of growl of pleasure, to himself, "But he was beheaded." An assembly in the evening of the most chosen. Had some talk with Lady Glengall about my "Byron;" said she had sat up till seven in the morning to finish it. The Duke of Wellington of the party, and he and I exchanged greetings for the first time since I knew and dined with him, as Sir A. Wellesley, in Dublin. Nothing more, however, than his blunt "How d'ye do?" in passing.

22nd. Called and saw Lady Lansdowne, who is confined with cold; offered kindly to take Tom down to Wiltshire where she is going. Went to Tom; found him pretty well, but looking so delicate as to make me very uneasy. Indeed, what with one or other of those in whom my heart is wrapped up, I am doomed perpetually to anxiety. My poor mother, too, is in a state of sad weakness; and I am in constant apprehension about her. Dined at Colonel Bailey's. Company: Lords Cleveland, Saye and Sele, Reay, and Duncan. Brought home by Lord Cleveland.

26th. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's. Company: Lord Auckland, C. Greville, Doherty, C. Kemble, &c. Kemble's story of the Irishman mulcted in 5*l.* for beating a

fellow, and saying, "What, five pounds! Well (turning to the patient), wait till I get you in Limerick, where *bating* is *cheap*, and I'll take it out of you."

27th. To Tom again; took him out in a hackney coach to St. John's Wood Road, and having there walked him about in the sun for half an hour, returned with him *en fiacre* to the Charter House. Dined at Hallam's: Rogers, Lady C. Lindsay, Lady Davy, &c. &c. To the Opera for a short time.

March 1st. Dined with Murray. Meant to have joined the Lansdownes at the play afterwards, to see Fanny Kemble, but had a note from Murray before dinner (a messenger from the Lansdownes to leave the number of their box for me at his house, having apprised him of my design) to say, "For God's sake do not go to Lord Lansdowne's this evening; you live with him, and it can be of no consequence to him, but to me it will be thrusting a knife into my feelings," &c. &c. Company at Murray's: James Smith, the Lockharts, Irving, &c. &c. Staid there the whole evening, and sung,—the first time for near two months,—and was actually pleased with the sound of my own voice. A niece of Madame D'Arblay's also sung some things with an Italian, and very prettily.

3rd. Off at seven, Tom and I, for home, and most glad to get there. Found Bessy pretty well.

4th to 17th. Hard at work (as hard as it is my nature to be), and but two days of company; one at the Fieldings' on the 5th, when I dined there and slept, and the other at Starkey's on the 11th.

18th. Started for town with Tom. Kept him to sleep with me that night.

19th. Up at a little after seven, not having slept much;

and having breakfasted at Power's on our way, deposited my young *Moretto* at the Charter House. Dined at Edmund Byng's: a theatrical party; Jack Bannister, Mathews, Liston, Yates, Bartley, &c. &c; the Knight of Kerry and myself being the only non-dramatic part of the assembly. Bannister's imitation of Garrick in private life: a sort of hesitating finery in the manner of speaking, hardly like what one could have expected, and which Bannister said that Garrick, who was fond of the great, took up in imitation of Lord Mansfield. Mathews's imitations admirable. William Linley singing, "Stay, traveller," and his brother Ozias in agonies under it. "What dreadful stuff is that?" asks the brother. "Ozias," answers William, with a solemn and reproving voice, "It is our father's."

20th. Had called at the Hollands' yesterday, and they asked me to dine to-day. Went. Nobody but themselves and Lord Robert Spencer. Forgot to mention that a few days before I left home I received from Lord Holland Lady Byron's printed remarks upon my book, transmitted to me by her own desire. Told him, in answer, that I would, with her permission, subjoin it to the second edition of my work, and received from him a most flattering reply, praising the good humour and judiciousness of this step; also entering into some particulars respecting the part of my book relative to Lord Carlisle's father, and suggesting some little softening explanations, which, he thought, if given in a second edition, would gratify Lord C.

24th. Murray very worrying about omissions; has taken fright at the whole Guiccioli affair.

25th. Note from Lord Essex to say that the Directors of Ancient Music last night expressed great regret at my not coming, and that there was some talk among them of

making me henceforth free of the Ancient Music. Dined with Mrs. Manners Sutton for the purpose of accompanying her to Mrs. Shelley's in the evening, they having made up an acquaintance together since I was last in town. At dinner only Mr. and Mrs. Hare.

26th. Dined with the Fieldings, and went in the evening to a party at Dr. Bowring's. Introduced to several first-rate literati, whose names I knew nothing about; also to Pickersgill and Martin, the artists. To my surprise and pleasure saw Washington Irving among the group, who proposed that I should accompany him back to a party of Americans he had just left (at Mr. Maclean's), which I accordingly did to his great delectation. Found the party numerous. A young American lady played the harp and I sang, while Mrs. Maclean sat by my side, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Oh elegant! elegant!" Notwithstanding this Irish Americanism, however, a very nice woman.

28th. Glad to accept Lord Essex's offer of an airing in his barouche. Took me out to Holland House. Lady H., on asking him to dinner some day, said, "As to the little poet, there is no use in asking him." "Try me," I said. "Well, Thursday next," she replied; and most luckily I happened to be disengaged for that day. Went from thence to see Wilkie's pictures. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's, and went with him at night to Lord Essex's, where we found Miss Stephens, the Codringtons, &c. Sung with great success. Had received a note from Twiss in the morning, saying, "Is there by any possibility a chance of finding you disengaged to day? If so, pray come, and meet the Duke of Wellington here at seven o'clock."

29th. Dined with Dr. Holland. In the evening went to Martin's (the artist), and met a large party of small

literati. Flattered and talked at by them till I was sick and ran away.

30th. Dined at Lord Charlemont's. Company: the Caulfields, Lady Davy, and Lord Dudley. Lord Dudley's dialogue with himself, and silence to the rest of the company during dinner, very awful and damping.

31st. Dined at Lord Carnarvon's. Company: Lords Mahon, Auckland, Cowper, Porchester, Mr. Algernon Herbert, &c. &c. Off early to the Ancient Music, Lord Cawdor having given me a ticket. Came in for the second act. After it was over, the Archbishop of York most graciously told me that the Directors were all very sorry at my disappointment last week, and that he was sure that he spoke but their united wish in saying that I might consider myself free to come to their box whenever I pleased.

April 1st. Dined at Holland House. Company: Lords Carlisle, Euston, Melbourne, and John Russell, Lady Hardy, and daughters. Lord Holland having told me of a letter which Lady Byron had sent that morning, upon the subject of Campbell's rhapsody, to Lord Melbourne, asked Lord M. after dinner whether he had any objection to show it me. "On the contrary," he said, and went upstairs to his room for it. In this note to Lord M. she expresses great regret at the "injudiciousness" of what Campbell has done, though convinced that it was very good-naturedly meant, and adding that she has known him a long time, &c. &c.

3rd. Went in the evening to Lady F. Gower's theatricals. The second piece a kind of *tableau* founded on the ballad of "Zarifa;" most beautiful. Lady F. Gower's looks, dress, and singing as pretty as need be, and the

whole thing admirable of its kind. The company very chosen; hundreds of the usual party people being left out.

4th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet Luttrell and Sandford. R. quoted the following good epigram:—

"'See the justice of Heaven,' America cries,
'George loses his senses, North loses his eyes!'
But before they attacked her, 'twas easy to find
That the monarch was mad and the minister blind."

Mentioned also the following upon Mrs. Cowley's tragedy of "The Fate of Sparta" (or some such name):—

"When in your mimic scenes I viewed
Of Sparta's sons the fate severe;
I caught the Spartan fortitude,
And saw their woes without a tear."

S. quoted Charteris' saying, "I'd give at any time ten thousand pounds for a character, because I know I could make twenty by it." Called on the Godfreys, and at Shee's. Dined at A. Baring's. Company: the Fazakerleys, Rogers, Mrs. Norton, who was at war all dinner time, most amusingly, with Rogers. Sung in the evening; and so did Mrs. Norton, some songs full of feeling.

5th. Forgot to mention that Henry de Ros has given me some papers of his family, consisting of letters from the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Coningsby, &c. &c., to do with as I liked. Called to-day upon Agar Ellis, who has got some of them to look over, and was glad to find that he thinks they may be turned to account. Dined with Sir Henry Bunbury. A fine old lady there, his aunt, Mrs. Gwynne, who was one of the two pretty girls relative to whom the story of Goldsmith's petty jealousy is told; all, she assured me, a misrepresentation. Goldsmith merely said, playfully, to their mother,

on some one having come to speak to him, "You see I have my admirers too." Such is the truth of history and biography. Talked a good deal with her (into her trumpet) about Sir Joshua, Burke, &c.

6th. Sent some things to the printer. Walked out with Corry, who staid with me till he saw me off in the coach for Cashiobury, where I was glad to fly to for a few days' quiet. The evening delicious when I arrived, and the place looking beautiful. No one but Lord Essex himself and Ratcliffe.

7th to 9th. Had my mornings to myself till between two and three, and then drove out for an hour or so with Lord Essex. Got pretty well on with my work, and enjoyed my solitary walks in the park and about the Swiss Cottage exceedingly. At the last day's dinner we had the addition of Codrington, Woolriche, and Sabine.

10th. Started for town in a chaise with Ratcliffe. Employed myself all day in preparing for to-morrow's flight to Wiltshire. Dined at the Speaker's: an odd assemblage; the Mathewses, Mrs. Shelley, young Kitchener (son of the Doctor) and his wife, &c. &c., besides Corry (who went with me) and Washington Irving. Forgot to mention in its place Irving's description of the evening at Horace Twiss's (the evening of the day he wanted me to meet the Duke of Wellington). But few people had come; and "there was Twiss," said Irving, "with his two great men, the Duke and the Chancellor, just like a spider that has got two big flies, and does not know what to do with them." Sung a little, and walked home with Irving and Corry. The Speaker very agreeable after dinner.

11th. At breakfast with Sir Henry Bunbury in Grosvenor Street at half past seven, and started with him for

Bromham (he going to Napier's) at eight. A very agreeable journey, but, on my arrival, found my darling Bessy looking sadly ill. Has not been at all well ever since I went.

12th to 23rd. At home, quiet and at work. Bessy a little better, but by no means in a comfortable state of health, and giving me many an uneasy thought. God preserve her to me, I pray day and night.

24th. Up to town.

26th. Hard at work, copying out and correcting what I had written while at Sloperton. Met O'Connell, just returned from Ireland. Found he had very good-naturedly called to see my mother. Could speak of nothing but her likeness to me and the powers of her mind. "Yes," I said, "a very active mind." "Aye, but," he answered, "such quantities of it."

28th. Dined with Lord Essex, and went to the Directors' box at the Ancient Music; the first time of my using the privilege that the Directors had given me.

29th. Went, for a little quiet, to Richmond, to the Castle. Arrived at nine in the evening.

30th. Passed the whole morning at Lord Lansdowne's villa, working. The day delicious.

May 1st to 4th. All this month I was so occupied with work in the mornings and society in the evenings that I found it impossible to snatch a moment for my journal, and a few memorandums is all I have preserved of this period. 1st. Passed the morning at the villa, as I had done the day before; lunched at the Castle, and returned to town in the evening. 2nd. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went out to Holland House. The levée there of a Sunday always delightful. My Lord on his stock-still pony, taking exercise, as he thinks: and my Lady in her

whiskey, surrounded by *savans*. There were to-day Sydney Smith, Brougham, Jeffrey, &c. Sydney Smith praised my "Byron," the first book of mine (or indeed any one else's) I ever heard him give a good word to; seemed to do it, too, with sincerity. Went to the Duchess Cannizzaro in the evening. Lord Dudley, upon being asked whether he had read some new novel of Scott's, said, "Why, I am ashamed to say I have not; but I have hopes it will soon *blow over*." It is, I believe, in Murphy's "Apprentice," that the fellow who is to act Ghost asks "Whether he is to bow to the audience?" and the other answers, "Why yes, if you are the ghost of a gentleman, certainly."

6th. Saw Tom off at seven in the coach for Wiltshire: could hardly hold my head up all the day after. Breakfasted with Jeffrey to meet Sydney Smith, W. Irving, &c. Smith very amusing. In talking of Sir T. Lawrence's death, he said he had heard that it was entirely owing to his bandage (after bleeding) coming off, and the ignorance of his servant in not binding it on again, that he lost his life. On my remarking the additional ill-luck, after such a death, of falling into the hands of such a biographer as Campbell, he started up, and exclaimed theatrically, "Look to your bandages, all ye that have been blooded; there are biographers abroad!" Nothing could be kinder or more affectionate than Jeffrey's manner and expressions in taking leave of me; and when he shook my hand and said, "God bless you," his voice evidently faltered.

11th. Set off for Cashiobury, where I remained till the 14th, enjoying myself with the sweet quiet of the place, and the leisure which my long mornings afforded me. Our only company, Woolriche, Baring Wall, and (one of the days) Codrington.

25th. Dined with Lord Lansdowne; Lady Jersey's in the evening. 27th. With Lord Lansdowne again to meet a large party, Lord Grey, Brougham, the Carlisles, the Hollands, &c. &c. The dinner afterwards made some noise in the newspapers, being represented foolishly as a reconciliation dinner to Lord Grey.

28th. (My birthday). Started for Sloperton, Bessy being anxious to have me, at least, to a birthday *supper*. The state of politics had, before I left town, become rather interesting; Lord Grey having returned to his former station beside (or rather at the head of) his old fellow Whigs, and some demonstrations of a spirited opposition having been exhibited. Though the dinner of the 27th at Lansdowne House was not quite of so *prononcé* a character as the papers would have it, there is no doubt it made a part of the mutual movement towards a renewal of old friendship that has taken place between the parties. It was, I dare say, for the purpose of giving a less political air to the dinner that Lord L. was so anxious that I should be of it, as, after having invited me for the 25th, he wrote to say, that he wished, "without detriment" to that day, that I would dine with him also on the 27th; but that if I could only give *one* day, he begged it might be the latter. Lady E. Fielding, who talked to me about it afterwards, took the same view of its being a reconciliation dinner, and said it was remarked that, notwithstanding this being the object, Lord L. had never paid any attention whatever to Lord Grey, but had, after dinner, *talked only to me!* Such are the exaggerations that get about. How can it be expected that people at a distance should know anything of the mysteries of the great world, when they who live in the very thick of it are so constantly (as I see every day) at fault?

June 1st, 2nd. Returned on the latter day to town, Napier going up with me. He and I have been appointed members of the Committee of thirteen chosen by the Athenæum Club to elect 100 out of 1000 persons at present candidates for admission; an honourable but troublesome trust. Found on my table, upon coming up, forty letters, thirty of which were from canvassers for the Club. The claim of one of these to admission, was his having written about the Siamese Twins. The members of our Committee are so chosen as to represent different classes; for instance, the representative of the peerage is Lord Farnborough; of the commons, Croker; of the clergy, the Bishop of Llandaff; of the law, Mr. Justice Parke; of the army and navy, Napier; of the arts, Chantrey; of the sciences, Davies Gilbert, and Professor Sedgwick; of general literature, Thomas Moore; and so on. * * *

5th. Dined with Sir G. Robinson. Company: Lord and Lady Tavistock, Lord John Russell, Lord Clifden, and Agar Ellis. Had been asked to Baring Wall's to meet the Lansdownes; also to Bulwer's, where I went in the evening, and was made to sing by the handsome hostess.

6th. Dined at Holland House. Company: the Granvilles, Ellises, Lord Seaforth, &c. Forget whether I have mentioned that Henry de Ros had placed at my disposal a large collection of papers which have come to him from his father: some of the Duke of Marlborough's, Lord Coningsby's, &c. &c. Among the mass are some very interesting letters, &c., connected with the last moments of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which Agar Ellis thinks I might make something good of. Told Lord Holland of this. Highly approved of it; said he would give me some help

in the work, Pigott's Petition*, &c. Took me to his rooms when we retired for the night, and read to me from the "Account of his Own Times," which I have before mentioned, a long character of Lord Edward, as well as remarks on the Rebellion in which he engaged; all very clever and very bold. Said he at present saw no objection in letting me have this for my work. Read me also a character of Lord Shelburne, apparently very fair, though some parts very severe. In the character of Lord Edward, he cites, as applied to him, my song, "Oh, breathe not his name!" which is, however, a mistake, as that song alludes to Emmet and the passage in his speech on receiving sentence, "Let no man write my epitaph." Lord H. discusses, in this character, the question of calling in foreign assistance, and puts very manfully the circumstances by which such a step may be justified. Did not leave him till near two o'clock. Slept there.

10th. Was to have dined to-day with Rogers early, but our Committee (electoral) meeting at five, it was out of the question. Told the Fieldings I would come to them. Our business to-day merely preliminary and smoothing the way to our regular meeting on Saturday. In alarm (both Ellis and I) for Barnes, whom it was our great object to get in, and whom we understood it was the intention of the Bishop to protest against in consequence of the late attack on the Bishop of London in the "Times." On its being proposed (as one of the steps facilitatory of our future operations) that each should mention the person or persons we were more particularly anxious about, Ellis, who was the first called upon, began rather

* This was the petition to the House of Lords, written by Sir Arthur Pigott. The calm argumentative eloquence of this paper is very striking.—Ed.

imprudently by saying that there was one person he felt most especially anxious for, so much so, indeed, that if that person should be objected to, he rather feared he should be compelled to exercise his *veto* against those proposed by others; this was, he added, Mr. Barnes. He then named his father (Lord Clifden) and two or three others. When it came to my turn, I mentioned Barnes and only him.* Company at Fieldings in the evening. Pressed to sing, and refused stoutly for some time, till Lady Glengall got between me and the door as I was going away to Lady Graham's, and took me by main force to the pianoforte. I could hardly at first get a note out for anger. After a song or two set off to Lady Graham's; a marriage party, the nuptials of Miss Sheridan with Lord Seymour being celebrated there this evening.

11th. Dined at Lord Jersey's. Company: Lord and Lady Gower, Lord and Lady Rosebery, Coke and Lady Anne, Lord Lansdowne, Sydney Smith, &c.

12th. Meeting of Committee; got through our business. Had resolved to stand by Ellis in his general *veto*, in case the Bishop opposed Barnes; but all was right and unanimous. I could not, indeed, have anticipated that thirteen men should have got on together at once so conscientiously and smoothly; and our list tells well, I think, for the conscientious part of the business. Left them nearly finished at a quarter before seven. Dined with Mr. Grenville. Company: the Gowers, the Lansdownes, the Cawdors, the Braybrookes, &c. Murray (Bessy's brother-in-law) arrived in town with his boy Charles, on their way, as I hear, to Switzerland, for the purpose of putting Charles to school.

* "I have made a mistake. All this took place on the 8th, as we had three meetings."

16th, 17th. Uncertain about Bessy's time of coming up.

18th. Bessy has decided for Saturday. Dined at Wilbraham's: company, Lord Ebrington, Lady Clinton (I think), &c. &c. In the evening to Stafford House (taken in his cab by Lord E.), which was opened for the second time in compliment to Prince Frederick of Prussia. Nothing can be more magnificent than the staircase; its size and grandeur made the whole company look both pigmy and dingy. Seemed to remind everybody of the Caserta at Naples. Lady Stafford (who received the company in a manner worthy the staircase) particularly civil to me.

19th. Having a long engagement to dine with the Clanricardes, dressed pretty early, in order to meet Bessy on her arrival before I went to dinner, and despatched off a messenger to the Charter House for Tom. As she did not come in the first coach, left Power at the Gloucester to wait for her; and was proceeding towards my dinner, when the messenger from the Charter House overtook me with a note from Dr. Russell, saying Tom was ill, and he did not like to let him out. All this threw me into such a fidget, what with my anxiety about Tom and my fear lest Bessy, on her arrival, should go on to the Charter House, and find him perhaps even more ill than Russell had described him, that I resolved to send an apology to the Clanricardes, and did so at twenty minutes before eight. Returned then to my post in Piccadilly, where I waited till half-past nine (having gobbled up a hasty and dirty morsel of dinner at the Gloucester Coffee House), but no Bessy arrived. Took for granted she could not get a place.

20th. A note at seven in the morning from Bessy, who had travelled all night, and was now at Benetts' expecting

me to breakfast. Found that Murray and Rees had met her in Piccadilly by chance on her arrival. Little Charles with us to breakfast. All went, Russell too, down to the Charter House to see Tom: found that he was now quite well again. Brought him away with us, and all dined together at Power's.

21st, 22nd. Devoted myself chiefly to Bessy, doing but little at my work.

23rd. Wednesdays being half-holidays at the Charter House, went for Tom, and passed the whole day sauntering about the city, seeing sights, &c. At five o'clock (the Longmans having kindly offered to have dinner for us) went to Paternoster Row, where we dined, our plan being a little disturbed by the politeness (very kindly intended) of Mrs. Longman and her daughters coming into town to meet us; all in fine evening dresses, and Bessy in her country cottage bonnet. However, all went on well and agreeably. Came away early, Bessy having to pack for the morning.

24th. Up at six, and off to Albemarle Street for the travellers. Went in the coach with them as far as Kensington; and having put some proofs in my pocket, walked for an hour and a half in Kensington Gardens, correcting them. Then went to the inn (kept by Lord Holland's old butler), and breakfasted.

26th. Tempted out from my work by the fine day and the death of his Majesty, both of which events have set the whole town in motion. Never saw London so excited or so lively. Crowds every where, particularly in St. James's Street, from the proclamation of the new King being expected before the Palace. The whole thing reminded me of a passage in an old comedy: "What makes him so merry?" "Don't you see he's in mourning?"

Went with Lord Essex down to the House of Lords; left him to go take his oath, and called at the Speaker's, where I had been asked to dine, but could not. Found that he had no intention of putting off the dinner. Met Miss Eden, who wanted to press me into the service of a party on the Thames with the Francis Levesons, &c. &c., Lord Francis having put off a dinner he was to have had, and exchanged it for a water party. Should have liked it, but was engaged. Dined at the Lansdownes: company, Duke of Grafton, the Jerseys, the Morleys, the Vernons, the Lord Chancellor, &c. Sat next the Lord Chancellor, and was much amused by his manner. Was laughing at the state of nervousness Scarlett had got into on the subject of the press. Vernon told me that the first account he had of the King's death in the morning was from Botham (at Salt Hill, where Vernon and Lady Elizabeth slept), Botham saying to him, when he came down stairs, "Well, sir, I have lost my *neighbour*."

27th. Dined with Lord Carnarvon: company, Rogers, young Norton, Lord King, &c. &c. Went in the evening to Lady Grey's. Lord Grey told me that having to attend a meeting of the Governors of the Charter House the other day, he inquired about my little Tom, and was told that he was the quickest, liveliest, and most agreeable little fellow in the world, full of fun and stories; but that he could not be got to work. This but too well agrees with what his master told me.

28th, 29th. Forget what became of me.

30th. Was to have dined with Lord Dudley, but received a put-off last night, in consequence of the debate in the Lords. Had been asked to divers other places: Holland House, Lord Worcester's, &c. Wrote to Lord Worcester to offer myself, and received for answer that he was

"enchanted" to have me. Company, Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Anson, Lord and Lady Fitzroy Somerset, Matuscevich, &c.

July 1st to 7th. Working all the mornings, and dinnering it in the evenings, but took little note of my movements. Dined on the 5th with Agar Ellis: company, Dukes of Grafton and Norfolk, the Lansdownes, Carlisles, &c. &c. 6th (I think it was). Dined with Mrs. Manners Sutton, and went under the gallery of the House of Commons afterwards. Was lucky enough to come in for Brougham's speech on the Regency: one of the most powerful and spirited sallies of oratory I ever heard. The effect of his humour upon the House! Mrs. Speaker had allowed me but an hour to stay; and very near the end of Brougham's speech one of the officers, in a fine gown, came and whispered me, *officially* as it were, "Sir, your hour's out." Found an evening assembly on my return; quadrilles, &c. Sung a few songs, and home between one and two. Could not help next day writing Brougham a note to say how entirely his speech had captivated and astonished me. 7th. Dined at Lord Grey's: company, the Hollands, Lansdownes, Carlisles, Duke of Bedford, &c.

8th. Dined at Sir F. Burdett's: Hobhouse, Rogers, Bruce, Trevanion, &c. &c. Have met Hobhouse once before this season (at the Barings'), and got on very smoothly with him. A very curious letter from Brougham in answer to my note.

9th. Dined with Lord Worcester, for the purpose of going to the French Play party. Alvanley had asked me yesterday to meet Heff Consadine and Giles Daxon, but my engagement to Burdett prevented me. The Irish wags, he now told me, were shy. Theodore Hook had joined them in the evening; and, by his powers of fun,

astonished the Paddies. Consadine, in talking of it to-day to somebody, said, "I never saw such a fellow as that *Horne Tooke.*" In the evening Luttrell and I paired off from the Play party, and went to Brookes's; from thence to Lady Cooke's, to Mrs. Cunliffe's, and to Lady Grey's. At Lady Cooke's met Galt, the writer, who told me that he had brought away with him from Upper Canada a bit of my tree. I asked, "What tree?" "Why, that you used to sit under," he answered, "at Ontario, when you were there." It appears they point out some tree with this recollection attached to it, and that travellers are in the habit of taking away bits of it.

10th. Dined with Rogers: company, Lord Grey, Lord Carlisle, Huskisson, Sturges Bourne, Lord Granville, Brougham, Luttrell, and myself. Brougham very amusing.

12th. Approaching very near the close of my task; the printer having promised me the last proofs on Wednesday next. Brougham having told me last night that he should speak to-day, went down to the House of Commons to hear him. Found there was no house. Dined at the Athenæum.

13th. Went towards five to the House of Commons. Heard but the beginning of Brougham's speech, which was so far heavy and wordy; the benches too nearly empty. Dined with Lord Essex.

15th. Dined with Lord King. 16th, with Lord Lansdowne, to meet some Americans. Forgot to mention Brougham's having asked me at the Fieldings' assembly, (11th), whether Rogers had received Lord Grey's permission before he invited such a party of Huskissonians to meet him: considered it very extraordinary, and was sure Lord Grey viewed it in the same light, "as he was silent

the whole day." All this an imagination of Brougham's. Lord Grey, it appears, knew whom he was to meet, and has since said that the party was a very agreeable one.

17th. Set off for Sloperton; even yet not quite finished, as I take the last proofs with me for correction.

18th to 31st. During this month there is nothing to particularize. I had brought down with me the papers which Henry de Ros gave me; and in arranging those relative to Lord Edward Fitzgerald chiefly occupied myself. I forgot to mention that while in town I had seen old Ogilvie on the subject, and found him most promptly disposed to give me all the assistance in his power. Received from him some early letters of Lord Edward, and took down from his relation several particulars of his life.

August 1st to 17th. Received some further materials from Ogilvie; arranged all the papers according to their dates. Employed myself also in writing a thing for Power, to be called (I think) the "Summer Fête." Our first intention was to sail for Ireland on the 18th, but we deferred it till the 21st.

18th. Dined at Bowood. Bessy asked, but did not go. Company, the Felloweses and Bowleses. Walked home at night.

19th. Preparing for departure. Copying out what I have written for Power.

20th. Finished my copying. Between two and three started for Bristol—Bessy, the two boys, Hannah, and myself. Stopped an hour or so at Bath, and got to Bristol, to Harris's hotel, between eight and nine.

21st. On board the Killarney packet at seven, and sailed between eight and nine. Beautiful weather. Among our fellow passengers were Lord and Lady Sherbourne and son. Lady S. very agreeable and remarkably kind to

Bess; pressed her to occupy her sofa (our berths being the worst in the vessel), as her own intention was to stay on deck the greater part of the night; Bessy, however, declined. The night wretched enough. I lay on the floor of the great cabin.

22nd. The morning very fine, and the Wicklow Mountains to welcome us when we rose. Cast anchor off Kingstown to wait for the tide. Got to Dublin between twelve and one. Took two jaunting cars for ourselves and luggage, and proceeded to Abbey Street. My dearest mother a good deal overcome on meeting us; but, thank God, much better in health and spirits than I expected to find her. My sweet sister Nell just the same gentle spirit as ever; both in great delight with our boys; and my dear Bess never before looked so handsome as she did sitting by my mother, with a face bearing the utmost sweetness and affection, all for my sake. Had a most happy family dinner.

23rd. Walked about with Bessy and the boys. The theatre unluckily shut, but saw there was to be some miserable play or other at Fishamble Street (for the night only), and resolved to take the young ones to it. Crampton called before dinner, and wanted me to dine with him, offering the temptation of Shiel, Curran, and Sir Henry Hardinge; but I remained faithful to the boys. Never was there such a bear-garden as the theatre; nothing but rows from the beginning to the end of the night, and our box (from which there was no retreat, being the stage box) on the point of being made the theatre of war. Bessy about to hand Russell to the actors to take care of, &c. &c.; but I managed to get the drunken fellow who was the nucleus of the row out of the box, and we finally got away without damage.

24th. Dined (Bessy and I) at Crampton's, having

walked about and paid some visits in the morning, besides buying a smart bonnet for Bess. Nobody at C.'s but a Mr. Macnamara, who had been at Paris during the late crisis, and gave a most lowering picture of the greater part of the transactions; quite unlike the heroic character thrown around them by the public accounts. Crampton very amusing in the evening; his imitations of the dancing at Donnybrook Fair, &c. &c. Oldham saying of some one, "He lives at the last house of Dublin on the left hand side." Some conversation to-day with Curran about Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Had been told by Judge Johnson that Lord E. disapproved very much of the plan of plundering houses for arms, as it produced unnecessary irritation and alarm, and the arms were better in the keeping of the gentlemen till the fit time came for taking them. All the organisation he thought necessary was to train the fellows (in small squads of from fifteen to twenty) to marching by the plummet, performing equal distances in equal times.

25th. Dined at home. Left a note for Major Sirr in the evening. Much pressed to attend a public dinner to-morrow to celebrate the election of Colonel White; a deputation appointed to ask me; but resolved to decline.

26th. A note from Sirr. Called upon him. The rencontre he had with the party the night before Lord Edward's apprehension. Lord E. (if really among them, which he did not seem quite sure of,) must have been going, he thinks, to Moira House, from Thomas Street. Two ways by which he might come, either Dirty Lane or Watling Street. Sirr divided his forces, and posted himself, accompanied by Regan and Emerson, in Watling Street, his two companions being on the other side of the street. Seized the first of the party, and found a sword, which he drew out; and this was the saving of his life. Assailed by them-

all, and in stepping back fell; they prodding at him. His two friends made off. On his getting again on his legs, two pistols were snapped at him, but missed fire; and his assailants at last made off. On joining the other division of his forces, found that they had encountered the rebel party, and had made one of them prisoner. His suspicious account of himself; a muslin manufacturer. Sirr taking him through Dublin next day; no one recognising him; taking him to Newgate; to the provost; but could find no one to identify him; gave him up to Cook, and then told by some one that he was M'Cabe, who had organised all. His going to Cook and finding that M'Cabe had been liberated, having passed himself off as an innocent Scotchman. Fixed with Sirr to call upon him again. Set off with Bess, mother, Nell, and the boys, for Donnybrook Fair, having hired a job carriage; saw shows, &c. &c. Proceeded thence to Kingstown to see my sister Kate, whom I found also better than I expected. Thence to the Mearas' (at whose town house I am very comfortably lodged, while Bessy and the rest are at my mother's): lunched there, and then went on to dine (myself only, the remainder of my party having returned to town) at Cuming's at Roebuck. Party: Rees, Milliken, Reeve, &c. &c. Brought to town at night by Milliken.

27th. Desperate wet day; passed some hours at Milliken's, looking over Irish pamphlets. Dined at Lady Morgan's: company, Curran, Shiel, North, Edward Moore, the Clarkes. Lady Morgan's story of her telling Lady Cork, on the morning of one of her assemblies, that she had just seen Sir A. Carlisle, who had been dissecting and preserving the little female dwarf Crachami. "Would it do for a *lion* for to night?" asked Lady Cork. "Why, I think, hardly." "But surely it would if it's *in spirits*."

Their posting off to Sir A. Carlisle's, and Lady C. asking the servant for the little child. "There's no child here, ma'am." "But I mean the child in the bottle." "Oh, this is not the place where we bottle the children, ma'am; that's at master's workshop." In talking of Irish pronunciation, Lord Gort saying, in court, when some one was called forth, "He's in *jeel*." A lady, too, describing the situation of her house, "We've the *bee* in our *rare*" (the bay in our rear). An assembly in the evening, to which Bessy (having got off dining) came, with Ellen and Tom. Singing by the Miss Clarkes (very good indeed), and my London friend Ratcliffe. I too sung with great applause, being in excellent voice. All agreed that my voice had lost nothing of its freshness, while in strength they thought it improved.

28th. At Milliken's some time, looking over pamphlets. Walked with Cuthbert Eccles, talking of Irish History. Recommends Warner as the best. Some curious things about Glamorgan in Birch; promised to lend me Belling; thinks the Catholic historians far the most trustworthy. Dined at home.

30th. Passed the evening at Abbey Street very comfortably, and had a good night's sleep.

31st. Duke of Leinster called upon me at one o'clock. Some conversation with him about my intended "Life of Lord Edward." Did not think he had any papers that would be of use, as Lord E.'s communications with his father related purely to family affairs, his wish being (though he resided all the time at Leinster House) not to commit the Duke in the conspiracy. Pressed me to come to Carton, which I promised. While he was with me Major Sirr left a card; the man who killed his uncle; such changes does time produce! Showed his card to the

Duke, who, I found, knows him, and thinks him, in his way, a good sort of man. Drove out to pay visits with my mother, Bessy, &c. &c. Dined (Bessy, Tom, and I) at Crampton's; none but themselves. Home pretty early.

September 1st. Fixed to go to Bryan's on Saturday (4th), as the meeting on the subject of the French Revolution, which I have promised to attend, will not take place before Monday week. Drove out in a jaunting car, with my mother and Bess, to visit the Grahams at Dunville, where I once passed a few days as a child, and where I well remember being carried in triumph by other boys to an old ruin of a castle which stood in one of the fields, and there crowned king of the castle,—Callin's Castle (I think it was), now thrown down, and a good house built in its place. As I stood at the end of the garden at Dunville, and looked into the field, it is odd enough that (although from some other changes I had been led to suppose that the field where I used to play was quite in a different direction) I felt at the moment that this must be the spot; though there was nothing but the grass, and perhaps the relative position of the field to the garden, that was at all likely to act upon my recollections. On my return to the house, I learned that it actually *was* the very spot where I had played during the short period of my visit in childhood, when I could not have been more than seven or eight years old. Such vitality is there in some associations! On returning to town met Shiel, and walked for some time with him. Metaphors, he says, are going fast out of fashion in Ireland; in the courts there is now hardly one to be heard. Remarked the change in this respect since the time of Temple Emmet, who had great reputation for eloquence, and whom old Peter

Burrowes once heard say, in arguing an abstract point of national law, "When twelve eaglets (meaning the United States) left their parent nests, and soared to independence upon dauntless wings." Called with him on the "Evening Post," and sat talking some time with Magee and Conway. Shiel thinks I should have no difficulty whatever in getting into Parliament for some Irish seat, if I but looked to it. Dined in Abbey Street, and having borrowed the files of the "Evening Post" for 1792—5, passed the evening looking over them. In talking with Peter Burrowes this morning, got on the subject of Robert Emmet, whose counsel I found Burrowes had been. Told me that Emmet, on his apprehension, had confided some money he had about him (together with a letter) to somebody he thought he could trust, to be delivered to Miss Curran. The person, whoever it was, pocketed the money, and carried the letter to the government; on hearing which Emmet, in despair at the thought of having committed the girl by anything he might have said in the letter, addressed, through some channel or other, the most earnest entreaties to the government that they would suppress the letter, engaging himself, if they would do so, not to say a word in his own defence, but to go to his death in silence. This latter offer he made, knowing how much it was an object with the authorities that he should not address the people. Burrowes told me, too, that during the trial, whenever he was endeavouring to disconcert any of the witnesses in his cross-examination, Emmet would check him, and say, "No, no; the man's speaking truth." This was, however, only on points bearing against himself; for whatever testimony was likely to involve or criminate others, he showed the utmost anxiety that the truth should not appear. When Burrowes, too, was about to avail himself of the

privilege of reply (wearied to death with anxiety, and feeling both the painfulness and inutility of what he was about to do), Emmet said, "Pray do not attempt to defend me; it is all in vain;" and Burrowes accordingly desisted. Nothing could be more warm and unqualified than Burrowes's praise of him and his feeling for his memory.

3rd. One of these mornings called on Major Sirr, and had his description of the seizure of Lord Edward. Got the information as to where he was but the moment before he acted upon it. Ryan and Swan happened to be with him at the time: took five or six soldiers in plain clothes with him; when arrived in Thomas Street sent for the pickets of cavalry and infantry in the neighbourhood; had altogether between two and three hundred men. While he was fixing the pickets round the house, Swan ran upstairs; soon after which Sirr, hearing a shot, ran up also, and found Lord Edward struggling with Swan and Ryan, the latter at his feet. Could not well make out whether Sirr fired from the hall (they being at the top of the stairs), or from the landing at the top into the room (they being still in the room); rather think the latter. Ryan had only a sword cane. Lord E. again making efforts to escape in the hall, and it was then he was wounded by the drummer. Neilson told Sirr afterwards that had it not been for the number of soldiers he had collected, there would have been a rescue, as he (Neilson) had 500 fellows ready to undertake it. Dined in Abbey Street. Ordered chaise to be with us early in the morning.

4th. Set off, with Bessy, the boys, and Hannah, for Jenkinstown, starting at twenty minutes past seven. Breakfasted at Kilcullen Bridge. Arrived at Bryan's at six; found them all delight to see us. A Mrs. Keating on a visit with them, and George, who has been ill, there also. Had seen Mrs. George Ryan before we left town

6th. Drove into Kilkenny, with Bryan and Bessy. In looking along the walk by the river, under the Castle, my sweet Bess and I recollected the time when we used, in our love-making days, to stroll for hours there together. We did not love half so *really* then as we do now. Heard from Mr. Fitzsimon (O'Connell's son-in-law), on the subject of the French meeting. Wants me to write an address for them to the French nation, but declined. Colonel Lecky, who commands at Kilkenny, called to invite us all to a *déjeuner* on Wednesday.

7th. Asked to lay the first stone of a new house building for George in the neighbourhood of Jenkinstown. In starting for this ceremony the horses in Mrs. Bryan's carriage showed rather alarming restiveness. Bessy went with George in his curricle, and Tom and I walked. After the laying of the stone, Bryan ordered ten barrels of beer to the workmen: but on the master builder representing to him that this would make them drunk for a week, the choice was given them whether they would have the beer or the value of it (one pound a barrel), and they wisely and *un*-Irishly chose the money, having one barrel of beer (which George had before ordered them) to drink. In returning home Mrs. Bryan's horses ran restive against the gate, broke the pole, and threw off the postillion; luckily no further harm done; but the horses of George's curricle also becoming unmanageable, I, with much fear and trepidation, got Bessy and Tom down from it, cursing, in my heart, all such over-fed, never-worked horses.

8th. Helped Tom a little with his Greek holiday task. Much discussions and doubtings as to the horses that were to be put to the carriages to-day; my wish being to send for post-horses, but I was over-ruled. Set off between two and three. The Bryans, Mrs. Keating, and Bessy in

the coach-and-four, and Tom and I in the curricle, with a postillion and pair. Got there very safely. Walked with Tom into Kilkenny, to show it to him. Called at Mr. Banim's (the father of the author of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family," who keeps a little powder and shot shop in Kilkenny), and not finding him at home, left a memorandum to say that I had called out of respect to his son. Took care to impress upon Tom how great the merit of a young man must be who, with not one hundredth part of the advantages of education that he (Tom) had in his power, could yet so distinguish himself as to cause this kind of tribute of respect to be paid to his father. I have not, it is true, read more than one of Banim's stories myself, but that one was good, and I take the rest upon credit. Besides, he dedicated his second series to me, calling me "Ireland's free son and true poet," which was handsome of him. A paragraph, by-the-bye, in the Kilkenny paper (of yesterday, I believe), in mentioning that they had seen me drive through the town with Captain Bryan, apparently in good health and spirits, added that the latter seemed to sink a little when I looked at the theatre, the scene of my former gaieties, and saw that place turned into a horse-bazaar, where I once used to make the galleries roar in *Peeping Tom* and *Robin Roughhead*. The party at the barracks very numerous and gay; the dinner well managed; and the dancing afterwards, if not very graceful, at least active enough. My old friends, the Powers of Kilfane, there, and glad I was, for the sake of old times, to see them. Pressed us much to go to Kilfane, but cannot spare the time. Sat next Major Campbell, an intelligent, manly officer. In speaking of Napier, said his book was their "Bible." Quoted what some French officer of note had said, in speaking of the British troops:

he had remarked as very formidable, "*cet affreux silence que l'on observe en marchant en ligne.*" In coming back Tom and I obliged to join them in the carriage, from the heavy rain. Had a near escape of being upset at the turn-town to Jenkinstown, which the postillions, being drunk, had passed too far to turn with safety; the leaders, however, being taken off, we managed it, and got home, for a wonder, with bones unbroken.

9th. Took a solitary walk towards Castle Comer. Thought of some points for my speech. Mrs. Bryan quoting from the "Deserter," about war, "*C'est une belle chose quand on en est revenu.*"

10th. Off in the Kilkenny coach for town. Coach called for us at the house, and took us most comfortably to town (having taken the inside to ourselves) before six o'clock.

11th. Met Lady Campbell driving about; got into the carriage with her. Conversation about her father (Lord Edward). Lady Lansdowne had already told me that she was rather apprehensive as to the prudence of the projected "Life." Her exclamation, on hearing that I had so many of his letters, she never having seen a scrap of her father's handwriting. Asked us to dinner to-morrow. Dined at Crampton's.

12th. Dined with the Campbells. Company, only the Richard Napiers, who took Bessy; Tom and I following in a hackney coach. Lady C. told me the circumstances connected with Lord E.'s escape from arrest, which she had heard from an old woman-servant of the family. Tony, the black, giving the alarm to Lord E., and the latter escaping (it was at Leinster House) by the stables. The officer who came to make the search (Swan, I think,) saying, when he required her keys to look for papers, "It is

a very disagreeable task for a gentleman to be employed in:" and Lady Edward answering, with much dignity, "It is a task no gentleman would perform." A few days after this, Lady Edward having gone to lodge in Denzille Street, the same woman, coming into the room in the evening, saw Lord and Lady E. sitting over the fire together, and in tears.

13th. A dinner-party at my mother's; the Mearas, O'Meara, and Peter Lee. All very nicely done; my sweet Bess having worked hard to have everything comfortable and creditable. A large addition to the party in the evening, and dancing, refreshments, &c. &c.; my mother in high spirits at seeing her family and friends about her.

14th. Dined (I alone) at Crampton's. Called for by Bessy and Ellen in the evening to go to a party at Mrs. Smith's. Music; sung. Have observed (what I should not have believed had I not witnessed it) that the Irish are much colder as auditors (to *my* singing, at least) than the English. Nothing like the same *empressement*, the crowding towards the pianoforte, the eagerness for more which I am accustomed to in most English companies. This may be, perhaps, from my being made so much of a *lion* here, or from some notion of good breeding and finery, some idea probably that it is more fashionable and *English* not to be too much moved. From whatever reason it may proceed, it is the last thing I should have expected.

15th. Day of the meeting to celebrate the late French Revolution. Went at one o'clock; Bessy, Ellen, Mrs. Meara, &c., having gone before. Saw that they were well placed, and my little Tom with them. The Committee still in deliberation on the forms of proceeding. At this time more than 2000 persons collected: the room (the

National Mart) being nearly full. Shiel one of the earliest speakers; his manner, action, &c., all made me tremble a little for his chances of success in the House of Commons, about which I had before felt very sanguine. His voice has no *medium* tone, and, when exerted, becomes a scream; his action theatrical, and of the *barn* order of theatricals; but still his oratorical powers great, and capable of producing (in an Irish audience at least) great excitement. It was wished that I should second the resolution he proposed, and a call to that effect was becoming very general, but I resolved not. About this time the doors, which had been closed, were burst open by the people without, and the room was completely filled: supposed to be about 3000 persons in all. After a resolution proposed by Mr. Hamilton, late candidate for the county of Dublin, the call for me became obstreperous, and I rose. My reception almost astoundingly enthusiastic. For some minutes I got on with perfect self-possession, but my very success alarmed me, and I at once lost the thread of what I was about to say; all seemed to have vanished from my mind. It was a most painful moment, and Shiel (who was directly under me) told me afterwards that I had turned quite pale. I was enough collected, however, to go on saying *something*, though *what* I hardly knew, till at length my mind worked itself clear, and I again got full possession of my subject. So luckily, too, had I managed these few minutes of aberration, that, as I found afterwards, the greater part of my audience gave me credit for having assumed this momentary fit of embarrassment. From this on to the end my display was most successful; and the consciousness that every word *told* on my auditory, reacted back again upon me with a degree of excitement that made me feel capable of *anything*. The shouts, the applauses,

the waving of hats, &c., after I had finished, lasted for some minutes. I heard Shiel, too, as I concluded, say with much warmth, "He is a most beautiful speaker!" Found Bessy and Ellen where they sat as soon as I could, and had to make up my face to stand, for the rest of the day, the uninterrupted stare of some dozens of girls near us, many of them as good specimens of the "*beau sang*" of Ireland as could be found. I found that a very melancholy thought had crossed my dear Bessy's mind at the time when I paused in my speech. "He is thinking," she said to herself, "of Anastasia:" and her heart beat so violently with the idea, that she thought she should have fainted. It is true I had often during the day thought with sad regret of our sweet child, and the delight she would have felt in witnessing my success had she been spared to us; but, of course, at the moment of my bewilderment I thought of nothing but how to find my way back again. It was, however, a natural consequence of the state of excitement into which Bessy had been thrown by the whole scene (for at the first peal of acclamation on my entering the room, she burst into tears) to have such sad thoughts mingle with her pleasure and triumph. The *surgit amari aliquid* is so desolatingly true! Two of the speakers that succeeded me very good, Murphy and Sheehan (editor of the "Mail"); the only two I heard that struck me as likely to do in the House of Commons. Between four and five, with some difficulty, got Bessy and Tom away (my sister having gone before). As soon as the meeting perceived me going, the acclamations were renewed; found outside a large concourse of people to receive us, who hurrahed, shook hands, &c.; and, when we got into the carriage, insisted upon taking the horses off, and drawing us home. When we had proceeded half up the quay, however,

I prevailed upon them to put the horses to again, and having provided myself with a pound's worth of silver, scattered it all for a scramble among my escorters, and got quietly home. Had promised Stanton of the "Morning Register" to try and furnish him with as correct a notice of my speech as I could muster up from recollection, and after dinner went to Bachelor's Walk for that purpose. Found there emissaries from the other morning papers waiting with the same design upon me, but referred them all to Stanton, who had promised me to give them slips from his copy. Having despatched off my report (the *devil* waiting in the room the greater part of the time while I wrote it), dressed for my mother's party, which I found already assembled. Sung to them, and did the honours as well as fatigue would let me. O'Connell's daughter (Mrs. Fitz-Simon, a very nice person) among the guests. Did not get to bed till late.

16th. Dined at Crampton's, to meet Sir H. and Lady Emily Hardinge. Bessy asked, but did not go. No one else but Mr. Wood. Sir Henry very agreeable and communicative. Among other things, in speaking of the Duke of Wellington's powers of letter-writing, mentioned that those letters in the affair with Lord Winchilsea (in which Hardinge was his second) were written off at the moment with pencil, on being called out of the House of Lords by Hardinge as the negotiation went on. Said also, that the night he went to the Duke to tell him there was nothing left for them but to fight, he found the Duke in bed and asleep. It was then one o'clock; and after waking him, and mentioning what must be done, the Duke coolly said, "Very well; see that I am called early enough in the morning;" and, turning round, betook himself to sleep again. A good deal of conversation on general politics,

and Hardinge unreserved on every subject. In the evening, as he and I stood together, talking of the present state of parties, he said, "A strange position ours (meaning the Ministry) is at this moment: in the first place ——." Here we were provokingly interrupted by Crampton's coming to tell us that a young lady was going to play the harp; by which unlucky *contretemps*, the Secretary was stopped in his revelations, and I lost (as Grumio says) "many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and I return unexperienced to my grave." Had settled this evening with Cassidy (the brother of a new acquaintance of mine who has invited me down to his house at Monastereven to meet Judge Johnson) that I would join him and Mr. Murphy (the Murphy who spoke so well at the meeting) in a chaise to-morrow morning to Monastereven. One of my great objects has been to have an opportunity of conversing with Judge Johnson on the subject of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and Mr. Cassidy, in whose neighbourhood Johnson lives, has arranged our meeting for me. Sir H. Hardinge, by the bye, complimented me on my speech far more than I could have expected from such a quarter.

17th. Started before eleven. Murphy a well-informed, agreeable man. Mentioned Lord Plunket saying of Lord Lyndhurst (whom he likes), "Indifference is the vice of that man's mind." Told some other things of Plunket, and a good many rather amusing anecdotes, which, from not journalising at the time, I have forgotten. Stopped at Kildare to look at the spot where Lord Edward's cottage (Conolly's Lodge?) once stood. No trace of it now. It adjoined the castle; the passage to it up a narrow, dirty lane. Went from thence to call upon a man of the name of Garry, a farmer, who was one of Lord Edward's cap-

tains in 1798. A fine, grave, handsome, and intelligent spoken old fellow, who showed, by the way in which he spoke of passing events, that the fire of '98 was not quite extinct in him. "It is of the Kingdom of God (he said) I have now alone to think; but still, to the last moment of my life, it will always give me pleasure to hear of the downfal of despotism." Arrived at Monastereven between four and five. Went to old Mr. Cassidy's, and having left Murphy (who is his son-in-law) and the younger Cassidy there, proceeded to the house of *my* host, about a mile and half from Monastereven. Joined at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Miss Cassidy, &c. &c. Music in the evening. Excellent people, and all of them (except Murphy) as good rebels as need be. Murphy, who, it is evident, has an eye to getting on by English Whig interest, differs altogether from the radical views of his brothers-in-law. Judge Johnson could not come to-day, but has been invited by Cassidy to join us at breakfast in the morning.

18th. Walked with Cassidy in his garden before breakfast. Much talk with him about the state of Ireland at present. Resumed the subject we had already spoken of after dinner yesterday, namely, the chance (or rather, as he thinks, *certainty*) of my being brought in for some Irish county, if I should desire it. Murphy said yesterday that it was the general talk of everybody on the day after the meeting. The elective power in Ireland now so constituted that none but candidates on popular principles are likely henceforward to succeed; the ten-pound freehold system having given the power of voting to a class of men on whom public opinion directly acts, namely, the shopkeepers and small farmers. Left Cassidy in the garden for some time, and on returning saw with him a

short, slight figure (the back turned towards me), with a light step, and dressed in a neat blue frock and a foraging cap. Though aware that Judge Johnson was expected, I could hardly suppose that this slight boyish figure could be the venerable eighty-year-old judge; but so it was. After breakfast a good deal of conversation with him, which I have made memorandums of elsewhere. Drove out in Cassidy's open carriage with him, Mrs. C., and Judge Johnson; went to see Moore Park, and from thence to Johnson's house. He had already explained to me Lord Edward's views with respect to the best mode of training the people to arms; having observed, while in America, that the Indians, who are the best marksmen (with the rifle) in the world, brought their eye and hand to this perfection by practising with bows and arrows from childhood; this method not only saving the expense of powder and shot (which they could of course by no means afford), but enabling them equally well to attain that sympathy between the eye and head which makes the good marksman, and which, after such practice, they could in a fortnight transfer to the use of the rifle. Lord Edward's notion was to introduce this habit among the young Irish. In connection with this, I may mention a curious instance of the readiness with which even the fairest men allow themselves to misrepresent things, either for the sake of a joke, or merely to surprise their hearers. In talking to me of Johnson, in Dublin, William Curran said, "He has some odd whims, which you must be on your guard against; for instance, he thinks that the salvation of Ireland is to be brought about by bows and arrows." This, of course, made me stare, which is all perhaps it was intended for; but the suppression of all that lends rationality to Johnson's plan makes the whole

difference both in the force and truth of the statement. It is certainly quite true, however, that Johnson's head runs upon military matters in a way most strange (to say the least of it) in an ex-judge of eighty. As soon as we got to his house, he took me into the library to show me the sort of short rifle which Lord Edward recommended instead of the long unwieldy one used by the Americans and Indians; also the kind of pike contrived either by Lord E. or Johnson himself, to be used in *popular* warfare, as at once the most effective and portable. This pike, the handle of which is immensely long, but, from being hollow, extremely light, divides in two when not meant for use, and can thus be conveniently strapped to one shoulder while the small rifle is slung on the other, leaving the hands of the soldier perfectly free. It was curious to see the little old judge, in an erect posture, and with an eye full of fire (as if anticipating the sort of use that was to be made of the weapon), slinging the rifle over his shoulder to show me with what ease it could be carried. His history is remarkable. He was originally one of the Whig followers of Grattan, &c., in the cause of Irish independence; but on an occasion, as he himself explained to me, when a motion for the relief of the Catholics was brought forward under the influence of the Government (1783), and was defeated by the Whigs insidiously recommending, as he said, the Catholics to couple Reform with their politics, he so much resented, according to his own account, this double dealing, that without any hesitation he accepted offers made to him by the Government to join them, and continued from thenceforward attached to Castle politics. "In fact," said he, with great *naïveté*, "we were all jobbers at that time." For his vote for the Union he was made a judge, and now

holds a pension from the Government of 1500*l.* a year, which enables him to publish pamphlets in Paris, recommending separation from England. Our drive altogether very agreeable. All the Cassidys at dinner. Music in the evening.

19th. Chaise at the door at eight, being obliged to return to town, to attend as collector to a Catholic charity sermon. Cassidy accompanied me as far as Monastereven. Pressed me on the subject of coming into Parliament, and said he would answer for there being such a requisition to me, in case of a vacancy, as I should find it difficult to refuse. Showed me a letter to him from O'Connell on the proposed system of agitation, which he had just answered, telling O'Connell that he thought the Repeal of the Union ought not yet to be brought forward; but that grievances on grievances should be thrust in the Government's face, till at length the English themselves should be wearied out, and feel quite as ready to separate as the Irish. At all events, Cassidy told him, that if the question of Repeal was to be urged, he (O'Connell) would do it more harm than good by putting himself at the head of it. This I quite agreed with him in. The day a most desperate one; almost blown out of the crazy chaises; but amused myself on the way by composing a squib against Galt's "Life of Byron," which that wretched thing richly deserves. Arrived a little after two, and proceeded to Dominick Street Chapel, where I was introduced into the preacher's room, and found cake and wine prepared. Learned that Bessy, Nell, and the boys were already in the chapel. The sermon in an austere spirit, demanding charity to the poor as a right. The collection followed, which I began by putting 1*l.* in the plate, and had to stand a pretty good staring from all the other

contributors. At the end I was told that an old lady who could not come to the plate had reserved her money for the purpose of giving it to me, and begged that I would come to her, which I did; and the poor lady, who was nearly blind, all but hugged me, to the amusement of the bystanders. Bessy, &c. invited up to the priest's room, where we were introduced to several other priests, all very well-mannered and amiable-looking men. On coming out to walk home, we found almost the whole congregation waiting for us in the street. They took off their hats respectfully to us, and the greater part of them followed us the whole way to Abbey Street (in perfect silence, it being Sunday), and then took leave of us at the door. Was delighted to see that my poor mother was at the window and witnessed our escort. My sister Kate dined with us.

20th. Dined at home, having taken a box at the Adelphi Theatre for the evening. Found out before long, by the audience, and after almost every act was hailed with plaudits. "Clap for Moore!" "Clap for Mr. Moore and his family!" &c. &c. When we were coming out at the end, found numbers of the people (though we had waited till the last to avoid it) assembled in the rooms below and outside, who cheered, shook hands, and huzzaed us off most uproariously.

21st. Dined at Crampton's; Shiel was to have come, but could not. In mentioning to Shiel how much I was pleased with the rough, straightforward eloquence of a man who spoke at the meeting, named R——, and how direct from his heart he appeared to me to speak, Shiel said, "You must not be too much taken by that fellow: he is what we call here, a brewer's patriot; most of the great brewers having upon their establishment a regular patriot, who goes about among the publicans, talking

violent politics, and so helps to sell the beer." So much, indeed, have politics to do with trade in Dublin, that one very extensive brewer (whose name he mentioned) lost all his customers by taking the side of the veto.

22nd. Had written, on my return from Monastereven, to the Duke of Leinster, to say that I would come to Carton on Wednesday (to-day) if he would receive me; but that Mrs. Moore (whom he had invited, together with the boys) would not be able to accompany me. Gave my squib to Conway for to-morrow night's "Evening Post." Started for Carton in a chaise about half-past three. Company at dinner besides the Duke and Duchess and Lord William, Lady Caroline Stanhope, Lord —— (one of the Fitzroys, I believe, but forget), the pretty Miss Stanhope, and the Miss Colmans. Music in the evening; Miss Colman and myself, and the Duke at his double bass. My voice in very good force, and by no means thrown away upon my audience. Miss Colman a very agreeable singer and guitarist.

23rd. Desperately wet. Started after breakfast in a chaise, and got to town between twelve and one. Saw a proof of my squib at the "Evening Post" Office at three, and despatched a slip off to the "Times" for insertion. Saw Luttrell, who arrived the day before yesterday, and was to meet us at dinner to-day at Sir Henry Hardinge's. Called upon (Bessy and myself) by the Cramptons to take us to the Park to dinner. Company: Lord Brecknock, Archdeacon Singleton, Dr. Wood, &c. &c. Hardinge very communicative after dinner. He told, as illustrative of the vicissitudes to which a soldier's life is subject, the circumstances of his lying to have his hand amputated (after the wound he received at Waterloo) in a wretched hovel on the road, and then in a month after sleeping in

one of the royal beds (at St. Cloud, I believe) by the particular desire of Blucher, who insisted upon his choosing this gorgeous resting-place. Sung in the evening. Lady Emily a good deal affected by one of the songs.

24th. Had been told that Mr. T. Browne, the builder, of Bagot Street, knew a good deal about Lord Edward, and was also in possession of the dagger with which he killed Ryan. Called upon him and found him at home; a good deal of conversation of which I have preserved notes elsewhere. The dagger not to be found; but he is continuing his search for it. Mentioned Mrs. Dillon (Shee's aunt), and said the Berrills (?) could procure me access to her. Called upon the Berrills, and begged of the daughter to write to Mrs. Dillon (who lives at Bray) on the subject. Dined at home.

25th. Dined at Crampton's, Bessy, Nell, and myself. Company: Archdeacon Singleton, Lord Brecknock, Ratcliffe, and Luttrell. Lord Brecknock took out our dear little Nell to dinner. The Frankses and music in the evening. Singleton very civilly lent us his carriage home. A card from the Duke of Northumberland to dine with him on Monday next.

26th. Miss Berrill having arranged for me to go to Mrs. Dillon (at Bray) this morning, called at Berrill's between ten and eleven, in a hired chariot (little Tom with me), and, accompanied by Kate Berrill, proceeded to Bray. Day delightful. Mrs. Dillon, a fine specimen of an old patriotic Irishwoman, between seventy and eighty; and has lost her eyesight, but the mind and the rebel spirit as fresh as ever. Her enthusiasm in talking of Lord Edward, "Ah, the sweet fellow!" Have set down elsewhere memorandums of what she and her daughter told me. Got home to Abbey Street about five, and dined there. Have

received a letter from Sir C. Morgan in the name of the Dawson Street Club (chiefly Catholic), to beg that I would fix a day to dine with them, but have declined on account of the uncertainty of my time of departure. This is the third dinner that has been in contemplation for me; one of the others being a mob feast, at six shillings a-head, which Jack Lawless wants to get up for me. And as a good contrast to this, Crampton tells me that the Kildare Street Club (which is deep Orange) had some intention of inviting me.

27th. Have been petitioned these two days past to patronise the benefit of the managers at the Adelphi to-night, but being engaged to the Park, endeavoured to make that an excuse. However, the man has been so pressing that we consented to take a box, and I shall join Bessy and her party as soon as possible from the Park. Taken to dinner (Luttrell and I) by Crampton. The Duke of Northumberland (whom I used to know ages ago as Lord Percy) recognised me very kindly as an old acquaintance. Company: the Hardinges, Singletons, the Dean of Emly, Sir John Byng, &c. Before we went out to dinner, one of the aides-de-camp, Doyle, whispered me (evidently from authority) to get as near the Duchess as I could at dinner; but as I am not good at pushing, my attempts thereat failed. The Duchess played and sung rather agreeably, after which my turn came, and then the Duchess sung with me one or two of my own duets. As soon as we saw that we could get away, Crampton and I slipped off and got to the theatre about the middle of the farce. There had been several cheerings during the night for Mr. Moore's family; and now, after the first act of the farce, I got my greetings in a most enthusiastic style, and was obliged to stand up and acknowledge

the acclamations more than once. When we were coming out, too, the crowd were in attendance at the door, and I was obliged to make my way through hand-shakings and huzzas to the carriage. Poor little Nell and her escorter were for some time separated from us by the dense wall of people that surrounded the carriage, and it was with some difficulty she got to us. One fellow in the mob said, "Well, Mr. Moore, you'll stay a little longer with us now, won't you?" Meara came home to supper. Crampton mentioned that the Duke and Duchess this evening were talking of asking Bessy to the Park, should we prolong our stay.

28th. Have been lucky enough to find out Murphy, the man in whose house Lord Edward was taken, and who, they told me, had died long since in America; while all the while he has been living quietly in the same unlucky Thomas Street, though not in the same house. So difficult is it to come at facts! Have taken notes of my conversations with him elsewhere. Dined at Lady Morgan's: company, Luttrell, Shiel, Curran, Wallace, and Shiel's new wife. Bessy and Nell came in the evening. Had music.

29th. Occupied in preparing for our departure. It had been my intention (at least wish) to return by Bristol, as the saving in fatigue and expense would have been considerable, and Bessy on both accounts desired it very much; but the weather had become so invariably stormy, that I, at last, decided for Holyhead. Dined in Abbey Street, and took leave of my dearest mother (who was, of course, sadly down at the prospect of losing us) about ten o'clock, having ordered a job coach to come in the morning to take us to Howth. Altogether our visit has been a most happy one. My mother and Nell had known little of my excellent Bessy but through my report of her, it

being now fifteen years since they had (for a very few weeks, and living in separate houses) any opportunity of knowing her. They have now, however, had her with them as one of themselves, and the result has been what I never could doubt it would be. Her devoted attention to my mother, her affection to dear Nell, all was in the best spirit of amiableness and good sense. Being better able to see than I could all the little things, in the way of comfort, that my poor mother's establishment wants, she has, in the nicest and most delicate way, procured them, and made a few pounds do wonders in this way. The two boys, too, have been a great delight to my mother. Young Mulvaney has painted a picture of her for me, with Tom leaning on her lap; and Lever has done a very successful portrait of dear Russell, taking his idea of the attitude, &c., from my song of "Love is a hunter boy."

30th. Off from Abbey Street before eight, and arrived at Howth some time before the packet was ready to start. A good deal alarmed by a horse that broke loose with a cart, and ran in all directions about the pier. Our captain was Bessy's old favourite, Stevens, with whom she sailed the last time she came over to Ireland. Found both him and our passage very agreeable, the latter not six hours' duration. He insisted on our dining at his house; and we passed a very comfortable day with him and Mrs. Stevens. Was lucky enough to get the inside of the coach to ourselves to Shrewsbury. Slept at Spencer's.

October 1st. The morning wet, but cleared up when we got out of Anglesey; and nothing could be more delicious than all the rest of the day; our journey lying through such a series of pictures, and Bessy had never before seen the Menai Bridge. Arrived at Shrewsbury in time for tea, and a very comfortable night's rest, our whole party having enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

2nd. Thought ourselves lucky in again getting the inside of the coach for Worcester; but found that it stopped, for two hours, half way, where we were to be taken up by another coach. On this coach coming in, there turned out to be a hitch about the places, as it was quite full, and they were going to forward us in what they called a car; but on my making a little piece of work, they dispossessed the other passengers, and we proceeded in the coach to Worcester.

3rd. Started in a chaise and travelled post the rest of the way home to Sloperton, where we arrived before six o'clock: a beautiful evening to welcome us; and all kissed and congratulated each other on the safe and happy termination of our agreeable excursion.

4th. Found the whole neighbourhood in a paroxysm of dancing and dining, which was anything but what I wished, as quiet and hard work were now indispensable to me after my late ruinous run of idleness. Bessy, however, having been so long in arrears with all the neighbours in the way of visiting, and her health and spirits being now, thank God, so much better than I have seen them for years, I thought it a pity not to take advantage of her mood, and so went on idling again, as usual. A great ball to-morrow night given to the yeomanry, to which we are asked, but shall not go.

5th. Our dear fellow traveller Tom left us for school; a week beyond his time.

8th. Dined at Napier's, and went with them to Mrs. Salmon's ball, which was very well worth going to; nothing could be prettier or more tastefully managed. In talking to Watson Taylor about Lord Edward, he took occasion to assure me that Lord Camden was, in Ireland, constantly out-voted in his wish for a more moderate system of government, by Clare and Castlereagh.

9th to 16th. Busy, as far as people will let me, with my "Life of Lord Edward" and the "Summer Fête" for Power. One of these mornings my darling Bessy came to me, with her eyes full of tears, bringing some lines written down, half prose and half poetry, which had come into her head, as she lay awake thinking of our dear lost Anastasia. I could not help crying myself in reading them, and was sorry I let her tear the paper. Dined at Salmon's, at Phipps's, and at Scott's; Bessy at the two latter with me. Asked to Heneage's, but refused.

20th. Have been invited to Watson Taylor's to meet the Duchess of Kent and young Victoria.

23rd. Walked into Devizes, Watson Taylor having fixed for me to be there at three, to be taken by him to Earl Stoke. Got to Earl Stoke about four. Rather amused with being behind the scenes to see the fuss of preparation for a royal reception. About half past five the Duchess and Princess arrived; found that Sir J. Conroy, their attendant, was an old acquaintance of mine. No guests today at dinner but myself, Lady Theodosia Hall, and Fisher (the Duchess's chaplain); this being a private day. Music in the evening. The Duchess sung a duet or two with the Princess Victoria, and several very pretty German songs by herself. One or two by Weber and Hummel particularly pretty, and her manner of singing just what a lady's ought to be. No attempts at bravura or graces, but all simplicity and expression. I also sung several songs, with which her R. H. was pleased to be pleased. Evidently very fond of music, and would have gone on singing much longer if there had not been rather premature preparations for bed.

24th. After breakfast proceeded to the little church on W. Taylor's ground. The morning very fine, and the

groups waiting under the shade of the trees for the arrival of the two carriages with the royal ladies, &c., made a very pretty picture. Sat in the same pew with their Royal Highnesses. Fisher, the officiator. After luncheon went to view the farm, &c.; the ladies in the carriages, and I walking with the young Taylors. Large party at dinner; Lord and Lady Sidmouth, the Members for Devizes and the county, the Mayor, &c.; none of the ladies of the neighbourhood asked, from the invidious difficulty, of course, of making a selection. Great anxiety for music in the evening, but the Duchess very prudently (it being Sunday), and very much to my satisfaction, protested against it.

25th. After breakfast the Duchess expressed a wish for a little more music, and she and the Princess and myself sung a good deal. The Duchess sung over three or four times with me, "Go where glory waits thee," pronouncing the words very prettily, and altogether singing it more to my taste than any one I ever found. Repeated also her pretty German songs, and very graciously promised me copies of them, having intimated how much she should like to have copies of those songs I had sung for her. At two their R. H.'s took their leave for Salisbury, and I soon after departed for Devizes, on my way to Locke's, where Bessy was to meet me, to pass a few days; an old promise. Company at Locke's, the David Macdonalds. Had a good deal of conversation this morning with my old *butt*, Lord Sidmouth, who recognised me with great courtesy, referred to the times of our first meeting, five and twenty years ago, at Miles P. Andrews's, and at Mr. Gosling's, and talked a good deal of poor Lady Donegal. Repeated to me, as words which he thought would do very well for me to set to music, some very spirited lines (from the German*,

* In reference to Koerner's famous song, probably.

I believe) addressed by a warrior to his sword. I spoke of Lord Stowell (Lady Sidmouth's father), and his opinion upon the question of *Slave Grace (?)*, in opposition to that of Lord Mansfield a few years ago, when he was turned eighty, showing such strength and clearness of intellect. So little, however, did Lord and Lady Sidmouth think him capable, at that time, of such an effort, that had they been consulted as to his undertaking it they would have most earnestly deprecated it. Quoted what a great American judge (?) had written to Lord Stowell concerning his Admiralty judgments, to the effect, that though the Americans had been naturally discontented with decisions so much against their interest during the war, his book had now become a portion of their Maritime Law.

November 1st to 30th. From this till the 12th of December, remained at home and at work, chiefly upon my Life of Lord Edward, my sole interruption, and a very agreeable one, being a visit from my old friend Corry, who came on the 19th to dinner. On the 20th had the Starkeys and Mrs. Collings to meet him, and all were highly amused with his well acted stories. 21st. Took him (Bessy and I) to Bowles's church, and lunched there; Bowles full of alarm at the riots now spreading through the country. The Prowses that day dined with us, and on the next Corry left us for London. Henry Bushe's account of his place to the Sinecure Committee, that he was "Resident Surveyor, with perpetual leave of absence." "Don't you do any work for it?" "Nothing, but receive my salary four times a year." "Do you receive that yourself?" "No, by deputy."

December 1st to 12th. Preparing the first part (about half) of my MS. of Lord Edward for the press.

13th. Started for town, taking Bessy to Buckhill in

my way. Her health, I grieve to say, which has shown such signs of improvement since our return from Ireland, has again within these few days given way; and an attack of illness has at once taken away almost all the good looks and strength she had gained. My companions on the coach, an M.P. (could not make out his name), and a gentleman who had been in the army. The former a staunch political economist and anti-slavery man; the latter, upon most points differing with him, and their arguments the whole way through very amusing. By occasionally taking part with one and the other, I kept up the ball between them, and was appealed to with more deference and anxiety by each from their not knowing *which* I would agree with. The M.P., in talking of the late King, remarked how entirely he was forgotten, or, if at all remembered or mentioned, what a true view was now taken of his worthless character. He then quoted from my lines on the death of Sheridan,—

"Forgotten as fool, or remember'd as worse;"

saying, as he quoted them, "I forget who those lines were written by." "They are Moore's," I answered. "True," he replied, "they were said, I remember, to be Moore's." "I suppose," remarked the Captain, "we shall have Tom Moore now coming into office." "Oh no," interrupted the political economist, in a tone that made me rather apprehensive of what was coming (the Benthamites being, to a man, deadly enemies of mine); and, though the Captain very good-naturedly put in a word for me, saying, "Why, he's counted a very talented man in other ways than poetry," I lost no time in putting an end to the topic by saying, "No, I don't think it is at all likely," and then started a fresh subject of conversation. Felt rather tempted

to reveal myself to them before we parted, but did not. After leaving my portmanteau at Sandon's, went to Power's, where I found Tom, his holidays having been begun to-day. Thence on to the printer's, and found that they were hard at work getting the second volume of Byron out. Supped at Power's.

14th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called upon Rogers, who had been very ill. Learned from R. that Barbara Godfrey was in town, at Stratford Canning's, and went to call upon her. Sat some time. Dined with Rogers; his sister and niece of the company. Talked of Mackintosh's History; thinks the style very bad. Remarked the use of the genitive "whose," as applied to things, pronouncing it vicious. (N. B. Have looked since in Johnson, and find it authorised both by Shakspeare and Prior: "Thy name affrights me, in *whose* sound, &c.;" and Prior has "Those darts, whose points.") Observed that the life of Alfred had now been written by four great men, Milton, Hume, Burke, and Mackintosh. Wrote to Lord John, whom I met to-day at Brookes's, to come to breakfast at Rogers's the day after to-morrow.

15th. Breakfasted at home, expecting Washington Irving to call upon me, and employed in transcribing what remained unfinished of the copy I brought up. Irving came. My American business (that is, the negotiation for me with the American booksellers for their edition of the Life of Byron) was the subject I wished to speak to him upon. The sheets have been regularly sent, and he thinks there is no doubt of my receiving the money stipulated for. Finished my transcribing. Dined with the Fieldings; no one but Lord Auckland. After dinner all went to the Duke of Devonshire's box to see the new farce, and came in for the last act of Werner, quite unexpected by me, as

I did not even know of the intention to act it. The plaudits of the house most enthusiastic at the close, and continued and renewed for a long time.

16th. Breakfasted with Rogers and Lord John, who was just entering upon his duties of Paymaster-General, his chief cashier being appointed to come and receive orders from him after breakfast. A very agreeable morning. Down to the Longmans; arranged some money matters with them of very pressing interest to me on the approach of my Christmas bills. Found them ready and accommodating as usual. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, and sat some time with him. Said he would dine with Lord Essex to-morrow (not having sent his answer), if I would promise to go there too. Did so. Have been invited this week past to dine with Byng to-morrow, in order to celebrate Doherty's most unlucky appointment to the Chief Justiceship; but finding from Doherty that he should not be able to join us, considered myself free. Dined with Lord Essex: company, Sir G. Robinson, Hibbert, Luttrell, and one or two more. Luttrell full of spleen at the new arrangements and reforms, and evidently thinks his own place in danger. Says that Lord Althorp is like the manager of a theatre before a tumultuous audience, bowing and scraping, and asking what is their pleasure, sometimes applauded, but the next moment getting a shower of oranges about his ears. His opinion of the state of the country very much what my own is. We are now hastening to the brink with a rapidity which, croaker as I have always been, I certainly did not anticipate. Called before dinner at the Hollands, and saw Lord Holland. Talked of my "Life of Lord Edward," and said he thought it was worth my while to consider whether I should publish it just now, in the present ticklish state of Ireland, as I could not (he said) "do justice to Edward,"

without entering into the question of resistance, and this, as things were going on now all over the world, was rather a perilous topic. I owned that it was rather an unlucky moment for such a book, but that it was not of my choosing, as I had begun the work before any of this excitement had occurred, and it must now take its chance. I must only endeavour to keep the tone of the book as cool and moderate as the nature of its subject would admit of. As to waiting till Ireland was quiet, that would, indeed, be like Horace's Rusticus, waiting till the stream went by. He and Lady Holland are to leave for Brighton to-morrow.

17th. Breakfasted at Athenæum. Went again to the Longmans to look out Bryan's library. Executed little commissions. Called upon Sir Robert Doyle, who mentioned his having supped with his relative, Doyle of Dublin, the night before he (his relative) fought Provost Hutchinson. They were a very gay party; and the host being dressed in a sort of loose coat, handsomely embroidered (his intention being to go from the supper table to the ground), some one remarked how smart he was. "To be sure," he answered, "it is but proper that I should dress for the Provost's *ball*." Called upon Mrs. Shelley. Went to take leave of Rogers, who sends by me to Bessy a large paper copy of his most beautiful book, "Italy," the getting up of which has cost him five thousand pounds. Told me of a squabble he has had with the publisher of it, who, in trying to justify himself for some departure from his original agreement, complained rather imprudently of the large sum of ready money he had been obliged to lay out upon it. "As to that," said Rogers, "I shall remove that cause of complaint instantly. Bring me your account." The account was brought; something not much short of 1500*l*. "There," said Rogers, writing a cheque for the whole sum, "I shall

leave you nothing more to say upon that ground." "Had I been a *poor* author (added Rogers, after telling me these circumstances), I should have been his slave for life." Dined at Lord Essex's; a most *lordly* party; "myself the sole small Mister of the day;" the remaining seven being Lords Essex, Lansdowne, Brougham, Melbourne, Albemarle, King, and Foley. * * * * Two of the cabinet ministers of our company came in hackney coaches, Brougham and Melbourne; the latter offered to take me home in his *fiacre*, but I had already agreed to go with Lord Foley; and was not much better off, as his was an old crazy job. Set me down at Brookes's. Brougham mentioned to-day that on the Princess of Wales' coming over to England, it was a matter of discussion among a party, where Lady Charlotte Lindsay was, what *one* word of English her Royal Highness (who was totally ignorant of the language) should be first taught to speak. The whole company agreed that "yes" was the most useful word, except Lady Charlotte, who suggested that "no" was twice as useful, as it so often stood for "yes." This story, Brougham said he once made use of in Court, in commenting on the manner in which a witness had said "no." What suggested it to him now was my describing the manner in which Grattan said, "Why no," one day when Rogers asked him whether he and I could manage another bottle of claret.

18th. Started for home a quarter before nine. Found all well.

19th to 29th. At work. Dined at Bowood soon after my return, to meet Mrs. and Miss Dugald Stewart, and slept there. On the 29th dined at Hughes's, at Devizes: —— a man of learning, but odd and tiresome; at least, in the long run. Nothing strains and wearies atten-

tion so much as an artificial man; and the more he knows, the more his power of boring is multiplied.

30th to 31st. Here ends the year 1830, and here most gladly do I take leave of this melancholy book*, which I have never opened without a fear of lighting upon those pages of it that record the event to me the most saddening of my whole life; the only event that I can look back upon as a real irreparable misfortune; the loss of my sweet Anastasia.

* Meaning the MS. volume in which this year was recorded.—ED.

1831.

JANUARY 1st and 2nd. . At home and at work.

3rd. Dined at Bowood. Had dined there, by the bye, about a week before to meet Mrs. and Miss Dugald Stewart, Lord Lansdowne at that time not come down. Company, Lord Duncan and son, and Miss Fox. Lord D. after dinner complained to me of the state of the Scotch representation, and gave me a much clearer idea of its abuses than I had before conceived. To show the value of votes, he told me that he himself had a year or two since got for a property which did not bring him in much above 150*l.* a year, 15,000*l.* of money, all for the votes that formed a part of it. * * *

4th. Returned home. The dear boys all agog about the party at Bowood to-night. The Lansdownes' carriage came between eight and nine. But few house visitors there. A very agreeable evening, and all home safe again between three and four. Agreed to go to the Houltons on the 13th.

13th. Houlton's carriage came to take us to Farley.

15th. Took my solitary walks. Tried over Italian duets with Eliza Houlton. A Mr. Mead and his wife as dinner. Singing in the evening, the whole family being (what Jackson of Exeter called the Linleys) a "nest of nightingales." A chaunt composed by Eliza and sung with her by her sister Catherine (a new beauty springing up) most touchingly. The *Madre Amata* and *Padre*

Amato of Winter performed with much success by Isabella, Eliza, and myself.

16th. Started for home about twelve, Houlton's carriage taking us back. Delighted with our visit.

17th. A letter from the Duke of Leinster on the subject of my "Life of Lord Edward;" written, as he says, at the request of Lady Campbell, to beg I would postpone the publication, and adding that he agrees with her as to the expediency of doing so. Lord Lansdowne, just returned from town. Called and sat some time with me. A good deal of talk about politics. Agreed to be at Bowood to-morrow night and stay over next day.

18th. To-morrow being the close of our dear Tom's holidays, we all passed the day at Buckhill, for the convenience of his starting from thence in the morning. At nine at night left Buckhill for Bowood, where I found Lord and Lady L. at tea. And sat talking with him till twelve.

19th. Walked home after breakfast, and worked for some hours; then returned to Bowood, where I dined and slept. Only themselves. Answered the Duke of Leinster, saying that I felt myself committed to the publication, nor could I agree with Lady Campbell or his Grace in their views of its postponement; adding, that those persons who had given me the materials and had therefore, perhaps, the best right to interfere with my task, had by no means done so, but left me to pursue my own discretion and views in it.

20th. Lord L. walked part of the way home with me. Asked me (first time this long while) how I was getting on with Lord Edward: a ticklish subject now between us, as, of course, anything likely to affect the present state of Ireland is, from his ministerial responsibility, of double in-

terest and importance to him. If anything, indeed, could make me sacrifice my own views (and in some respects, I think) *character* on the point, it would be the gentle and considerate delicacy with which he has refrained, not only from urging, but even from hinting, what I know must be his anxious wishes on the subject. Discussed together all sorts of things; how long the Ministry would be likely to stay in; what class of politicians would most probably succeed them; what extent of reform would satisfy the people, &c. &c. Reminded him of what I had predicted to him when he was last in office, that we should thenceforth see a quick succession of ministers, as was the case in France before the Revolution; calling in fresh doctors as the patient grew worse and more restless, seeking a new change of position, &c. We both agreed that the next change would be in the Radical direction, and that the day of the Ultra-Tories was gone. Found to-day a curious instance of floridness in Jeremy Taylor*: "Celibate, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone." * * *

21st and 22nd. Lord Lansdowne starts for town at five to-morrow morning, in order to be present at a council at three.

23rd to 25th. On the 25th, went into Devizes (Bessy in her jaunting car) to dine at Salmon's, for the ball. Took dear Russell back to school. Company, Mrs. Napier and Fanny, the Fishers, Miss Tugwell, &c. &c. Ball rather amusing; Sally Locke would *make* me dance with her. Slept at Salmon's: agreed to stay over to-morrow.

26th. Walked home after breakfast. Found a letter

* Sermon on the Marriage Ring, part 1.—"Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity."

from William Romilly (Sir Samuel's son) on the subject of the passage relative to his father in the second volume of "Byron." Lord L. had already mentioned to me that he had heard people regret those passages being retained. Answered Romilly, and returned to Devizes. Company at dinner, the Scotts. Slept there.

27th. Saw dear Russell before we left Devizes. Home. Some very gratifying letters about the second volume of "Byron," from strangers as well as friends; one particularly from a Mr. Brackenbury, a clergyman, full of the warmest praise, which is the more welcome as he tells me he once published something against me.

28th. A reply from Romilly, thanking me in very cordial terms for my "ready and gentleman-like" answer to his application.

29th. Received the "Quarterly Review," with the article of my second volume of "Byron." From Murray's interest in the work and Lockhart's previously expressed admiration of it, I did not much expect (though never of course sure of such critics) any thing like hostility. He has, however, not gone to much expense of praise. In acknowledging the receipt of it to Murray, I have said something to this effect: "It is evidently well meant towards all the three parties concerned — the parson, the undertaker, and the body; and the reviewer, whoever he may be, is as generous towards myself as his nature would admit of. In short, I feel about it as Dogberry did about another sort of favour, *i. e.* 'Give God thanks, and make *no boast* of it.'"

30th. Walked out to Bowood, wishing to see Lady L. before her departure, and also to consult a Spanish dictionary for the purpose of correcting a letter in that language of Lord Edward's. Had a long conversation with

her, and came away (as I always do) more and more impressed with the excellent qualities of her mind and heart; even her very faults are but the *selvage* of fine and sound virtues. Called at Buckhill.

31st. At home, and at work.

February 1st and 2nd. Ditto.

3rd. An attack in the "Times" to my great surprise, upon the second volume of "Byron;" an attack, too, the most mischievous that could be made, as seizing upon what is certainly the least safe part of the volume, in this island of saints,—the account of Byron's Italian loves. Sat down and wrote a letter to Barnes, expostulating a little upon this perfidy; but when it was written, threw it in the fire.

8th. A letter from my sister Ellen, containing an alarming account of my dear mother's state of health, from an attack brought on by the late severe weather. My first impulse was to start immediately for Dublin; but as Crampton (who had been attending her) had not written, Bessy thought it better for me to wait; particularly as the effect the news had had upon me, in bringing on one of my convulsive fits of sobbing, had considerably weakened me.

9th. No letter, which we looked upon as favourable.

10th. A letter from Crampton, the commencement of which represented my mother as in a state which twenty-four hours must decide one way or other, for life or for death. The postscript, however, written the following day, announced that she had then rallied, and was in "a fair way of recovery." This, of course, tranquillised us considerably.

11th. A letter from Ellen, written on the night of the day on which Crampton had despatched his postscript, saying that in a few hours more our dear mother would

have passed tranquilly from this life, and entreating me to come to her (Ellen) as soon as possible. Started at two o'clock, in a chaise, intending to get to Worcester that night; but on reaching Chippenham, determined to go by Bath. At Bath took the Bristol mail to Birmingham, and travelled all night. Nothing could be sweeter or more soothing than the sympathy of my dear Bessy on this occasion.

12th. Arrived at Birmingham between six and seven; breakfasted, and took the coach for Shrewsbury at half-past eight. Dined and slept at Shrewsbury.

13th. Off in the coach for Holyhead at six. The day fine, and Wales in high beauty. In leaving Bangor, where we dined, were joined by a gentleman and his wife; proved to be Staunton, editor of the "Dublin Morning Register." Gave me the first intelligence, which he had himself just received, of the arrangement between O'Connell and the Government on the subject of the pending trials; seemed to think it very much of a *giving in* on the part of his brother agitators, and was evidently not a little pleased at it. Said they had been driving the machine too fast, and had come to a point where it was necessary for their own and the country's safety to pull up. * * * He had himself been obliged to come to Wales out of the way of the law, and was now returning, as he told me, to avail himself of the amnesty he seemed to anticipate for all agitators. On our arrival at Holyhead, being anxious, in my present state of mind, to get rid of all companionship, did not enter the inn, but called at Stevens's (whom I found recovering from a bad illness); and finding that his packet sailed that night, begged him to arrange so that I could get on board before the other passengers. This he did very good-naturedly, and after having had some tea with him, I accom-

panied his steward (himself not being able to go to-night) on board the packet, where I betook myself instantly to my berth. Could not help feeling a faint hope (from there having been evidently nothing in the late Irish newspapers about my dear mother) that I should find all better on my arrival than I expected. And yet, to come in for the last painful scene would be more than I could well bear; the suspense, altogether, dreadful.

14th. A seven hours' passage, during which I dozed a good deal. Waited till the other passengers were off in the mail, and then had a chaise to Dublin. Went to Bilton's, and despatched a note to Ellen, bidding her let me have a line by the bearer to say if the worst was over, and at what time; telling her, at the same time, that my mind was fully made up and composed on the subject. There is no telling what was my astonishment and delight when I received her answer to the following effect: — "Can you ever forgive me for having made you take this long journey? Our dearest mother has rallied most wonderfully, and will see you as soon as you come. You need have no dread of any thing to shock you; you will see nothing but extreme weakness." Hurried off to Abbey Street, and found my darling mother far better than I could have had the slightest anticipation of. Her cheerfulness and power of mind, too, wonderful. When Crampton came to see her yesterday, she raised herself up smiling in the bed, and said, "Well, 'Richard's himself again;'" on which Crampton said, in his jocular way, "Ah, Mother Hubbard, I shall make a book about you;" and then both patient and doctor fell to laughing at each other. Twice has she, within these ten days (as Crampton expresses it), "*fought off* death;" and on Wednesday last, under the certainty that she had but a few hours to live, she had calmly and

minutely given directions to Ellen with respect to all that was to be done about the funeral, &c. &c. Her delight at seeing me was evidently very great, though she expressed strong anxiety and regret at the trouble and expense I had had in coming. Told me that she wished to give me before I left her the medal she had had struck off, with the date of my birth, as also my school and college medals. The animation and excursiveness of her mind on all subjects quite as great as ever. Went to call upon Crampton, who, I found, had written to me by Thursday's post, advising me not to come, as it was now not necessary. Saw my mother again before dinner. Company at Millikin's, William Curran and Cuthbert Eccles. Story of Neilson (the famous United Irishman) meeting Reynolds, at the time he suspected him of having betrayed them, and hurrying him along to some retired place; then presenting a pistol at him, and saying, "What does that man deserve who could betray such a cause as ours?" "To be shot through the head," answered Reynolds, so coolly as to disarm all Neilson's suspicions, and to make him apologise for having even harboured them. This story evidently but another version of what Mrs. Meara has communicated to me, and shows (if anything was wanting to show) the difficulty of arriving at facts through the various imaginations that have tried their skill on them. Story of the two United Irishmen going on some secret mission of great importance, and being pursued by soldiers, and blockaded in a small house to which they had fled for refuge. Their desperate defence, being well armed, till at length one of them received a wound which he felt to be mortal. He then said to his companion, "It is all over with me, but you may yet escape. I shall run out among the soldiers, as if trying to make my escape; and while their attention

is engaged in putting me to death, you can be off by the back of the house." He accordingly did so, and his comrade escaped, and succeeded in achieving the object of their mission. Sung in the evening.

15th. Passed a great part of the morning with my mother, and Kate, and Ellen. Some conversation with old Peter Burrowes. Agreed with me in opinion that O'Connell had done more harm to the cause of Liberty in Ireland than its real friends could repair within the next half century; and mentioned what Grattan had said of him, that "He was a bad subject, and a worse rebel." This is admirable; true to the life, and in Grattan's happiest manner. The lurking appreciation of a *good* rebel which it implies is full of humour. Dined with Crampton: no one but Curran. Told me he had a manuscript of his father's, treating of Irish affairs, which he had had some idea of using when he wrote his Life, but did not; that it was much at my service if it could be of any use to me. When O'Connell, in his last speech, on Sunday, said, "I am open to conviction," some one in the crowd said, "And to *judgment*, I hope," (in allusion to the trials he has slipped himself out of). Curran asked me whether I had yet left my name with Lord Anglesey, and advised me to do so, as the omission of it would be considered politically meant.

16th. Sat some time with my mother, who appears to me even better than when I came. Spoke to me of my letters to her, and her wish that I should seal them up myself, and write upon them that they were to be the property of Ellen after her death. "They belong to *you*, my dear Tom," she said, "but this wish of mine I know you will not have any objection to." I told her she had already known this, and that all I should want with these letters would be to look over them, some time or other,

for the purpose of ascertaining such dates and facts as might assist me in a memoir of my own life, which I look to leaving behind me as a legacy. In the course of our conversation, she said, "Well, my dear Tom, I can say, with my dying breath, that you have from the first to the last done your duty, and far more, indeed, than your duty, by me and all connected with you. At least *I* can say so from my heart." Went to Millikin's, and had some conversation with Curran and Peter Burrowes about young Emmett, and the part Plunket took on his trial. Burrowes seemed to be decidedly of opinion that Plunket could not have refused the brief of Government, though he might have avoided, perhaps, speaking to evidence; almost immediately after, too, Plunket came into place. It was not true (I think he said) that Plunket had been acquainted with young Emmett. The passage in the printed speech of Emmett, where he is made to call Plunket "that viper, &c.," was never spoken by Emmett, and the secret of its finding a place there was owing, Curran said, to the following circumstance. The person who took down the speech at the trial was, I think, McNally, the son of the barrister, and he had afterwards some conversation with Emmett in the prison. It was during that conversation that Emmett, in speaking of Plunket, used those expressions, which McNally introduced subsequently in the speech. Peter Burrowes spoke of the wonderful strength and resolution of Emmett in standing so long (twelve hours, I think), through all the fatigue and anxiety of the trial, and then delivering that noble speech with such energy before the pronouncing of sentence. Left my name at the Castle for Lord Anglesey. Dined with the Morgans: had expected they would have Lord Cloncurry to meet me, but there was none but

themselves at dinner, and a large party forthcoming in the evening. The party a very pretty one; a good many beauties; and some of Rossini's things sung very well by the Clarkes, assisted by the two Hermans. I sung also, and with no ordinary success. Among the pretty women were a Mrs. White and a Mrs. Hobson. A party of diners from the Castle, consisting of some of the young Lord Pagets, the Chief Justice Doherty, &c. &c. Doherty the bearer of a message for me from Lord Anglesey, to say how sorry he was that I had not made one of the party.

17th. Have been preparing my dear mother for my leaving her, now that I see her so much better. She is quite reconciled to my going, and said this morning, "Now, my dear Tom, don't let yourself be again alarmed about me in this manner, nor hurried away from your home and business." She then said she must, before I left her this morning, give me her wedding-ring as her last gift; and accordingly sending for the little trinket-box in which she kept it, she herself put the ring on my finger. Have written to Skinner, who sails on Saturday (the day after to-morrow), to tell him I shall sail with him. Met Lord Forbes, who asked me anxiously whether I had yet seen Lord Anglesey, and said I must certainly come and dine at the Castle before I went. Received a card from the Lord Chancellor (Plunket) for dinner on Monday, but shall not stay for it. Dined quietly in Abbey Street with dear Nell on some salt fish and biscuits: expected that Kate would join us, but she didn't. Sat and talked with my mother in the evening. Found a card at my hotel from Lord Anglesey for Sunday, with a note from Lord Forbes, saying that Lord A. sent me a card for Sunday, but wished particularly I should dine with him on Tuesday, when he would have a pleasant party to meet me.

Very sorry it so happens, but I cannot stay beyond Saturday.

18th. Wrote my excuses to Forbes instead of to the aide-de-camp in waiting, and soon after received a card of invitation for *to-day*. Made sundry arrangements for my departure to-morrow, devoting as much time to my dearest mother besides as I could manage. Ought to have mentioned that I breakfasted with old Ogilvie, who, luckily for me, was at the moment in Dublin, having come up with an address to Lord Anglesey. A good deal of conversation about Lord Edward; made him repeat much of what he had before told me. * * * Said he had recollected a batch of papers in London which he thought might be useful to me, and if I was going to town myself he would intrust the key of the *escritoire*, where they were, to me. Answered that I would most willingly take London in my way home for that purpose. Called to pay a visit to the priest (Mr. O'Connell) who comes occasionally to pray with my mother; a well-mannered and intelligent man, whom I found lodged in a very handsome apartment of the house attached to the chapel in Dominick Street, and his room ornamented with several small casts from the statues of Michael Angelo, &c., which he had lately brought with him from Italy. Called upon Mr. ——, the editor of the "Freeman's Journal," whom I had never before seen, but whom I wished to thank for his civilities to my mother. Talked of the Repeal question, he being one of the most furious of the repealers. Told him frankly, and at some length, my opinion of the injury that has been done to the cause of *Irish liberty* by this premature and most ill-managed effort of O'Connell's. Time, and the spirit rising in England, as well as over all Europe, is fast ripening that general feeling of inde-

pendence of which Ireland, at her own time, may take advantage. The same principle is also in full progress towards removing, without any effort of hers, some of the worst grievances that weigh her down. The Church, for instance, which would be just now fought for, against any such attack as O'Connell's, with the whole Protestant force of the empire, would, if left to the natural operation of the revolution principle, be put aside, in due time, without any difficulty; England herself leading the way by getting rid of, or at least lowering, her own establishment. This was the great struggle for which the energies of Ireland ought to have been reserved. In assailing the enormous abuses of the Irish establishment, Catholics would have been joined by dissenters, and in the pursuit of this common object that amalgamation would have taken place between them, that *nationalised* feeling, without which (as O'Connell's failure has shown) it is in vain for Ireland to *think* of making head against England. In another way, too, they had done injury by exposing the poverty of their cause in the way of talent and intellect; this ferment not having been able to throw up a single man of ability. * * * All this (coming from one who, he could not doubt, felt strongly, and even *grcatly*, about Ireland) seemed to astonish Mr. —— exceedingly. To the Castle at seven; the party (little more than Lord A.'s own family and household) consisting of old Colonel Armstrong, Skinner, a Mr. St. George, who had been the bearer of an address to Lord A., and myself; those of the family being, the three young Pagets, Lord Forbes, Baron Tuyll, and Captain Williams. Lord Anglesey leaned upon me in to dinner, and placed me next him. Abundance of conversation between us about the state of Ireland, O'Connell, the durability of the present ministry, &c. &c.,

and nothing could be more frank and communicative than he was on all these subjects. Told me not a bad anecdote of Lord Cloncurry, who, in coming to town the other day was upset in the snow, and some fellows on the road lending their assistance, he was quickly set right again, on which he said to them, "Thank you, my lads. Now I shall treat you as O'Connell does." "Oh long life to your honour for that," they exclaimed, with great joy, but were rather taken aback when Lord Cloncurry, holding out his empty hand to them said, "I'll trouble each of you for half a crown. O'Connell takes more from you; but, as you have been such good fellows, I'll only ask half a crown." The fellows felt the fun of this, and, of course, got something else into the bargain. In talking of the Repeal question, I told him of my scene in the morning with the editor of the "Freeman," and repeated the substance of most of what I had said to him. Saw plainly that he was very nervous about the state of Ireland. * * * Asked his permission to leave him early, on account of my mother, and got to her about ten o'clock. Staid till eleven, and then home to my hotel to pack.

19th. Off in the mail to Howth at seven; Skinner with me. Our passage to Holyhead under six hours. Called upon Mrs. Stevens, at Holyhead. Dined with Skinner, who had a party of three or four to meet me, and a good hospitable dinner, which I enjoyed exceedingly after my qualms. Slept at Spencer's; a very comfortable bed.

20th. Off at six for Shrewsbury. Weather delicious, and the road and scenery in their fullest perfection. Stopped at the same inn as in coming; had the inside to myself most of the way, and read "Jefferson's Memoirs and Correspondence." Left Shrewsbury in the coach for

Birmingham; joined by a lady within thirty miles of Birmingham, who amused me a good deal with the history of all her family concerns. Dined at Birmingham. Started in the mail for town at six. One of my companions, in the intervals of dosing, gave me some curious particulars respecting that class of persons called Commercial Travellers; the rate of their expenses, the sort of club they form themselves into when they meet at an inn, appointing president and vice, and every man being expected to order his pint of wine, whether he drinks it or not. A wretched night; cold and sleety outside, and close and smothering within. Got to Bury Street about seven in the morning, not at all well.

22nd. Called at Murray's. Mentioned to him Lady Morgan's wish to contribute something to his "Family Library," and that she has materials ready for lives of five or six Dutch painters, which she thinks would suit his purpose. The great John said, without minding the painters, "Pray, isn't Lady Morgan a very good cook?" I answered, I did not know; but why did he ask. "Because," said he, "if she would do something in that line." "Why, you don't mean," exclaimed I, "that she should write a cookery book for you!" "No," answered John, coolly, "not so much as that; but that she should re-edite *mine*," (Mrs. Rundall's, by which he has made mints of money). Oh, that she could have heard this with her own ears! Here ended my negotiation for her Ladyship. Dined at Longman's; Dr. Lardner and M'Culloch the company. Forgot to mention that Mr. Rennie called upon me this morning with the papers, which turn out, however, to be all on the subject of the attainder, and not very interesting. Wrote to dear Tom to ask leave of Dr. Russell to come to me for a few hours to-morrow.

24th. Breakfasted with Rogers. He had told Lord John I was to be with him, and soon after he had breakfasted he came. "I was wishing," he said, in his quiet way, "to have you come to my house (his official house); but then I have no beds up, and they tell me I am such a bird of passage there, that I don't know what to do about it. However, if I am still *in* when you are next in town, you *must* come to me." Had a good deal of conversation. Called, in the course of the day, on the Hollands; saw both my Lord and my Lady; Lord H. very ill; hardly spoke a word while I was there. * * *

25th. Started at eight o'clock for Sloperton. Right glad to get back again.

26th, 27th, &c. From this time, till the latter end of April, I remained quietly at home, working at my "Life of Lord Edward," and occasionally doing some musical things for Power. My only excursions from home were to the Fieldings, Methuens, and Starkeys, among whom I dined out about six times. On the 19th of March Bessy was to have accompanied me to dine at Fielding's, and walked over dressed and ready to the Prowses (our curate's), the carriage being appointed to come and take us to Lacock at four; but I had a note from her to say that she found Prowse himself (who has for some time been ill) in such a dangerous state, and his family in such distress and consternation, that she could not leave them, and that I must therefore go to Lacock alone. Slept at Lacock; Methuen of the party. Talking of the "Morning Chronicle" squibs, since published under the name of "The Tory Guide," Methuen told us he was the author of almost all those about the Rat Club, which are certainly some of the best. On my return from Lacock next day, found that Bessy had been up almost all night at Prowse's.

On the morning of the 21st she was summoned over there at six in the morning, Prowse having died in the night; and for several days afterwards devoted herself to arranging all that was necessary for the family on this sad occasion. On the 26th Prowse was buried, and I attended his funeral. On the 28th Bessy went with me to dine at Lacock, and was much delighted with her visit, from which we returned home next day. Lady E. whispered me, on our arrival, "I take for granted there is nobody dying in your neighbourhood, or we shouldn't have had Mrs. Moore's company to-day." It is true that she is never half so happy as when helping those who want assistance, or comforting those who are afflicted. My "Lord Edward" has lingered on hand (like everything else I do) much longer than I anticipated. This is all owing to the slowness of my execution. I see rapidly how the thing ought to be, and will be, but to *make* it so is the difficulty. Finding myself in some difficulties relating to parts where Arthur O'Connor was concerned, I ventured to write to him to Paris, and am very glad I did so, as he has set me right about two or three points on which I should have gone astray. In my musical department two piracies have been committed on me which rather flatter my vanity as a composer. In a set of Greek dances, my "Romaika" (an air in the "Evenings in Greece") has been announced as the real and original "Romaica," and the "Harmonicon" has published, as a great treasure, from a copy brought from Sweden, an air of mine in the "National Melodies," "My harp has one unchanging theme," which I have given in that work, as Swedish. Have been, as usual, all this time overwhelmed with letters and MSS. Several letters on the subject of my second volume of "Byron," have given

me sincere pleasure; some of them from America, and of these, one was accompanied by a very elegant volume (both *within* and *without*), the authoress naming herself Ianthe, and speaking of me and my works in a way that could not but be very gratifying to me. On the 25th of March, in passing through the churchyard of Bromham alone, I for the first time ventured to approach the tomb of my poor Anastasia, and take a hasty glimpse of her name on the marble. What I feel, whenever I think of her, need not be mentioned here.

April 21st. Started from home with Bessy and Russell, in order to leave the latter at school at Marlborough. Saw the dear boy comfortably installed, and then Bessy returned to Sloperton, and I remained to proceed by coach, next morning, to London.

22nd. Started in the Marlborough coach at eight; my darling Russell was, with his schoolmaster's sister, at the open window as I passed, looking very rosy and happy, and kissing hands to me most actively. It was *very* nice of them to have him there for me. Took up a young fellow as passenger on the road, with whom I had a good deal of conversation; had travelled in France and Germany, knew a great deal of the current literature, and (most inconveniently for me) was full of Byron and Moore. "Have you seen, Sir, (he asked) the second volume of Moore's 'Byron?'" "No," I answered, "not yet." "Nor I either," he replied; "but I am most anxious to get it." "It is such an expensive book," said I, "that I mean to wait for the octavo edition, which I hear is preparing." I then changed the subject, but he often returned to it. In talking of Sir Hudson Lowe, and the sort of mark that mankind concur in fixing upon him, he said, "I *do* think I had rather die at once than

have such verses written upon me as those of Moore's on Sir H. Lowe." Before we parted, I thought it fair to tell him who I was, and I never saw a man so full of surprise and joy. We had had an old woman in the coach (the very image of Lady Cork) who was a great follower of preachers and prophets, but a remarkably clear-headed old lady, and evidently full of energy and character. She and I entered into a long discussion upon religion, and it was amusing to see how, by the force of a little logic (going on very gravely all the time), I brought her to agree with me on all the points most adverse to her own creed. The young man was much amused throughout, and when he knew who I was, said it was a circumstance he would remember to the last day of his life. Immediately on arriving at my lodgings, heard of the dissolution that had just taken place, and the surprise and bustle of the King going down in person to declare it. Went to Brookes's. Found them all in the highest state of excitement; heard all the particulars of the last stormy moments of this parliament. Peel's violent speeches interrupted by the *coups de canon* announcing the King's coming; every shot received with loud cheers by one side, and yells and groans by the other. The Lords still more tumultuous; Lord Mansfield brandishing his fist at his opponents. Their hustling Lord Shaftesbury into the chair, and hooting after Brougham. Found Shiel at the Athenæum, who sat with me while I dined. Talked (*I* did) of the great success of his speech in the House; and he repeated, what he had more than once said to me, namely, that my views (in my "Life of Sheridan") of the distaste which I suppose to have arisen for the higher order of eloquence, were, he thought, quite mistaken; that rhetorical flights are certainly rare, but that when

they *do* come, and are well done, the House receives them not only favourably, but warmly. Gave, as instances, — the manner in which they took the very happy illustration of "Old lamps for new ones," in a passage merely read by Peel from a former speech of Lord John Russell's; Peel's own allusion, in speaking of the ministry, to that fancy of the Indians, that a new tenant of a wigwam succeeded to all the qualities and virtues of its former inhabitant; and lastly, the great success of Mr. Hawkins's noble speech some nights since. It appears, however, that Lord John's "Old lamps for new ones" had no effect whatever at the time he spoke it, and Peel's figure was borrowed from Lord Erskine, whom I myself heard make use of it at a public dinner (a Dublin University dinner, in London); and, by the bye, Peel himself (then Irish Secretary) was one of the diners that very day.

23rd. Made calls. Dined with Miss Rogers and her nieces, and home early to bed. Luttrell at Brookes's this morning; very amusing. Forgot one lively thing he said, which was provoking, and remember another not half so good: "In one Latin word (he remarked) is comprised the history of the two parties at present. 'Reform-I-do,' says the Whig; '*Reformido*,' says the Tory."

24th. Called upon Lady Cork in the morning, who snubbed me for using the word "nice," and said that Dr. Johnson would never let *her* use it. Dined at Rogers's, though fitter for my sofa at home. Company: Newton, Leslie, Turner, and one or two more. Walked with O'Connell, by the bye, for some time, this morning, and was glad to have an opportunity of repeating to himself all I had been saying to some of his followers lately, in Dublin, respecting his management of the Repeal ques-

tion. I had, indeed, felt uncomfortable at the thought of attacking him to others without putting also *himself* in full possession of my sentiments; and I must say that he bore all I said with the most perfect candour and good-humour, though I went so far in describing what I thought the mischief of his premature agitation as to say, that its obvious effect was to *divide* the upper classes, and *madden* the lower. In short, I put everything that occurred to me quite as strongly as I had done before in Dublin to his friend Mr. ——, and he was just entering on his defence when some one interrupted us and took him away. Had some talk about '98, and Lord Edward. Showed wonderful ignorance of the events of that time; confounded Neilson (the vapouring fellow who attacked Newgate on the 23rd May, 1798) with the gallant Russell, the friend of Tone, who rose with Emmett in 1803; and on one or two other points showed how little even the actors in such scenes (if he was really one of the actors) are to be trusted in their recollections.

25th. Dined at Sir George Philipps's, though still feeling ill and uncomfortable. Company, the Lord Advocate (Jeffrey) and Mrs. Jeffrey, John Murray (of Edinburgh), Sharpe, Lady Anne Wilbraham, &c. But for the temptation of meeting Jeffrey, I should not have encountered so large a party. Jeffrey by no means in good spirits, nor looking as he ought. Talked of the spirit with which the Irish members now did their duty on the side of liberty, though for some time after the Union they were mostly tools of the Ministry, as Grattan prophesied they would be, saying, "Well, my much injured country will have her revenge for all her wrongs; she will send into England, and into the bosom of her parliament, and the very heart of her constitution, a hundred

of the greatest rascals that can be found anywhere." It was mentioned that Tierney, when at the bar, told Perceval one day that he meant to buy stock, and go and make speeches at the India House, on which Perceval advised him not to do so, saying, that a lawyer who wished to succeed in his profession ought to confine himself to it entirely. In relating this circumstance Tierney used to say, that if they had both attended to this advice, he (Tierney) might have had a little more money in his pocket, and Perceval might have been still alive. Tierney, at first (and even at the time when he belonged to the Friends of the People), thought himself incapable of public speaking, and never ventured to speak but for a few minutes at a time.

26th. Called at the Longmans': had been also at the printer's, and find that the matter of my "Life of Lord Edward" has (as happens generally with me) overflowed the bounds originally intended, and cannot well be compressed in one volume. Called at Lord John Russell's (had seen him but once since I came, and thought he looked ill and fagged): not at home: found that he was to set out for Devonshire next morning at ten. Went to pay a visit at the Speaker's; saw Mrs. Manners Sutton, who said to me, "I am told, your friends, the Whigs, have resolved, from an idea that the Speaker has acted partially, not only to endeavour to throw him out at Scarborough, but to prevent his re-election as Speaker, and to deprive him of his peerage. They had better take care. The most unpopular thing they ever did in their lives would be nothing to their attempting to prevent his re-election to the chair; and if we have but fair notice beforehand, we shall beat them by three times their number." She then (as if I was the most tried Tory

friend in the world) begged me to give her prompt notice if I saw any such intentions on their part. Went to Brookes's.

27th. Feeling still the pain over my right eye, and not sleeping well at night, wrote a note to Dr. Holland to beg he would call upon me. Burdett called for me on his way to the city, but I could not, of course, go with him. Asked me to dine quietly with him, which I promised to do, if well enough. Holland came and prescribed. In talking of the Reform Bill, I said, I should not wonder if it added to his number of patients; and he assured me that such was seriously the case, more than one or two instances of illness brought on by anxiety and alarm for this subject having occurred in his practice. Refused, with much kindness, my offer of a fee, though I said he *ought* to take it, if for nothing but the rarity of the event, as he was the first physician I had consulted on my own account for God knows how many years. Went to dine with Burdett; none but themselves. A good deal of conversation with him after dinner; and the fluency with which, in talking of the Reform question, he went through the history of the representative system from its earliest periods, was curious enough. * * * To-night being the general illumination for the dissolution of Parliament, some of the Miss Burdetts expressed a wish during dinner to drive through the streets and see it, and the carriage was ordered accordingly; but it occurred to us afterwards that Burdett might possibly be recognised by the mob, and some demonstration, such as taking the horses off, or something might happen which would neither be agreeable nor prudent: so we gave up the plan, and the Burdetts' carriage took me home.

28th. A letter from Bessy to say she thinks of coming

up to-morrow or Monday, in consequence of which I deferred my own intentions of going down. Dined with Rogers: company, only Sharpe, Miss Rogers, and Mrs. Lockhart. Mrs. L. gave a better account of Sir Walter, who has had a bad attack lately. Lockhart told me, a day or two since, that it was not apoplexy, but an affection of the stomach, which produced effects very much the same in appearance, by sending up blood to the head. Mackintosh, he said, had suffered from a similar complaint. Mrs. Lockhart said, that worry and alarm at this new measure of reform had a great deal to do with it, and that just before this late attack some person had written him a letter from London containing an account of the dissolution, and the scenes in the two Houses in consequence, which threw him into a state of great nervousness and agitation. A curious conversation after dinner from my saying that, "after all, it was in high life one met the best society;" Rogers violently opposing me; he, too, of all men, who (as I took care to tell him) had through the greater part of his life shown practically that he agreed with me, by confining himself almost exclusively to this class of society. It is, indeed, the power which these great people have of commanding, among their other luxuries, the presence of such men as he is at their tables, that sets their circle (taking all its advantages into account) indisputably above all others in the way of *society*. —— said, with some bitterness, that, on the contrary, the high class were the vulgarest people one met. Vulgar enough, God knows! some of them are; vulgar in *mind*, which is the worst sort of vulgarity. But, to say nothing of women, *where*, in any rank or station in life, could one find *men* better worth living with, whether for manners,

information, or any other of the qualities that render society agreeable, than such persons as Lords Holland, Grey, Carlisle, Lansdowne, Cowper, King, Melbourne, Carnarvon, John Russell, Dudley, Normanby, Morpeth, Mahon, and numbers of others that I can speak of from personal knowledge?

29th. While at breakfast received a note from Rogers to remind me that I had promised to breakfast with him. Went, and found Miss Edgeworth, Luttrell, Lord Normanby (now Mulgrave), and Sharpe. Miss Edgeworth, with all her cleverness, anything but agreeable. The moment any one begins to speak, off she starts too, seldom more than a sentence behind them, and in general contrives to distance every speaker. Neither does what she say, though of course very sensible, at all make up for this over-activity of tongue. Dined at Lansdowne House: Lord Minto, Lord Fitzharris, Lord and Lady Roseberry, Lord Dudley, Lady Davy, the Abercrombys, &c. Sat next Lord Dudley, who gets odder and odder every day. His mutterings to himself; his fastidious contemplation of what he has on his plate, occasionally pushing about the meat with his finger, and uttering low breathed criticisms upon it, — all is on the verge of insanity; but still very brilliant and agreeable. In speaking of my second volume of Byron, he repeated what Murray had told me he said to him about it; that he had resolved not to read it all at once, but to keep it as a sort of cordial to his mind, to be taken now and then, when he was in low spirits and wanted refreshment and excitement. One great source of the pleasure it gave him was, he said, his knowledge of all the persons and circumstances it referred to, which made him feel as if living over past times again. Lord Lansdowne very anxious that I should dine with him on

Sunday to meet the Lord Chancellor, but have already pledged myself to Fielding to meet Luttrell. Home early.

30th. Dined at the Academy dinner at Somerset House; Lord Cawdor took me. One grand thing, full of poetry, of Turner's, "Baiæ and the Bridge of Caligula." A touching story of a crazed girl, by West, which everyone admired: old Stothard, every ten minutes, taking up some one to look at it. The poor artist himself, who has been long hopeless of any notice, was all this time (as W. Irving told me) moping at home, little thinking his picture would be so successful; but his friends, Irving and Newton, were determined not to let the night pass without letting him know his success. Was rather lucky in my place at dinner, having got next Jones. He and Howard talked of the abundance of subjects my "Epicurean" would furnish for the pencil; and Jones mentioned three or four he himself had intended to try his hand on, particularly the approach of the girl and her lover to the Night Fair on the Nile. Jones added, however, as the difficulty in taking any of my subjects, "You do too much yourself: you leave hardly anything to the artist." This is, I suppose, true; a more vague and sketchy style would more easily *se prêter* to the fancy of the designer. A letter from Bessy to say she is coming to town on Monday; *à propos* of which, a very good-natured thing of Greville. When I was with him yesterday, and on my mentioning that Mrs. Moore was coming, he said, "If you have no better *gîte* for her, here is my house for the next week, as I am myself going to Newmarket; and she shall have it all to herself, and my carriage to make free use of into the bargain." Told him

that the latter, at all events, would, I knew, be very welcome, and I would most thankfully accept of it for her.

May 1st. Began my week of Greville's carriage by taking it to pay a visit at Holland House. Called first at the Duke of Sussex's (who, I found, however, is now to be visited in town), and at the Duchess of Kent's. Thence to Holland House; found Lord H. himself very much recovered, and in his usual good spirits. Lord Alvanley with him, but, after a little time, summoned to my lady. Lord H. showed me a ballad he had written and got printed, about the King: "King William the Tar for me!" and to which he had just added two verses. Asked me why I didn't do something for them? Told him I feared that what was at the bottom of *my* want of enthusiasm on the subject was this very circumstance of the *King* having so much to do with it. It was, in fact, the old king-ridden feeling by which the people of England had been so long and often led into what was *wrong*, that was now, by the mere accident of the present man's character, influencing them towards what was right; and though I rejoiced at the *result*, my conviction of the source from whence most of the enthusiasm sprung very much damped my sympathy with it. Lord H. owned that, as to what I said of the "king-led feelings" of the people of England, "there was some truth in it." My lady's page having then summoned me, I went to her room, and found Alvanley with her, who mentioned two rather amusing things. One, of a foreign servant, who, on being asked what had been his qualifications for his last place, always began by saying, "*Je savais*," putting the fore-finger of his right hand to the thumb of the left, and then counting upon the fingers, "*ni lire, ni écrire, ni monter à cheval, ni raser, ni rien.*" The other was in

talking of Sweden. Alvanley said he believed that there was no such thing as a Swedish grammar, and mentioned a man at Paris who, intending to pay a visit to that country, was anxious to learn the language, but could neither find a grammar nor any person capable of teaching it. At last he was waited upon by a man whom his inquiries had brought to light, and who undertook to instruct him, and being very assiduous he learned, as he thought, sufficient for his purpose, and set off with it to Sweden. On his arrival there, however, he found that not a creature could comprehend a single word he said, and it turned out that what his friend, the language-master, had, with so much expense of time and money, been teaching him was *Bas-Breton!* Forgot to tell Lady Holland what I had, in coming up the avenue, fully resolved *not* to forget, namely, the following anecdote. Among other stories told to the honour and glory of the reforming monarch, it is very generally stated, that Maclean, the American ambassador, said to His Majesty, "I little thought, sir, I should live to see the day when I should *envy* a monarch." In paying a visit at Maclean's the other morning, I mentioned the currency of this anecdote; on which Mrs. Maclean (who is a very amiable, natural person) said, "It is very true that Mr. Maclean said he envied the King, but it was not on the Reform question; it was (I am ashamed to say) on seeing the King kiss Lady Lilford." Thus are stories made up. Luttrell has put his pun on the two parties into verse, as follows:

> "To the same sounds our parties two
> The sense by each applied owe;
> The Whig exclaims 'Reform-I-do,'
> The Tory 'Reformido.'"

5th. It being Bessy's wish to return home to-morrow, I went to take places, but found I could not get the inside of the coach I wanted till Saturday, so took them for that day. Drove about with her shopping. As she had fixed to pass the evening with her mother, I accepted an invitation at Lord Ducie's for to-day, having been asked also to Lord Listowel's and Agar Ellis's. Company at Lord Ducie's: the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Lansdowne, Albemarle, Suffield, Downes, Kerry, &c. Sat next Lord Suffield (who is an old friend of mine), and reminded him of a story he told me years ago, of his having been laid up with a sprain, so as to be confined to his chair and flannels, just on the eve of a race which he was to run for a great wager; his finding out that electricity had the power of restoring him the use of the limb for a short time; his having himself brought to the ground in his invalid chair; being there electrified; running and winning the race, and then returning to his lameness and flannels again. He seemed much amused at my remembering a story of such ancient date, and vouched for the whole truth of it.

6th. Having made up my mind to return with Bessy, arranged all matters with the printer and the Longmans. Forgot to mention (and now have not time to detail) a conversation which I had with two noble lords at Brookes's one of these mornings, on the subject of Reform, when I ventured to put strongly to them my view of the matter; the tendency, I thought, there has long been in England to a change,—a revolution, in fact; that we have been in the *stream* of a revolution for some years; and that the only question is, whether the present measure of reform will hasten or retard the stream. They listened patiently, and as if they agreed with me, confessing that our friends the Ministers *might* have satisfied the country by a far

less dose of reform than the present. On my expressing my curiosity to know (what never, perhaps, will be thoroughly known) how such men as Lords Lansdowne, Holland, and Melbourne, to say nothing of the Canningites, came to let themselves be hustled into such a measure, Lord —— said, that whatever might have been the steps of the process, it was certain that Lord Durham was at the bottom of it all; that, from his influence with Lord Grey, he got it fully into *his* mind; and then Lord Grey's weight with his colleagues, not a little backed by his representing to them that it must be either this measure or resignation, did all the rest. Lord Lansdowne, while at all times disposed to liberalise the *working* of our institutions, has invariably been for leaving their machinery as it is: and Lord Melbourne's view of Reform has always been that which, in politics as well as religion, most defies conversion; and that is, the scoffer's view. How they all come to be, on the surface, at least, radical Reformers (for it is nothing less), I cannot comprehend. For myself, I have always been for *improvement*, thinking that everything, in the end, will be the better for it, though the process through which that *better* must be reached is, I own, rather trying; and, after all, it may but prove the truth of the French saying, that frequently "*Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*" Lord Lansdowne, at least, must know or guess what I now think of his Reform from a letter I wrote him last March, before any one knew what plan was to be proposed.* He had, in writing to me, said that he had heard rumours of my being radical and anti-unionist; in reply to which, after some remarks on the latter charge,

* There must be some mistake here, as the plan was opened on the 1st of March.—ED.

I said that, so far from being radical with respect to English affairs, it was my firm belief that the Reform which the country was at present forcing upon the ministry would give but an opening and impulse to the revolutionary feeling now abroad; and though there might be a temporary satisfaction produced by it, it would be but like the calm described in those lines (borrowed by Campbell):

"—— ad præceps immane ruinæ,
Lævior, en, facies fit properantis aquæ." *

7th. Left Hatchett's with Bessy, Tom, and the two Powers (who are going to pass some time with us) between seven and eight, in the Marlborough coach. Saw dearest Russell at Marlborough for some time, and from thence Bessy and the rest set off for Sloperton in a chaise, and

* The lines of Campbell are,

"But mortal pleasure, what in sooth art thou?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

It is not perhaps surprising that in this and other passages Moore should express some fear of the consequences of the Reform Act; but those who drew it felt no such apprehensions. They knew the strong veneration which the people of England feel for Monarchy and its attendant institutions. Had the nation not been imbued with such feelings, the mock elections of the nomination boroughs would have been a spur and not a curb to their speed; as it is, a reformed Parliament is a far stronger barrier against wild innovation than the Parliaments chosen on the old model could have been. Lord Melbourne, in his speech in the House of Lords, truly said that the consent of the people formed the strength of the Parliament, and that when that consent was wanting it was time to change the form of the governing body. On such principles, those of Lord Grey's cabinet who had been against reform acted in unison with those who had been long its advocates. Lord Grey and his colleagues, in thus combining to bring in the Reform Bill, acted with true patriotism and true foresight. They knew the institutions which they amended; the people with whom and for whom they acted; the principles of sound policy, and the course required by honesty and wisdom. — ED.

I in one of the Bath coaches for Devizes, from whence I walked home.

8th to 31st. For the rest of the month busy at home, on my second volume of "Lord Edward," dining out but once the whole time, which was at Mr. Hughes's, at Devizes. Forget whether I have, in any part of my journal, mentioned the course of my money transactions with Murray. At the time when he allowed me to avail myself of whatever I could get from France and America, for an early copy of "Byron's Life," to be published there, the sum agreed to by the American publisher was 333*l.*; and as an accommodation towards enabling me to pay some of the bills for the rebuilding of my cottage, Murray allowed me to draw upon him for 500*l.*, which, it was understood, I should repay him when the arrival of this money from America would so far give me the means. From the delay of the work, the money, of course, did not come; and after renewing my bill upon him once, my bankers at Devizes were unwilling to renew it a second time; and I had nothing for it but to offer that he should draw upon me.

June 1st. Started with Tom in the coach for town. Discovered, in one of my travelling companions, an old masquerader of other days, Sir Thomas Champneys, and found him very amusing. Tom particularly delighted with his stories. Brummel saying to some grave minister of state who was explaining to him the operation of the income tax, at the time it was about to be brought forward, "Then I see I must retrench in the rosewater for my bath." Old Judge —— saying to Lady Hippisley, who was sitting near him on the bench, in a riding habit and hat, "Why doesn't that man take off his hat?" The people round whispered to him that it was Lady Hippisley; his not hearing them. "I say, make that man take

off his hat," &c. &c. Champneys acting all this very amusing. Deposited Tom at Power's, and went to dine at the Athenæum; joined by James Smith. Mentioned a sermon of Swift's on sleeping in church, which I must see. Repeated to me some verses of his in imitation of Crabbe, which, for neatness of execution in the *four last lines*, are admirable: —

> "Hard is his lot who edits, thankless job!
> A Sunday journal for the factious mob.
> With bitter paragraph and caustic jest,
> He gives to turbulence the day of rest.
> Condemn'd this week, rash rancour to instil,
> Or thrown aside, the next, for one who will.
> Alike undone, or if he praise or rail,
> (For this affects his safety, that his sale);
> He sinks, alas! in luckless limbo set, —
> If loud for libel, and if dumb for debt."

Told me that he and his brother had got 1000*l.* for the "Rejected Addresses," and copyright of "Horace in London;" he himself, also, got 300 guineas from Mathews for the "Trip to Paris," and pretty nearly the same sum for the other things of this kind he wrote for him. Took up my abode in Bury Street, where they have put me in front rooms.

2nd. Found the noise of the street intolerable. Have left a good deal of my "Lord Edward" still to be done, and fear I shall encounter sad interruptions: to add to the tranquillity of my study, I have my host's seven children lodged over my head. Sallied out at half-past three down to the printer. Called upon Murray, whom I found just about to set off with his son and Harness to a villa dinner with Andrews the bookseller. Pressed me to accompany them, and I had half a mind thereto, but thought better of it. A note from Bowles to propose our dining together

at the Athenæum; assented. Found at the Athenæum Smith and Mathews. Told a pun of Smith's: on Mathews saying, on some occasion, of Tom Hill, "Will nobody stop that fellow's mouth?" "Not *me*," said Smith, "I know the way to Highgate, but not to Muswell Hill (Muzzle Hill)."

4th. At work, as well as the infernal noises would let me, most of the morning. Called at Rogers's; saw Miss R.; she and he have been passing the week at Cashiobury. Yesterday, Brougham, Denman, and Lord Duncannon had come down to dinner there, in an odd little sort of garden-chair belonging to the Chancellor.

5th. Out pretty early. Meant to have called at Holland House, but rain came on and prevented me. Paid visits. Called on Lord John Russell, whom I found dressing to go to Holland House with Lord Holland, who was waiting for him at the door. Asked me (as he had done when I was last in town) to come and take up my quarters at the Pay Office. Half-promised to do so. Dined at Lord Listowel's; only themselves. Music in the evening.

6th. Dined with Macdonald at eight: company, Fazakerley, T. Baring, Wilmot Horton, Sir A. Johnston, Robert Grant, and the Brahmin Rammohun Roy, a very remarkable man, speaking English perfectly, and knowing all about English institutions, even to the details of Scotch boroughs. Said that most of the Brahmins are Deists. Gave an account of a society at Calcutta, formed of persons of all countries, religions, and sects—Hindoos, Mussulmen, Protestants, Catholics. A sort of service performed at their meetings, from which all such names as marked any particular faith, as Christ, Mahomet, &c. &c., were excluded; but the name of God in all languages and

forms, whether Jehovah, Bramah, or any other such title, retained.

7th. Breakfasted at Rogers's; Sydney Smith, Lord John, Luttrell, and Greville. Sydney beyond anything amusing. * * * Left Rogers's with Lord John, who repeated with much earnestness his wish that I should come to his house. Told Lord John, laughingly, when we were parting, that "I had better not come to him; I should bring disgrace upon a ministerial residence;" but he pressed me most kindly to do so, and having asked me to dine with him on Saturday next (the first dinner he has ever given), I promised that I would become his lodger on that day. A message by Luttrell from Holland House to ask me to dine to-day. Dined at Sir George Phillips's: company, Sydney again, Ladies Charlemont and Davy, Lord John, and the Listers. It was mentioned, I think, by Sydney Smith, as a proof how little political men sometimes understand each other, that he found Canning (on meeting him once somewhere abroad) quite under the impression that Sir F. Burdett was ambitious of seizing the reins of government. Got a note from Lord Lansdowne from Bowood, just before he left it, asking me to name some day to dine with him, and proposing Sunday; was obliged to answer that I was engaged every day but the 15th and 18th till the 21st or 22nd; indeed, I already have duplicates and triplicates for most of my days, and for the 18th am *asked*, but have not yet *answered*.

8th. Went at three to Power's to meet Bishop about the arrangement of my songs for the summer fête: he did not come, however. Dined at Longman's. Had been asked to Lord Essex's, to Mrs. Norton's, and one or two other places: Dr. Lardner, Mc Culloch, Mr. Dickinson, &c. &c. Talking of writers who, like Scott, are in the

habit of dictating to amanuenses, that it makes them diffuse, Mc Culloch quoted Adam Smith as an instance. His "Theory of Moral Sentiment," which he wrote with his own pen, being admirable in its style, while the "Wealth of Nations," which he dictated, is exceedingly diffuse. Quoted some Irish depositions of a witness who had gone to present a writ, "that on deponent's reaching the door of the house, a man appeared at the window with a gun, and threatened to blow his (deponent's) bloody soul to the devil, which deponent verily believes he would have done."

9th. Breakfasted at Holland House, having sent word by Luttrell that I would do so. No one at breakfast but Lord H. and Allen. Talking of metre, difference between the musical ear and poetical ear, Lord H. said that the person who came next to me in the excellence of the former was Monk Lewis. Talked of Lowth; that he spoiled the language. "Who's there?" "Me." This he thought not only English, but good English, in the same manner that the Frenchman would answer "*Moi.*" Long conversation with Lord H. on the question of West India slavery; thought it one of the most difficult points they (the ministers) had to handle; the great fear lest they should go too far. Brougham particularly had committed himself to great lengths. Told me the whole course of the King's conduct in the affair of the dissolution. It was long a point of ticklish doubt with them whether he could go along with their views; had a great dislike to dissolution. When they came to him, however, after the division, and represented the necessity of such a step, he agreed at once and without hesitation, saying, when they asked how soon it was his Majesty's pleasure it should take place, "As you consider it necessary, the more despatch and decision it is done with the better." Lord H.

evidently nervous about the whole state of affairs. In reading a speech of William Brougham's at some meeting, where he used the words "The Lords *dare* not reject the bill," Lord H. said, "Very imprudent words from the brother of a minister; these are the things that do us harm with the King." Talked of the state of the press; the great misfortune of the total severance that had taken place between those who conduct it and the better rank of society; even from literature it had become, in a great measure, separated, instead of forming, as in France, a distinguished branch of it. "Now *you*," he said, "and all the other eminent literary persons of the day, keep as much aloof from 'the gentlemen of the press' as we of the political world do; and they are, therefore, thrown, with all their power and their virulence, unsoftened by the commerce of society, to form a separate and hostile class of themselves." Summoned to my Lady's room; very gracious. In asking me how Bessy kept her looks, she said, "I thought her a beautiful woman, when I saw her." Walked into town. Dined at Sotheby's: company, Jekyll, Sydney Smith, Bowleses, &c.

10th. Finding myself unable to do anything at home, went off in despair to Kensington Gardens, though the day was rainy, and got wet in going there. Sauntered about for some hours, taking shelter during the rain, and contrived to get through a page or two of my work. Called, in returning, at Lord Listowel's, and got some luncheon, which was most welcome. Dined at Sir F. Burdett's: company, Rogers, Joy, Stevenson, Lady Sarah Bailey, &c. Went from dinner to Lady Grey's great assembly. Lady Grey, whom I found labouring under her task of reception, asked me to occupy the chair next her for a little while. This I saw was partly as a relief and help in

her conversation with her presentees, and partly to keep others from occupying the chair.

11th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith, Wilmot Horton, and Luttrell. Walked some time with Sydney, who again reminded me, with much kindness, of my promise to pay him a visit in Somersetshire this autumn. Talked of Mrs. Moore, and of all the praises he had heard of her, and hoped I should be able to persuade her to come too. Dined at Lord John's, having removed all my goods from Bury Street thither. Company: Lady Hardy and her daughters, Lord Seaford, Lord Fordwich and his brother. Went in the evening to the Opera, the Burdetts having sent me a ticket. Lord Seaford took me. Pasta and Taglioni both incomparable.

12th. Staid great part of the morning at home, enjoying the delicious quiet of my nice retired room looking into the Park; such a contrast to Bury Street! Lord John and I breakfasted together. Told me of Lord Grey's communication of the Reform plan to the King, who had been very anxious during the concoction of it. Lord Grey remained with him three hours, and almost immediately after their interview, the King said to Lord Holland (it was at Brighton), on the latter inquiring after his Majesty's health, "I am very well, and I assure you all the better for two or three hours' conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, which has been very comfortable to me." Called upon Corry, who arrived in town last night. Walked about together. Saw Shiel at the Athenæum. In talking of the certainty there would be of my election for almost any place in Ireland that I chose, he assured me that if I had selected Louth to stand for, he himself would not have had the least chance against me. Dined at the Fieldings', who, on finding that I had refused the

Lansdownes on account of my engagement to them, asked the Lansdownes to meet me. Company: Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord Mahon, Sir E. Deering, the Nortons, Luttrell, &c. Singing in the evening by Mrs. Norton and myself. Told her of my intention to dedicate my "Summer Fête" to her, which seemed to please her very much.

13th. Breakfasted with Moore the sculptor, to the routing-up of my day. Told me of Chantrey's saying, in his artist language, looking at his own bust of Sir Walter Scott, "I must put a little more into that head." Dined at Phillipps's (George, junior): company, Sydney Smith, Spring Rice and Lady, George Lamb, Lord King's eldest son, &c. &c. Sat next to young King, who had just returned from his travels in Egypt and elsewhere. Told me that "he had been over all the scenes of the Epicurean." I was placed far away from Sydney, *procul à Jove;* which he himself complained of afterwards, saying, he could only get a glimpse of me now and then through the flowers of the *plateau*, like "Love among the roses." Neither did they seem to be much more agreeable in that upper region.

14th. Walked into the Park to enjoy the band, which plays every morning just near the house. Lord John's table loaded every morning with letters from all parts of the country. Lucky for him that he is so little of an irritable or fussy nature. Being now the mark for the whole country to look to, every suggestion and criticism respecting the Bill (most of them from men of local knowledge, and therefore demanding attention) is levelled at him. Shiel, having mentioned to me his wish to become a member of Brookes's, I sounded to-day some of the leading persons of the club, and found that they

had no doubt of his being readily elected. Walked for some time with Lord Durham, who had just been at the creation of the new peers, A. Ellis, Lord Fingall, &c. &c. In talking of the necessity that might arise for a further creation, he said, so far from hesitating at such a step, he would, if they had a majority of 400 in the Lords against the Bill, create 401 peers rather than lose it. Met Agar Ellis (Lord Dover), with whom I was to dine, on my way home to dress. Company: the Lansdownes, Lord and Lady Morley, Miss Berry, C. Greville, S. Smith, Lord Brougham and his step-daughter, Miss Spalding. In the evening sang. Brougham's delight at my singing; said of 'This world is the planet,' "It is all so *nice*." Mentioned, with great praise, my "Vision of Chancery" as one of the best things of the kind ever written. Told me of a party he had made to go see Buckingham Palace next Sunday, and asked me to join them. S. Smith amusing before dinner; his magnanimity (as he called it) in avowing that he had never before heard of Lamartine (of whom Miss Berry and I were speaking). "Was it another name for the famous blacking man?" "Yes." "Oh, then, he's Martin here, La-Martine in France, and Martin Luther in Germany." He never minds what nonsense he talks, which is one of the great reasons of his saying so much that is comical.

15th. Conversation with Lord John at breakfast about my coming into Parliament. He said, that as I wished but for a short trial of it, it was a pity I had not come in this time, the duration of the Parliament being just what would have suited me. Talked about *preparing* speeches; agreed that to speak well it was necessary to prepare in some shape or other, but whether to write down what one prepares? Lord Grey, he said, had wished

him to write down beforehand his speech for the introduction of the Reform Bill, and he tried to do so; but found he could not, in delivery, keep to what he had written. Asked him whether it was true that his illustration of "Old lamps for new ones," produced little, if any, effect at the time he spoke it? Said it *was* true; but owing, he thinks, very much to some interruption that occurred behind him, and which made him turn round from the House while he was delivering the passage. Said that Brougham used to sneer a good deal at this image of his, saying, for instance, "Gentlemen who talk figuratively about lamps," &c. &c. Peel (Lord J. said) a very dexterous debater. Went down to the printer's. To-day the Hollands come to Lord John's, which will a good deal disturb the quiet of the house. Had a specimen, while dressing for dinner, of what I was to expect; a message being brought by my Lady's page to say, they would be at home to-night at eleven, if I would look in upon them. Dined at Cunliffe's; a dreary set except the Ordes and Mrs. Meynell, whom I sat next. She talked most enthusiastically of my Life of Byron, and begged of me a bit of his writing for some lady, a friend of hers at Paris, whom she said it would be the making of; there being a great Russian princess there, whose name I forget, who does nothing day and night but read my book, and rave of Byron, and her great ambition is to have some of Byron's writing, which, if this lady can procure for her, it may be the means of helping her materially in some object she wishes to gain from this said princess. Under such circumstances, of course, could not refuse, though I have but a scrap or two left disposable. Taken home by Lord and Lady James O'Brien. Joined the Hollands, Lord H.

just returned from a Cabinet dinner. Lord John had stolen off to bed. They had been employed at their dinner chiefly (Lord H. said) in "mending sentences" (the King's speech, no doubt). A little after twelve my Lady retired, and intimated that he ought to do so too; but he begged hard for ten minutes more. Talked of the sedition and blasphemy that was abroad, and the difficulty there was in dealing with it. "I wish," he said, "some of you gentlemen who have clever pens, would exert yourselves to check it." "We could hardly do so," I answered, "without taking up the old anti-Jacobin tone, which, on *me*, at least, would sit rather awkwardly." He then began reciting some fine passages of Cowper, and continued, as he lay on his back on the sofa, spouting out to the amount of two or three hundred lines. It was past one before I left him. In writing to Sydney Smith to-day, sending him Crabbe's address, which he wanted, I said that "I was sorry he had gone away so soon from Ellis's the other night, as I had improved (*i.e.* in my singing) afterwards, and he was one of the few I always wished to do my *best* for." In answer to this received the following flattering note from him, written evidently under the impression that I had been annoyed by his going away: —

"My dear Moore, — By the beard of the prelate of Canterbury, by the cassock of the prelate of York, by the breakfasts of Rogers, by Luttrell's love of side-dishes, I swear that I had rather hear you sing than any person I ever heard in my life, male or female. For what is your singing but beautiful poetry floating in fine music and guided by exquisite feeling? Call me Dissenter, say that my cassock is ill put on, that I know not the delicacies of decimation, and confound the greater and the smaller.

tithes; but do not think or say that I am insensible to your music. The truth is, that I took a solemn oath to Mrs. Beauclerk to be there by ten, and set off, to prevent perjury, at eleven; but was seized with a violent pain in the stomach by the way, and went to bed.

"Yours ever, my dear Moore, very sincerely,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

16th. Called upon Shiel to take him, according to promise, and introduce him to Lord Lansdowne; had fixed the hour with Lord L., who was all kindness to him. Invited him to their ball, this evening. Called upon Corry, and he and Shiel and I drove off to the Charterhouse to see Tom. Their delight with him. Corry not having seen him for some time, thought him wonderfully improved, and the image of his mother. The dear dog *was* looking very pretty and animated, I must say for him. Went on to see Barnes, with whom we were to have dined on Saturday, but had been put off on account of his illness. Found him recovering, but still in a bad state. Dinner at Longman's. Left at eleven, having promised Lady Lansdowne that I should make a point of coming to her ball. Found Lord Ducie and Lord Sherborne sauntering about the square, afraid of the heat inside. Shoals of royalty there: Cumberlands, Cambridges, Landgravines, &c. &c. Forgot to mention on Monday last that I had had a note on that morning from Lady Jersey, one of the patronesses of the Irish Bazaar, asking me to send her my hand-writing on some pretty cards (which I was to get in her name, at some place in Bond Street), and saying, she was sure it would be a thing that would bring a good deal of money. It would, I fear, have looked conceited on my part, but

had there been time I dare say I should have done it. Was talking to her now about this, when the Landgravine (our Princess Elizabeth) called her over, and desired she would present me to her. Nothing could be more overwhelmingly civil than her Royal H.'s reception of me. "Every one must be desirous of knowing Mr. Moore, and it had been for years her ambition," &c. &c. Lady Lyndhurst very amusing and handsome; took pains to pick out one of the prettiest roses of her bouquet for me.

17th. Met Bishop, at Power's, to arrange about my music. Mentioned what some of the fine ladies of the Bazaar had told me of the trouble some of their customers had given in looking over different things and not buying any; and that they were sure some of the tradesmen they had themselves plagued in this way had come there expressly to turn the tables on them. Bishop remarked that this would tell very well in a farce, and so it would. Staid to dine at Power's, and went to the Fieldings in the evening. Had some music.

18th. Had breakfast at Lord John's: Sydney Smith, Rogers, Luttrell, Allen, Greville, and Lady Hardy. Talking of battles; a fellow being "shot in the drum." Sydney S. told of a young officer in his first battle, who, having been for some time fighting without well knowing where he was, at last, seeing the party he was immediately engaged with giving way, took off his cap and began roaring enthusiastically, "Victory! Victory!" on which some veteran near him cried out, "Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow; we have been retreating these two hours." Luttrell quoted from Henry VI., "Knowest thou the Lord of Salisbury?" "Right well, and oft have shot at him;" which Sydney parodied, "And oft have preached at him." On looking at the play itself

I find the fun of the quotation vanishes, as what the gunner says to his son is as follows:—

> "Sirrah, thou knowest how Orleans is besieged,
> And how the English have the suburbs won;"

to which the other answers, "Father, I know, and oft have shot at them." (1st part Hen. VI. act i. sc. 4.) Kirk, the Irish sculptor, came with a cast of his bust of me. Introduced him to Lord John and Rogers; they didn't like it. Walked with Sydney Smith; told me his age; turned sixty. Asked me how I felt about dying. Answered that if my mind was but at ease about the comfort of those I left behind, I should leave the world without much regret, having passed a very happy life, and enjoyed (as much, perhaps, as ever man did yet) all that is enjoyable in it; the only single thing I have had to complain of being want of money. I could therefore die with the same words that Jortin died, "I have had enough of everything." Dined at Lansdowne House; Corry and I went together: company, Lord Mulgrave, the Cunliffes, Luttrell, &c.

19th. While we were at breakfast Lord William was announced as just arrived from Paris. I begged Lord John to let me give him up his room (the bed-room I occupy being that Lord W. always sleeps in); but he said, "No, no, you shan't be disturbed; he shall have Pudar's" (Lord J.'s servant) "room; it's a very good one;" and immediately ordered Pudar to get it ready for him. The meeting between the brothers highly characteristic; so quiet, but at the same time so cordial. Lord W. gave us an account of the state of France, which he thinks promises for peace. Went to Power's, and saw dear Tom, just returned from Greenwich, where Power had taken

him to see the Prowses. Dined at Lord Grey's: company, the new-made Lord Munster and Lady, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, Lady Clanricarde, the Dawson Damers, Sydney Smith, &c. &c. The beauty of the scene from the back windows; the Park and its beautiful gardens, swarming with such a gay-coloured population. Sang a good deal in the evening, as did Wortley, Mrs. Bradshaw, &c.

20th. Lord John, at breakfast, returned to the subject of my "Lord Edward."* Asked me what I meant to do about it? Told him that I could not now, in justice to myself, give it up or even defer the publication; people (in Ireland particularly) would think it was from my friends having come into power that I was influenced; that I looked to place, &c. &c. "Be assured," I said, "that it will do no mischief; at least, will not *add* to the mischief which is but too abundant and inevitable already. I should only damage my own character by what you wish me to do, without any good whatever resulting from it to others. I mean, in a preface to the work, to inculcate confidence in the present Ministry, and to express my own reliance upon their honest intentions towards Ireland; and a good word of this kind from an honest and consistent man (humble though he be) will do you more *service* than anything that is in the work can do harm, or than I could *ever* do either you or myself if I were to tarnish my reputation by any suspicious compliance with the wishes of persons in power." In answer to all this, Lord John said, that he did not much mind it himself,

* Sir John Newport also spoke to me on the subject at Brookes's: said he was very angry with me about it; that such a book would do great mischief; and that my friend Lord Lansdowne thought the same that he did about it.

but that, Lord Holland being related to Lord Edward's family, it would look (to say the least of it) ungracious towards him to publish such a work in opposition to his wish. I then reminded him of what I had already told him — namely, that Lord Holland was the person who had the most strongly urged me to the task, and had even, in answer to a letter of mine, in which I had rather confounded the character of my present hero with my two former ones, Sheridan and Byron, said expressly, "It is a very different task; for you can do full justice to poor Edward's memory without wounding or even offending the feelings of any person whatever." In the course of our conversation, in speaking of the *danger* of such a work in the present excited state of the public mind, I said, "Why, the subject has become historical; and I don't see why it should be more dangerous than your own 'Life of Lord Russell' would be, if published now." To this Lord John answered (but too truly), in his little quiet way, "Ah, that's a quarrel that has been long made up; not so with the Irish question." Went to the printer's, and at three o'clock started in a coach for Tunbridge Wells, having promised the Godfreys to pay them a short visit. Found them all well, and most cordially glad to see me. Slept at the inn.

21st. Breakfasted with the Godfreys; visited all the old places rendered memorable to me by our gay party here in the year 1806 or 1807 *; the house which poor Lady Donegal had; the lodging which Rogers, W. Spencer, and myself lived in; the assembly room on the Pantiles, where I used to dance with my pretty friend,

* See his *Works*. "Lines to Lady H., on an old ring found at Tunbridge Wells." (Dated 1805.) See also his letters in the 1st vol. of this work.

Mrs. Barbat, &c. &c. Drove about to different pretty spots; called at Mrs. Tighe's, who was anxious to have me at a party in the evening, which I luckily escaped.

22nd. Breakfasted with the Godfreys, and started for town at ten o'clock. Was to have gone to Lady Wharncliffe's *déjeûner*, but did not. Went to the printers. Dined at the Athenæum, and home early to dress for Lady Frances Leveson's play, "Hernani" (Lord F.'s rhyme translation). The Queen there, and many other royal persons. Miss Kemble played the heroine, and Lord F. himself Don Ruy.

23rd. Breakfast with Lord John and Lord William; very agreeable. The latter proposed that we should go together to the Duchess of Bedford's *déjeûner*. The day fine, and the assemblage of pretty women in these green flowery grounds (Camden Hill) very charming. Lady Cowper gave me her arm, and we walked together to have strawberries and cream; a delightful person. Pretty as it all was, I soon got tired of it, and returned to town. Met Rogers at Brookes's, and agreed to dine with him and go to hear Paganini. The opera ("Prova d'un Opera seria") very amusing, and Pasta, in her new aspect of comic actress, admirable. Paganini abuses his powers: he *could* play divinely, and *does* sometimes, for a minute or two; but then come his tricks and surprises, his bow in convulsions, and his enharmonics like the mewlings of an expiring cat. Had some talk, by the bye, with Lord Francis at the *déjeûner*.

24th. Breakfasted at Rogers's to meet Macaulay. Talking of Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales," Macaulay said it was almost the only book one could never get tired of. Spoke of the proof that is afforded of *fame* by the creation of new words, such as *Quixotic*, which pervades all lan-

guages, *Machiavellian*, *Rodomontade* (from Rodomont), &c. R. told me that the Duke of Wellington had said lately to him in speaking of my "Lord Edward," that "he could not conceive what I could make of it." Called with Corry at the Speaker's; met himself at a little distance from his house, and asked permission to go under the gallery that evening to hear Lord John bring forward the Reform Bill. Granted it most readily. Found Mrs. M. Sutton and the girls; asked us to dine some day, and we fixed to-morrow, Barnes having just put us off (in consequence of illness) from an engagement that Corry and I and Shiel had made with him for that day. Returned home to work a little, and went to the House of Commons with C. between four and five. Lord John's speech was (I could not help feeling) somewhat feeble and diluted, except in one or two passages. It was, however, well received, and the passage where he applied Cromwell's words, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands," to the conduct of the opponents of reform, produced considerable effect. There being no debate, we were let off earlier than we expected, and dined at the Piazza; Corry insisting on bearing the damage of the dinner, and giving me turtle and claret. Went to the Haymarket Theatre.

25th. Lord John a little tired this morning, though he felt not at all so (he said) last night. His speech took two hours in delivery. In talking of the passage where he quoted Cromwell, said, that though he had *thought* over that point in preparing himself, he had not intended to use it upon this occasion till a few minutes before he brought it out. This shows great self-possession in speaking. Dined at the Speaker's; none but the family, besides Corry and myself. The Speaker very agreeable: described his dinner lately with the King, on the day

when all the Judges dined with him. The King had asked him that very morning at the levee, saying, "I don't well know what name to call you by, for you know you are not Speaker now; but still I will say, Mr. Speaker, I am most happy to see you here, and if you have nothing better to do to-day, I wish you would come and meet the Judges at dinner." Described the manner in which the King wakes suddenly from his occasional dozes after dinner, and dashes at once into conversation. On that day he rather awkwardly, in one of these *sorties*, began upon the subject of the Queen's trial, saying that he had high respect for judges, but by no means the same feeling for lawyers, who were often led, by their zeal for their clients, to do things by no means justifiable; "As you may recollect," he added, turning to Brougham and Denman, "in a case where you, gentlemen, were concerned," &c. &c. He got out of this scrape, however (the Speaker said), very good-humouredly and skilfully. The Speaker told us several interesting anecdotes of the old King during his last melancholy years of madness, blindness, and, at last, utter deafness, which he had himself heard from his father, the Archbishop, who was one of the persons chiefly entrusted with the task of visiting and superintending the care of the Royal patient. The old King's horror at the first suggestion of a strait waistcoat, and his saying that he would go on his knees to the Archbishop if he would save him from it. His notions of kingly power to the last, and the cunning with which he contrived to keep up the appearance of it, ordering carriages and horses to be ready at a particular hour, and then taking care to *countermand* them a little before the time arrived. The Prince, not having seen him for a long time (it being found that intercourse with any of his own family excited and irri-

tated him), was at length permitted one day to come into the apartment for a few minutes, and look at his father as he sat in his chair, without speaking. Shortly after his departure, the old King, in taking his usual exercise of walking round the room, stopped suddenly on the spot where the Prince had been standing, and said, "If I did not know it was impossible, I should say that the Prince of Wales was now in the room;" giving, as his reason, the strong smell of perfume which he perceived.

26th. Went (Lord John and I together, in a hackney-coach) to breakfast with Rogers. The party, besides ourselves, Macaulay, Luttrell, and Campbell. Macaulay gave us an account of the state of the *Monothelite* controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line, "Ye diners out, from whom we guard our spoons," and looking over at me, said significantly, "*You* ought to know that line." I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, "It is a poem that appeared in 'The Times,' which every one attributes to *you*;" but I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our general surprise, "That is *mine*;" on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better, on the subject of William Bankes's candidateship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. "That was mine also," said Macaulay; thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to

that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess. He is certainly one of the most remarkable men of the day. * * * Returned home to work. Have been sadly interrupted while in town, and shall never again adopt the plan of working in London, or of leaving any part of my books but the mere *printing* to do there. Dined at Fielding's: company, chiefly "young men about town." A party in the evening, and music; the Gents, &c. &c. I never was in better voice, and pleased even *myself*. Sang some duets of my own with Miss Gent and with Lord Valletort.

29th. Took my last breakfast with my kind and excellent host. Made preparations for my departure tomorrow; and, not being able to get a bed in Bury Street, asked Murray to allow me to sleep at his house for the convenience of starting in the morning. Seemed highly pleased at my request. Went to the Charterhouse to see dear Tom. Dressed at Murray's: party at the Duchess of Kent's very large; Leopold, the Duke of Saxe Coburg (just arrived), the Duchess of Cambridge, and an abundant array of nobles and gentry. Went into dinner with Denison, and got placed between him and his wife (Duke of Portland's daughter), and near Lord Plunket, with whom I had a good deal of conversation. The dinner as good as most dinners, and from being so numerous had all the ease of a *table d'hôte*. The Duchess's reception of me very gracious: and Leopold talked to me for near a quarter of an hour in the evening; beginning with Harrow, which he had lately visited, and ending with Lord Byron, of whom he spoke very feelingly and sensibly. Had another royal addition of the Princess Sophia in the evening; and the greater number of the party being engaged to the Queen's concert, they all separated early, Charles

Grant bringing me home. Found supper at Murray's, and got to bed in good time.

Forgot to mention that in one of my conversations with Lord John, about my forthcoming book, I told him that it had been my intention to quote a passage, which I thought very good, from his "Life of Lord Russell," on the subject of popular resistance, but that I had given up the quotation from a fear lest those scribblers, who are accusing the ministry of favouring revolutionary designs, might take advantage of the passage and tease him about it. I added, however, that it was my intention to borrow the thought from him and put it in my own language: to which he answered "Do; that will be the best way." The following is the passage; and it is after all quiet enough to be fathered by any body: "Whilst they (the Tories) spoke with abhorrence of resistance to their sovereign, their conduct had a direct tendency to produce it: for their silent acquiescence in acts of tyranny encouraged the King to still greater outrages; till, at last, no remedy was to be found but in a revolution. The Whigs, on the other hand, by their persevering opposition, acted in a manner to prevent the necessity of the resistance of which they spoke so much." As it happened, I had no opportunity of introducing this passage at all.

30th. Off at eight o'clock for dear Sloperton; found Bessy and her two visitors (Power's two daughters) full of the new pic-nics for archery that have begun in the neighbourhood. One at Locke's yesterday, which, if I had returned sooner, we were to have gone to.

July 1st to 21st. During this and the following month (being at home all the time) I have kept no regular journal. Not being able to put the finishing touch to my "Lord Edward" in town, it was some weeks after my

return before the book was published. Sent but few copies about, as there were some of my friends who I *knew* would not like it, and many more whom I was at least doubtful of. Thought it right, however, to send copies to the Duke of Leinster and Lady Campbell, neither of whom has ever since acknowledged or taken the least notice of them. What my Whig friends will think or say of the book I know not, and (I must say) do not much care. The insight I got into the views and leanings of the party during my last visit to town has taken away much of my respect for them as a political body, and changed my opinion of some as private men. I am convinced that there is just as much selfishness and as much low party spirit among them generally as among the Tories; without any of that tact in concealing the offensiveness of these qualities which a more mellowed experience of power and its sweets gives to the Tories. There are a few men among them who have the public weal, I believe, most sincerely at heart; and these are easily numbered,—Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, Lord John Russell, and Lord Lansdowne; but even these are carried headlong through a measure, of which in their hearts they must see the danger, by an impulse of party spirit which supersedes too much every other consideration; and as to the herd of their followers, any few grains of patriotism there may be among them are so mixed up with an overflowing portion of *self* as to be diluted away to nothing.* The change of tone,

* I have left this passage as it stands in the Journal, but I cannot subscribe to Moore's judgment on the Whig party. There is, no doubt, in every political party, as in every community, sect, or association of men, a large ingredient of selfishness; but the party of which Moore speaks had followed Mr. Fox, Lord Grey, and Lord Lansdowne for half a century, in the assertion and maintenance of principles which were not likely to lead to favour either with the Court or the people.

too, among some of them would be most amusing if one was not obliged to look grave while one listens.

Found our dear Russell returned from school on my arrival. Made a little party of children to go and dine on the top of Round-a-way Hill; had a most delicious day of it; Bessy, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Napier, and myself being the only elders of the party.

About the 12th we had a pic-nic archery meeting at the Phippses'; very gay, and graced by all our pretty girls, Houltons, Lockes, &c. Lord Kerry, who has been sent down to Bowood with a tutor to read, in high glee and rattle all the evening.

22nd. Mulvany, a young Irish artist, arrived from town to pay us a visit on his way to Bristol; stayed till the 29th; went with us to an archery meeting on the 26th (a regular series of them having been established by subscription at the Spa Rooms at Melksham; Lord Kerry, president, and Lady Theodosia Bute, the patroness). My dear Bessy looking very handsome; and danced gaily all the evening.

28th. Dined at Bowles's: party, Mulvany and ourselves, old Hoyle (the Exodiad poet), and another person. Mentioned a pun of Pitt's, viz. Latin for a *rimy* morning, *Aurora Musis amica.* Never saw Bowles in more amusing plight; played for us on the fiddle after dinner a country dance, which forty years ago he heard on entering a ball-room, to which he had rode, I don't know how many miles, to meet a girl he was very fond of, and found

Opposition to the French war, support of Roman Catholic Claims, enmity to the Slave Trade, promotion of Parliamentary Reform; such were the leading points of a policy which no sensible man could have adopted with any other view than that of advancing the welfare of the State, in spite of the frowns of the Sovereign and the hostility or indifference of the country.—ED.

her dancing to this tune when he entered the room. The *sentiment* with which he played this old-fashioned jig beyond anything diverting. I proposed we should dance to it; and taking out Mrs. Bowles, led off, followed by the Powers, Bessy, Mulvany, &c. &c. Our fiddler soon tired, on which Hoyle volunteered a scrape, and played so dolefully slow as to make us laugh in far quicker time than we danced. However, we briskened up his old bow; and Mrs. Moore taking Bowles for a partner, we got through one of the most laughing dances I have seen for a long time. In the course of the evening I sung "Ally Croker," accompanied by Bowles on the violin, much to the amusement of the whole party. Next day, 29th, Mulvany left us.

August 10th. Dined (Corry and I) at Scott's, to meet Luttrell and Nugent. Luttrell repeated to me six lines he had written lately about the "two things" that at present "absorb us," being "the bill and the cholera morbus;" that the Tories "if they had their will, would bring in the complaint to get rid of the bill;" while the Whigs seemed resolved "in this very hot weather," that we should be doomed "to both evils together." He repeated it but once; so I could catch but the general meaning and the tags.

11th. Had the Starkeys to dine, and during dinner Mr. Power arrived from town, bringing with him dear Tom for the holidays.

15th. Power and his two girls left us.

16th to 29th. All this time, and ever since I got rid of my "Lord Edward," have been reading hard at theology for a work I have now in hand, "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion." Dined one day with Lord Kerry, at Bowood, to meet a young friend of his,

O'Brien. Went another day with him to Farley; Bessy was to have accompanied us, but was not well enough.

30th. The last archery meeting for the season; great delight to our dear Tom, who enjoyed himself prodigiously. He and his mamma were both among the archers, and she next in shots to the winner of the silver arrow. Had fixed with the Houltons to go on with them to Farley in the evening; followed their carriage, and arrived there between twelve and one.

September 3rd. Left Farley after three very agreeable days. Had employed myself in the mornings in an article for the "Edinburgh Review," having long promised the editor, Napier, and the Longmans, that I would give them something. Chose the subject of German Rationalism in consequence of Dr. Brabant having pointed out to me some errors in a late work on that topic. Desired Brabant *also* to write on the subject, and then we should be able to make out something tolerable from our joint labours. The Doctor all delight at the idea of co-operating with me.

4th to 12th. Not a little puzzled with my literary partnership; find I can retain but little of B.'s, and fear he will be disappointed.

13th. Despatched the article to Edinburgh, having retained but two pages of B.'s (the exposition of the principles of Rationalism) in the introductory part, and clothed his detection of Lee's mistake at the end in my own language. Have prepared him as well as I could to find his *bantling* a *changeling*.

24th. Received a proof (contrary to my expectation) of the article, with a letter from Napier, saying, I had his "warmest thanks for this very pungent and very, very admirable article." Happy he likes it. Sent back the

proof same day. Had a very pretty party of girls one of these days (the day before the coronation, by the bye) to archery in the morning and dinner; two Lockes, two Starkeys, and two Napiers: no beaux for them but Tom and myself. Sung to them in the evening, and made two of them cry so much that one went out of the room ashamed of her emotions, and sat on the stairs listening, while the other turned her face to the wall to hide her disfigurement. This latter a very pretty girl, Sarah Locke.

Lady Lansdowne came down from town, and called upon us soon after her arrival. Told us of the awkward way in which the Archbishop of Canterbury had put on the Queen's crown at the coronation. There had been a little knot or tuft made in dressing her hair, for the express purpose of receiving the crown upon it; and instead of pressing the crown down upon this, the archbishop kept it toppling on the top of it; and had not the Queen kept her head quite still till one of the ladies came to her aid, the bad omen of the fall of the crown would have been exhibited. By the bye the Queen being (as is well known) adverse to the measure which is giving such popularity to her royal husband, reminds me a little of the story of the King of Sparta who first gave his assent to the establishment of the Ephori. His wife, it is said, reproached him with this step, and told him that he was delivering down the royal power to his children *less* than he had received it; "Greater," he answered, "because more durable." This is just such an answer as William the Fourth would be likely to give to *his* wife. But the event proved the Spartan queen to have been right, for the Ephori extinguished the royal power; and if Queen Adelaide's bodings are of the same description, they are

but too likely to be in the same manner realised. The Fieldings also returned to Lacock, and called upon us soon after their return; went over one day and dined with them. Have the Miss Gents staying there; so that we had some very good singing in the evening. Made my escape before breakfast in the morning. Lady E. told me that Miss Fox (Lord Holland's sister) had nearly cried her eyes out over my "Lord Edward."

28th. Walked over to Bowood to call upon Lady L.; Lord Lansdowne expected down for two or three days previous to the second reading of the bill in the Lords; brought me part of the way home on her jaunting car.

29th. A note from Lady Lansdowne to say that Lord L. was most anxious to see me, and begging me to come to dinner to-day or to-morrow. Fixed to-morrow, as Mrs. Napier takes her farewell dinner with us to-day.

30th. To Bowood; none but themselves, Lady Louisa, and Kerry. Lord L. I was glad to see very well. A good deal of talk about the bill, and the state of public opinion: not, to be sure, as unrestrained as our last conversation on the subject some eight months ago, but still (on my side at least) sufficiently open. On my asking him whether it was true that Hallam was a strong anti-reformer, he answered, "Yes, he is; and the world says *you* too are an anti-reformer." This led me to explain how I felt upon the subject, and how it came that my opinions were thus misinterpreted. The fact was that from the very first, while I agreed with the Whigs in the *principle* of the measure, I also agreed with the Tories in their opinion as to its consequences. "How is it then," said he, "that you can *approve* of a measure which is likely, as you think, to lead to mischievous consequences?" "I do not," I answered, "look upon them to be mischievous,

though certainly awful, and, for us who may have to witness them, disagreeable; but the country will ultimately be all the better for the movement. We are now come to that point which all highly civilised countries reach when wealth and all the advantages that attend it are so unequally distributed that the whole is in an unnatural position; and nothing short of a general *routing* up can remedy the evil. This I own is a disagreeable process; to those who have much to lose it may be a fatal one: but there is every reason to think that the country itself will come out of the trial stronger than ever; disencumbered of the financial machinery that now weighs her down, and ready to start in a new course of wealth and greatness. But even should this be a mere dream, the experiment has become in the minds of most people necessary, and is I am persuaded about to be tried. The people have received an impulse (I might have added received it in a great measure from this bill): and there never yet has been an instance known of a people stopping in such a career where they *ought* to stop; 'a downhill reformation (as Dryden says) rolls on fast.' Taking this view, whether right or wrong, of the present course of affairs, I certainly cannot help feeling grave at the prospect that is before us. Were I a young man, it would only brisken up the spirit of adventure within me, as I might then hope to outlive the storm, and enjoy the advantage of the calm; but not being young, and wishing the remainder of my course to continue on the same level as heretofore, I cannot bring myself to dance down these first steps of the precipice so gaily and sanguinely as I see others do. All this produces naturally a sobered, though by no means reluctant, concurrence in measures which I think may be ultimately for the good of the

country, but which, whether for good or for ill, are amongst those efforts after improvement which nations from time to time make, and which nations have an undoubted right to make; all that we have of good and free in the world being the result of such endeavours." I have here scrambled (being at this present writing half asleep) into an amplification (or rather I fear *botheration*) of what I said, but this is pretty much the spirit and substance of it.* Slept at Bowood.

October 1st. Returned home after breakfast.

2nd to 10th. Have been under a promise for some time to pay a visit to Sydney Smith, and, after two or three notes exchanged between us on the subject, had nearly made up my mind to set off to him about the 7th or 8th; but some communications from town led me to change my plans. In the first place, I felt a strong wish to see poor Sir Walter Scott (perhaps for the last time) before his departure for Italy; and this wish was not a little increased by learning from Murray that Scott had also expressed a strong desire to see me. In addition to this, the new plan of Murray with respect to Byron's Life and Works (about which he and I had some correspondence) seemed to open to me a chance of making some arrangement with him, so as to get rid of the present balance against me in our account, which I thought ought

* The event proved that Moore had not well calculated the temper of the country. Far from making a financial revolution or disturbing property, the people were well content to enjoy the advantages of a real representation, and to receive from the House of Commons the abolition of slavery, the commutation of tithes, the reduction of prohibitory duties, the repeal of the corn laws, the equalisation of the sugar duties, the repeal of the navigation laws, the promotion of education, and all those other measures which, in the course of twenty years, have been enacted by the wisdom and patriotism of our reformed Parliaments.—Ed.

not to be neglected. I therefore (after having been still more authentically assured of Scott's wish to see me, by a very kind note from Lockhart) resolved to go up to town.

11th. Started with Bessy in a chaise for Marlborough; drove directly to the school, and found our darling Russell quite well. At three, Bessy left me to return home, and I had a long and lonely evening at the Duke's Arms.

12th. Off in the Marlborough coach for town: alone all the way, and having a volume of Mosheim to get through, made the most of my time; despatched the four hundred and odd pages on the way, besides writing sixteen lines of a love song for Power. To Murray's, where I had been invited to fix my quarters; received most kindly: went and dined at the Athenæum, meaning to call upon Power afterwards; but the night too bad. Returned and supped at Murray's: found him full of sanguineness about the new edition of Byron; looks to selling 30,000 copies of it. Talk of the sanguineness of men of poetry! your men of trade beat them hollow.

13th. Breakfasted with Murray; called upon Lord John Russell, and found him looking a good deal *pulled;* but much better, every one says, than he has been. Seemed a little bored, and no wonder, at having to "go over the thing all again." Asked me if I could dine with him to-day, and I was very glad to say that I could; no one to be at dinner (besides himself and the William Russells) but Lady Holland. Asked him if he thought Lady Holland was angry with me (I meant about Lord Edward). "No," he answered, "I don't think she is." Made some calls. Lady Holland tolerably gracious. In the middle of dinner Lord H., from the House of Lords, joined us (*not* at dinner, for he now dines at three o'clock), and took his seat next me. Thought him at first colder

to me than usual; but this might be fancy, and at all events no great matter. Dinner amusing. Allen said some strong things about bishops, which my lady tried to suppress, saying "Such talk was not fit for a convivial party." * * * * Some talk about poetry with Lord H. Was to have joined Lord Cawdor and the Gowers at the Adelphi to see the "Wreck Ashore," Lord C. having asked me this morning, but did not get away in time. Found the Murrays waiting for me on my return.

14th. Spottiswoode and Harness to breakfast at Murray's, for the purpose of consulting about the new edition of Byron. I have not myself come to any decisive explanation with him as to what *my* part or share in the business is to be. In one of my letters to him, from Sloperton, I had (in answer to his request that I would suggest what I thought useful towards the undertaking) said, that, as far as the works were concerned, I thought a running commentary throughout, like that of Warton on Pope, would be the most attractive means of giving them freshness and novelty with the public; but adding, at the same time, that the task would be a very responsible one, particularly if it was a *rhymer* like me, who undertook to criticise such a poet. Harness very anxious that I should give him an epilogue for the tragedy he is bringing out. A good deal of talk about the projected edition of Byron, in which I saw that Harness took a great lead. Being obliged to leave them soon after breakfast, took Murray out of the room, and impressed upon him, that if I were to have anything to do with this concern it must be left all to myself without any other interference; he said "Certainly." Called upon Mrs. Shelley, who told me she had heard, through some of the Beauclerks, that old Ogilvie

was delighted with the way I had done my "Life of Lord Edward."

On my return to Murray's in the course of the day, found Milman. Had already told Murray, on his asking me had I seen the mention of Milman in the last "Edinburgh" (my own article), that I was myself the author of that article, and authorised him to tell Milman so in confidence. Rather a good scene now took place on the subject between us; Murray asked M., had he any suspicion who wrote that article; and on Milman's answering, "Not the least;" "Could you at all have suspected our friend Mr. Moore of such an article?" "Moore!" exclaimed Milman; "No, no, I know Moore to be very multifarious, but I don't think he has yet got to German theology." It was with some difficulty, that when I myself assured him that it was mine, I could get him to believe that I was serious: a good deal of talk upon the subject; about Gesenius, &c. &c. Said he knew of no such able book as that of Gesenius on Isaiah; and that, putting the peculiar opinions of the author out of the question, he had gained from it a greater insight into Isaiah than from all the other commentaries besides. In speaking of the letter which the Bishop of London wrote him (at the time of the outcry about his "History of the Jews"), approving highly of the work, and condemning the opposition that had been raised to it, Milman told me that the bishop had afterwards got alarmed.

To dinner at Sir Walter Scott's (or rather Lockhart's). On my way to dinner, with Murray, who took me, told him that I had made up my mind to be editor at all events, and that he might announce me as such; which seemed very much to please him. Was rather shocked at seeing and hearing Scott; both his looks and utterance, but par-

ticularly the latter, showing strongly the effects of paralysis. At dinner we had, besides Murray and myself, their own family party (the Lockharts and Miss Scott), and Sir William and Lady Rae. Scott took but rarely any share in the conversation, and it was then with difficulty I made out what he said. On going up stairs found rather a large party collected, all Scotch,—Lady Belhaven, Lord and Lady Ruthven, Lady Louisa Stuart, the Macleods, &c. &c. On looking over at Scott once or twice, was painfully struck by the utter vacancy of his look. How dreadful if he should live to survive that mighty mind of his! It seems hardly right to assemble company round him in this state. Saw that I was doomed to sing. Mrs. Lockhart began, and sung her wild song "Achin Foane" (as the words sound) to the harp with such effect on her Scotch hearers as made me a little despair of being listened to after her. I however succeeded very well, and was made to sing song after song till poor Scott's time of going to bed; soon after which I came away. Mrs. Macleod also sang some Scotch duets with her sister. It is charming to see how Scott's good temper and good nature continue unchanged through the sad wreck of almost every thing else that belonged to him. The great object in sending him abroad is to disengage his mind from the strong wish to *write* by which he is haunted; eternally making efforts to produce something without being able to bring his mind collectively to bear upon it—the *multum cupit, nihil potest.* Alas! alas! In my visits this morning called at Lord D.'s, and sat some time with Lady D.: a good deal of talk about politics. I spoke pretty freely my opinion of our friends the Whigs; of their vile practice of canvassing enemies and neglecting friends. As for myself, I said, so long had it been manifest to me that this was

their system, that I had for many years (luckily for my own peace of mind) given up all hopes of their ever *thinking* of doing me a service. So far did this *poco-curantism* of theirs extend, that, even in the trifling article of franking, not one of them (though knowing how much I had to do with printers in the way of transmitting proofs, &c.) ever offered, when in office, to be of any service to me; and I have always gone on (when I could) with my old frankers: with Croker while the Whigs were last in, and with Greville during their present ministry. The only *attempt* at a favour, indeed, I ever experienced for myself was under a Tory administration (Addington's), when, through the medium, it is true, of Lord Moira, I got that unlucky registrarship of Bermuda. Lord Hardwicke, too, when the Tory Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, offered to create a laureateship in Ireland, with the same emoluments as the English one, if I would accept it. Neither ought I to forget that to poor Lord Moira (whom the Whigs hardly acknowledged as one of themselves) I owed the barrack-mastership for my father, which made his latter days comfortable. That from Whigs, as Whigs, I never received even the semblance of a favour. All this I said to Lady D., and she admitted that there was but too much truth, she feared, in the charge, so general against them on this point. On her saying some flattering things of the peculiar claims *I* had upon the regard of all parties, I answered, that the only merit I could arrogate to myself was, that "I was at no time purchaseable, and that this I believe the Tories knew." "Oh dear," she exclaimed, "if the Tories had such a person as you on their side, we should be made to feel the difference" (alluding, I take for granted, to my knack at ridicule; and God knows how open my friends the Whigs are to that same weapon).

Called at the Speaker's; saw both her and him, and he with much kindness asked me to his country place. When I expressed my wonder at his being able to hold out through all these long nights, he said it was all by *not eating;* if he had lived in his usual way he could not have borne it, but the want of exercise luckily took away his appetite, and this temperance saved him. Called also this morning on Burdett, whom I found laid up with the gout. In talking with Burdett on Reform, told him I had heard from Lord Lansdowne that he supposed me to be an anti-reformer; told him how this report had arisen from the stupidity of certain of my neighbours, who, seeing but one side of the question themselves (and that but dully), cannot understand the language of a man who happens to see both. On comparing notes with him I found we very much agreed on the subject, except that he is sanguine enough to think that the monarchy *can* go on with a purely popular House of Commons, and I for my part believe no such thing. Such is, no doubt, the *theory* of the English constitution, but it has *never* yet been tried in practice (which Burdett was obliged to own); nor will *ever* I am convinced be brought to work quietly *in sæcula sæculorum.*

15th. Breakfasted at Athenæum. To Power's, and thence to Longmans'. Looked over some religious books for my "Travels of an Irish Gentleman." Then on to the Charter House for Tom; found him ready. To Brookes's Club-house, where I took him in to show him the little dingy room where all the great Whig Lords and M. P.s assemble. Found there the Duke of Norfolk, who shook hands with Tom most heartily. I then set off with him to Sir Walter Scott's, being determined that the little dog should have to say in future days that he

had seen this great man. Found Lord Clarendon calling at the same time, and admitted with us: Scott very kind to Tom. Had taken with me a book of his (the "Demonology") that he might write his name in it for Bessy. He said that I ought to have let him have the pleasure of giving the book as well as the name. Returned to an early dinner at Murray's for the purpose of taking Tom to the Haymarket in the evening; got admirable places; and were joined in the course of the night by three or four young Greys (Lord Grey's sons), with the youngest of whom, a very nice boy, Tom struck up an acquaintance. Murray also came to join us; and we found Mrs. Murray waiting supper for us on our return.

16th. Out early with Tom in order to surprise Rogers at breakfast; found him entirely recovered from his late illness (having just returned from the country), and in high good humour and playfulness. In talking of the difference of the present times from former ones, mentioned the circumstance of Charles II. attending the House of Lords' debates, standing with his back to the fire, and interrupting sometimes the members in their speeches (where is this mentioned?). Queen Anne, too, going to hear the debates (?). Showed me a curious passage in the Introduction to Fox's History where the present demand on the part of the people of an entirely popular House of Commons is foreseen and deprecated.

Set off with Tom at twelve for Greenwich in order to see the Prowses; walked about Greenwich with them. Hearing that Lord Auckland had a house there, called upon him; found him and his sisters, and introduced Tom to them, who had asked me very innocently "whether Lord A. was a Reformer." On my telling this to Lord A., he said, "You wouldn't, I hope, have come inside my

door, Tom, if you had known I wasn't." Tom himself is, it appears, in a very small minority of Reformers at the Charter House, the great mass of the younkers being *antis*. It is the same, I understand, at Westminster, and wherever the *clergy* interest is prevalent. Left Greenwich at three, bringing Bessy Prowse away with us to dine at Power's; had reserved myself to dine at Scott's in case he would have me, and gave accordingly conditional answers to Burdett and the Speaker, both of whom had asked me. Found a kind note from Mrs. Lockhart to say how happy they would be to have me; and having left Tom at the Powers', dined with Sir Walter. The day interesting on his account: and had it been in his better times, I should have had many a lively tale to enrich these pages with; but he spoke little. In talking of a novel which he had sent to Scott, L. said that it was no matter how bad a book was; if it had but a story in it, Scott would read every word of it; and to this Sir Walter pleaded guilty very amusingly: left them early.

17th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet my old friends Lord and Lady Dunmore, whom I had not met for, I believe, ten years. Stuart also of the party, and (by accident) Campbell, who had happened to call upon Rogers on business: the conversation at breakfast amusing. Campbell mentioned how his vanity was once mortified on giving his address to some Scotch bookseller: "Campbell!" said the man; "pray, Sir, may you be the great Campbell?" "Who do you call the *great* Campbell?" said Tom, putting on a modest look. "Why John Campbell, the African traveller, to be sure," answered the other. In talking of getting into awkward scrapes at dinner tables, Lady Dunmore mentioned a circumstance

of the kind in which Rogers himself was concerned. It was at the time when Madame de Staël was expected in London, and somebody at table (there being a large party) asked when she was likely to arrive. "Not till Miss Edgeworth is gone," replied Rogers; "Madame de Staël would not like *two* stars shining at the same time." The words were hardly out of his mouth when he saw a gentleman rise at the other end of the table, and say in a solemn tone, "*Madame la Baronne de Staël est incapable d'une telle bassesse.*" It was Auguste de Staël, her son, whom Rogers had never before seen.

Left Rogers's with Campbell, who told me, as we walked along, the friendly service which Rogers had just done him by consenting to advance 500*l.*, which Campbell wants at this moment to purchase a share in the new (Metropolitan) magazine of which he is editor, the opportunity, if let slip now, being wholly lost to him. Campbell had offered as security an estate worth between four and five thousand pounds which he has in Scotland, but Rogers had very generously said that he did not want security; Campbell, however, was resolved to give it. These are noble things of Rogers, and he does more of such things than the world has any notion of.*

Took my place for Wednesday morning. Received afterwards a note from Lord Lansdowne to say, that if I would wait for the prorogation, he would take me down, and that he believed it would not be later than Friday: determined, however, to keep to my coach plan, having arranged with Milliken and his son to come to Sloperton

* Not only more than the world had any notion of, but more than any one else could have done. Being himself an author, he was able to guess the difficulties of men of letters, and to assist them, not only with his ready purse, but with his powerful influence and his judicious advice.—ED.

on Friday, and the time of the prorogation appearing rather doubtful. Went to Longmans' and got some money; looked over some books, and made extracts, and then hastened to Power's to meet Bishop for the purpose of some musical arrangements. A large dinner at Murray's, but hardly any of the company he had promised me; Croker, Lord Mahon, and Hallam having sent excuses. The day dull, though a few of the men there, if left to themselves, could have made it otherwise, there being Shiel, James Smith, and Chantrey among the guests; the rest were Lockhart, Wilkie, Lord Napier, Macleod, &c. Got away as soon as I could to Lord Dudley's, where I had been asked to dine; found Lady Dunmore, Lady Ruthven, and Lady Charlemont, the gentlemen not having yet left table. Came away with Rogers, who had been one of the dinner guests; he having undertaken to negotiate for me with Murray as to what sum to get for my name and co-operation in this new edition of Byron: thinks I ought to have 1000*l.*; but I shall be very well pleased if it but rids me of this incubus of a bill, by which I have been so long haunted.

18th. My last day in town; busy about commissions, &c.: was to have dined at Lord Belhaven's, but found I could not manage it comfortably; dined earlyish with Murray, and went out for an hour or two afterwards.

19th. Off at half-past eight in the "White Hart." Found Bessy, as I expected, at Devizes, where she had been passing the two last days with the Scotts, and took her home. * * *

November 1st. Napier came to pass a day or two with us. Riots at Bristol.

2nd. While we were at breakfast, Phillips, our curate, came over in a state of great agitation, having received a

letter from his wife's father, whose property at Bristol had been all destroyed on Sunday night. Scene between him and Napier; Napier, anxious to be at home, there being reports of riots also at Bath, left us after breakfast.

3rd to 9th. Saw my "Lord Edward" announced as one of the articles in the "Quarterly," to be abused of course; and this so immediately after my dinings and junkettings with both editor and publisher! Having occasion to write to Murray, sent him the following squib:—

THOUGHTS ON EDITORS.

Editur et edit.

No, editors don't care a button
What false and faithless things they do;
They'll let you come and cut their mutton,
And then they'll have a cut at you.

With Barnes I oft my dinner took,
Nay, met ev'n Horace Twiss to please him;
Yet Mister Barnes traduced my book,
For which may his own devils seize him!

With Doctor Bowring I drank tea,
Nor of his cakes consumed a particle;
And yet th' ungrateful LL.D.
Let fly at me next week an article.

John Wilson gave me suppers hot,
With bards of fame like Hogg and Packwood,
A dose of black strap then I got,
And after a still worse of "Blackwood."

Alas, and must I close the list
With thee, my Lockhart, of the "Quarterly,"
So kind, with bumper in thy fist,—
With pen, so *very* gruff and tartarly.

Now in thy parlour feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from thy garret,—
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

Found, on looking at my memorandum book, that my bill on Murray (500*l.*), which I had taken it into my head would not be due till January, will fall due next month. Wrote instantly to him to express my hope that some arrangement might be made, springing out of our proposed plan with respect to the new edition of Byron, by which this suspended transaction between us might be finally settled. * * *

10th. To dinner at Lacock; none beside themselves but Lord Valletort and Mademoiselle Emmeline. Had known very little of him before, and once rather disliked him; but he appears to me an honest, kind-hearted man, and, though a strong Tory, seems a fair one. Told some interesting things of the Duke of Wellington, to whom he is (like all who have been much about him) strongly attached. His saying, that no man should hesitate to apologise whenever he had said or done anything that required one; yet in military affairs he has been known on more than one occasion to avoid owning he was wrong, though conscious that he *was* so. This done on principle. "No, no; never put myself wrong with the army." His shedding tears when he took leave officially of the Queen at his last resignation; this the Queen herself told Lord Valletort. Of the King, Lord V. told several little things which show great good-nature and warm-heartedness. Music in the evening; Valletort's voice good, but not under good management. His father and mother were (as I told him) amongst my earliest acquaintance in London. I remember how proud I used to be of going to Lady Mount Edgecumbe's suppers (one or two at the most) after the Opera. It was at one of these, sitting between Mrs. Siddons and Lady Castlereagh, I heard for the first time the voice of the former (never having met her before)

transferred to the ordinary things of this world,—and the solemn words in her most tragic tone,—"I do love ale dearly."

13th. A letter from Murray, which threw me into no little consternation, as it not only defeated all my hopes of being able to settle the forthcoming bill by some arrangement as to my editorship of Byron, but coolly tells me that, in consequence of his having got entangled with ——, I am not to be editor of that work at all. This, after having courted me to undertake the task, after having gladly accepted me as editor. Wrote to Rogers and the Longmans, acquainting them with this disappointment, and the quandary it had thrown me into with respect to the bill.

14th. Was to have dined at Bowood, but put off my starting till it was late: and then, as the weather was bad, delayed, in expectation that the Scotts, who were also going, would call upon me; but they did not, and I was forced to have a broil at home.

15th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne to explain my mishap of yesterday. Some talk with him about the public dinner to him at Devizes to-morrow. Asked me how far I thought they would expect him to be communicative on the subject of Reform, as it was rather a ticklish thing for him (being the only one of the ministers thus brought *en evidence* during the recess) so to manage as to send his hearers away satisfied, without at the same time too much committing himself. He added, that his colleagues were rather uneasy on the subject. Told him that I thought his true policy was at all events not to be too short with them. They would then go away with the impression that he had been very communicative; whereas, if he said but little, though there might be twice as much

matter in it, they would be sure to say, "How short and costive he was with us." But on the plan I suggested, even though the more acute might see through his policy, they could only say, "How well he managed in such a difficult position to give perfect satisfaction to his hearers, without in the least degree committing himself or colleagues!" This he seemed to think a just view of it, which I was glad of for every reason. Walked a good part of the way home with me.

16th. Corry arrived for the dinner in consequence of a letter I wrote to ask him over; at a little after four Lord Lansdowne called for us (having Senior, the political economist, with him), and we all proceeded to Devizes. Nothing could go off better than the dinner. I was seated between Corry and Senior, and opposite the chairman and Lord Lansdowne: Lord L.'s speech excellent; there was not a dissenting voice as to its good tone and good taste. The reception of my health most enthusiastic, and my speech exceedingly well received.

19th to 30th. Received very kind letters both from the Longmans and Rogers: the former telling me not to have the slightest uneasiness on the subject of the 500*l.*, as they would *retain* my bill on Murray, and put the amount to my account; the latter offering most cordially to pay the 500*l.* for me himself.

December 1st and 2nd. Met Fielding on my way to Bowood; the marriage to take place next Tuesday, the 6th.

3rd to 9th. On the 6th Caroline Fielding's marriage at Bowood: none but the relations of the family present; and after the ceremony, which took place at night, Lady Lansdowne and the rest of the party set off for Lacock, leaving the bride and bridegroom at Bowood.

10th. Lord and Lady Valletort passed on their way to

Lord Ilchester's. Soon after a note arrived from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy, saying that she and the Fieldings were returning to Bowood, and asking us to come there to-morrow and stay till Monday. Obliged to refuse on account of the boys coming from school to-morrow.

11th. Another note from Lady L., pressing that we should come, and saying that the whole party were very downcast, and my company would do them a great deal of good. Promised to come to-morrow. Russell the only arrival, Tom not being able to leave school till Tuesday next.

12th. To Bowood to dinner, Bessy and I and Russell; the party: Fielding, Lady Elizabeth and Horatia, Montgomery, and Madlle Emmeline; very agreeable.

13th. The day most tempestuous; the Fieldings returned home, but, Lady Lansdowne insisting, very kindly, on our staying, we did so. The Miss Selwyns to dinner; Henry Fitzmaurice and myself the only males. Lady L. said after dinner, "How proud he was to do the honours to me; he little expected such grandeur." He is a very nice boy, and inherits all the unaffectedness and good nature of his excellent father and mother. Music in the evening.

14th. After breakfast tried over some masses with Lady Louisa on the organ, or rather she played them and I sung some of the passages; magnificent things of Haydn's. Bessy then walked through the pleasure grounds to Buckhill, to remain there till to-morrow (Tom coming by the coach this evening), while I returned home and dined alone.

15th to 25th. Ella Houlton came to us to go to the Devizes ball; dreary work at the ball; home at three.

Have not time to notice the heaps of strange letters I have been receiving: such as, from a young lady, with a MS. poem; from some anonymous person in Ireland, lamenting that my delightful talents should continue to be sacrificed to party, and that the Radicals in England and the Papists in Ireland should both consider themselves entitled to claim me as their own,—the latter (the writer said) being the more extraordinary as I was bringing up my own children to that religion (Protestant) which I ridiculed, and seemed to despise, and which my talented sister professed to be her own.

Have had various letters too from Ireland on the subject of *Neilson* (Lord Edward's man), my mention of whom has produced an immense excitement among the Northerns; and, as usual with my countrymen, they not only run away with the thing, but run away with it in a wrong direction. So wholly, too, have they lost sight of the original passage which set them a-going, that they now represent me as having *accused* Neilson of betraying Lord Edward, whereas I merely mentioned his having been suspected of it; and they show there were no sufficient grounds for such suspicion. Amongst other letters on the subject, I have received one from old Hamilton Rowan, which was civil and gratifying. Shiel, too, transmitted to me one from Dr. Doyle about the same matter, most laudatory, saying that I had a far better right than Swift to be called "Ireland's glory," &c. &c. Talking of letters on the subject, I think I have forgot to mention one which I received several months ago; a communication from the King of the French, through my old acquaintance, and his right-hand man, Chabot*: nothing could be more in cha-

* Vicomte Chabot of Templetown, Ireland.

racter with the *Citoyen Roi* than the directness and informality of this communication, which was with reference to the claim of Lady Edward to the near relationship she is supposed to have borne to the family of Orleans. This the King denies; and both he and Madame Adelaide express their desire that I would set the matter right in a future edition.

26th. Went to Lacock—Bessy, myself, and the boys, to stay till Wednesday. The Lockes to dinner, C. Talbot, and Montgomery; music in the evening.

27th. On asking Fielding as to the propriety of some sea phrases I was introducing into a translation from the Anthology (Leonidas, 57.), "heave the anchors and cut the cables," I found that the two operations were inconsistent, there being no cutting of cables when there is time to weigh anchor, nor is there any other operation in setting sail to which *εκλυσαιο χναια, i.e.* "let loose the cables," is applicable. Talbot (who is a great yachtman) said that the best description of naval movements he had ever read was that of St. Paul's, Acts xxvii. The casting out of four anchors (which, Fielding said, always astonished the *middies* when it was read) suits exactly the sort of boats, according to Talbot, that are still used in those seas; Maltese galliots, I think he called them. Chippenham; ball in the evening.

28th. Home to Sloperton.

30th. The annual Bowood dance. Had all the little Napiers and Ella Houlton to lodge with us on the occasion. The whole party enjoyed themselves very much, and the Lansdownes' carriage, as usual, took us and brought us back; not me, however, as, by Lady Lansdowne's desire, I slept at Bowood, and remained the two

following days. Had told Lord L., the night of the dance, that I could not remain to sleep; and, on seeing me next morning at the breakfast table, he said I was like that class of persons in London whom Colquhoun mentions, who, when they rise in the morning, have not the least idea of where they are to sleep at night.

1832.

January 1st. Both days at Bowood.

2nd. Home after breakfast.

3rd. Off to Houlton's, Bessy, myself, and the two boys; their carriage took us on from Melksham.

4th. Napier in the morning; walked with him to Freshford. On mentioning to him what Lord Valletort told me of the Duke of Wellington saying, "Never put myself wrong with the army," Napier said that the occasion on which the Duke used this expression was a mistake he had made in promoting an officer, and praising him in his despatches for some service that had really been performed by my Bath friend, Colonel ——. It was when D——, expressing his gratitude for the promotion, and his hope that he should be allowed to keep it, added his desire also that the Duke would do justice to ——, that the Duke replied in those words, "No, ——," &c. &c. Some neighbours to dinner; music in the evening.

5th. Tried to read a book in the morning; dreadful idleness. Joy and his new wife to dinner; music.

6th. Fielding and Horatia to dinner; music.

7th. Returned home by Bath; borrowed some books from Upham; arrived at Sloperton at eight in the evening.

9th. To Fielding's to meet the Valletorts; the Houltons there also; Isabella's guitar in the evening delightful. Slept there. In talking of some of Lanark Owen's speeches, &c., Talbot said, that though he builds in parallelograms, he argues in circles.

10th. Walked home early for a little work. In walk-

ing home composed some verses on Lady Valletort, but did not write them down. She had asked me to write something in a copy of the "Irish Melodies" Bessy had given her as a wedding present. All this idling ruinous to me. Returned to Lacock to dinner; conversation, music, &c., all agreeable. An invitation this morning for Bessy and me to dine at Bowood on Thursday; Bessy declined.

11th. Home after breakfast.

12th. To Bowood to dinner; taken by Scott and Brabant (the latter's first appearance at Bowood). Company, besides ourselves, John Starkey, the Fieldings, and Valletort. In speaking of Lord Erskine, and his keeping the first guinea he had ever received in his profession enshrined in a little case, into which he used sometimes to peep at it, Lord Lansdowne told of his having dined one day with Lord Erskine, just after his recovering from some complaint, of which he had been cured by two leeches; his launching out in praise of those leeches, and at last starting up and ringing the bell, saying, "I'll show them to you;" the leeches then brought up, in a bottle, and sent round the table with the wine. "I call one of them," said Lord Erskine, "Cline, and the other Home."* The manner in which Lord Lansdowne imitated Lord Grenville (who was one of the guests) putting on his spectacles when the leeches came to him, looking gravely into the bottle, and then as gravely passing it on, was highly comical.

14th. Met Lord Lansdowne riding with Lady Louisa and Henry: said he was to be off to town on Monday, and asked me to come over to luncheon to-morrow; men-

* The great surgeons of the day, Mr. Cline and Sir Everard Home.—ED.

tioning that if I chose to stay for chapel, I should hear Lady Louisa, for the first time, perform the part of organist, Combe being ill.

15th. Went to Bowood, and stayed prayers. Lord L. mentioned at luncheon the saying of the old proud Lord Abercorn on somebody remarking how well his trees grew, "Sir, they have nothing else to do." Lord L. walked part of the way home with me: some talk about the prospects of the ministry in carrying Reform, &c. &c., which gave me but ill auguries of what is coming. He himself, evidently averse to the creation of new peers, seemed to contemplate, among the possible results, the resignation of the ministry: then the question whether this would not produce serious disturbance? Scotland the quarter from which those who were best acquainted with it, apprehend, he said, the greatest mischief in the event of another failure of the question. Abercrombie, in particular, writes the most urgent letters on the subject.

16th to 31st. Nothing remarkable. Talking of letters received lately, forgot to mention two from Mr. E. L. Bulwer, endeavouring to press me into the service of the "New Monthly," of which he has become editor; highly flattering: "Something like those exquisite *morçeaux* I gave to 'The Times;'" "Name my own terms," &c.

February 1st. The Joys offered us tickets for a great fancy ball at Chippenham; but Bessy, after a good deal of consideration, both of the expense of providing a dress and the formidableness of Derry Hill at night, gave up all thoughts of it. The Joys, however, returned to the charge, and removed the objection of Derry Hill by inviting us to their house, while Lady Elizabeth Fielding facilitated the toilette part by offering the choice of a whole room full of costumes, which Lady Valletort used to dress her sister

in to draw from. Bessy, however, still declined, and, as it turned out, a bad attack of influenza would have, at all events, prevented her from going. That Joy, however, might not have all his kind trouble in vain, I consented to go myself; and a very pretty thing the ball happened to be; some of the dresses, particularly those of the Houltons, as Indian slaves, very picturesque, &c. &c. Supper and all exceedingly well managed; got back to Joy's about three o'clock.

2nd. The Joys wished me to stay over to-day, but I was anxious to get home, and Miss Joy took me as far as Spye Park, where Bessy slept last night: dined there, and walked home at night.

3rd, &c. For the rest of this month remained at home and at work; interrupted only by an attack of influenza, which a good deal weakened and deranged me. The verses I had composed on Lady Valletort, walking home one morning from Lacock, remained in my memory, floating in indistinct fragments, for some weeks, during which time I was too busy about other things to write them down. From time to time I took a look, as it were, into my memory to see if they were still there: at last I copied them out, and took them over to Lacock; where I found the whole party (the Valletorts excepted, who had gone to town for the opening of Parliament), with the addition of Lady Lansdowne, who had come over to luncheon: read the verses to them; poor Lady Elizabeth very much affected, and exclaimed, when I had finished, "And I have lost all this!" Fielding and Horatia both crying, Lady Lansdowne said, "You have indeed praised her to our hearts' content, and it was not easy to do that."

8th to 23rd. Forgot to mention one of the anecdotes Lord Valletort told about the present King, highly to his

credit; at the time he was dismissed from (or at least, got a hint to resign) his office of First Lord of the Admiralty, under the Duke of Wellington, the latter, in their final interview on the subject, was taking his formal leave, when the Duke of Clarence, holding out his hand, said, "No, no, this must not be; the Prime Minister and the First Lord may misunderstand each other, but this should make no difference between the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Clarence;" at the same time shaking the Duke cordially by the hand. Found that from my resources through the Longmans being stopped (by their taking on them my debt to Murray), I could not get through with my little bills without applying to Rogers; almost my last twenty pounds (25*l.* indeed, this time) having gone to pay my mother's half-yearly rent. Accordingly wrote to him that I should draw upon him for 200*l.*: and he most kindly answered, "for three times the sum," if I wanted it; and remitted me the 200*l.* It is now, as I told him in my letter, about six-and-twenty years since he most seasonably performed a similar service for me (lending me 500*l.* to pay Carpenter, which I repaid him out of my "Lalla Rookh" money); and when I now look back upon the interval since then, it appears to me a marvel (notwithstanding all my "aurea *carmina*") how I have managed to get on without recurring either to him or any one else (except in one single instance) for the same sort of assistance.

24th. Was surprised by a letter from Murray, asking whether I could not furnish him with an essay on Byron's poetical character, to be prefixed to his new edition, so as to make *his* the only genuine one; adding, that on my compliance with his request, we should then talk of terms. Though I was determined to do nothing of the sort, thought it was as well to acquaint the Longmans with his proposal.

Note. — February, 1840. Notwithstanding this and some other little grumblings of mine, I look back upon Murray's conduct towards me, upon the whole, as most liberal and creditable.

26th. An answer from the Longmans, to say that they felt delicate in advising me, as they knew how anxious their partners in [Lardner's] Cyclopædia were that I should as soon as possible complete my promised "History of Ireland." Wrote to Murray, saying that I must decline his proposal, being occupied with other works; adding, that in *any* case I should not have liked to undertake what he proposed, as an essay could be little else than a *rifaccimento* of the criticisms in the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly;" and even if *I* could bring myself to *write* such a thing, I questioned whether any one could be brought to read it. The plan *I* had always thought of was to write a sort of running commentary on Byron's works; which would have left me free to introduce anecdotes, quotations, and all such *touch-and-go* things as the formality of an essay would not admit of, but which would be far better than the most elaborate essay that could be furnished.

28th, 29th. Another letter from the illustrious John Murray, returning to the charge, saying that he sees I *can* do, without much trouble, the very thing he wishes, and that he shall have great satisfaction in giving me 500 guineas for the task; the very sum he shrunk from some months since. He alleges, indeed, as an excuse for his conduct at that time, that he was a good deal embarrassed by the failure of some houses he was connected with, and was fearful he should not be able to remunerate me as I deserved; but that now, the success of this edition of Byron being established, he is very happy to, &c. &c. The fact is, I have been able to trace the progress of his mind all along

through the changes of his advertisements. Somebody having, most likely, told him (for he is always the slave of his last adviser) that the "Life" was the most ticklish part of the whole undertaking (families not likely to admit it, &c. &c.), he gave as little prominence to this part of the book as possible; putting the "Works of Lord Byron" in capitals at the head, and omitting my name in the advertisements altogether: gradually, however, I saw the "Life" and name taking a respectable station in the announcement; at least my name was rather barefacedly put forward, as if I was the editor of the whole; and latterly the heading of "Works of Lord Byron" has been exchanged in some advertisements for "Life, &c. &c., by Thomas Moore." Wrote a civil and indeed friendly letter to him (for after all I have had several kindnesses at his hands), and expressed regret that it was not possible for me to comply with his proposal.

March 1st to 24th. *Apropos* of this, have been working away hard and fast at my "theology," which amuses me exceedingly; though I fear it will be dull to others. To write livelily on such a subject would be dangerous and would indeed defeat my object. Have had a letter from Edinburgh, for which I paid 3*s.* 8*d.* postage, signed "Robin Roughhead," full of dull Scotch doggrel, "Oh, ho, Tommy Moore," &c. &c. This is too provoking. Meant to have timed my visit to town (the chief object of which is the settlement of my accounts with Power), so as to be in town to attend the St. Patrick's dinner: and Bessy was to have gone up with me; but finding that Tom could not, according to the Charter House rules, be let out during Lent, she gave up the project; and I deferred till after the 25th (our marriage day), which is always a happy celebration with us.

I find, by the bye, that I have omitted attending to a

circumstance which for some time gave us both great uneasiness; and that was a fancy which our dear Tom had long had in his head, but which lately took a more serious and *insisting* shape, to be made a sailor of. Finding that his mind was beginning to dwell upon this whim, I thought it right at last to interpose a little serious authority, and wrote him a letter to that purport; which produced all the good effect I could desire. Nothing could be more dutiful or, at the same time, more manly than the manner in which the dear little fellow gave up his fancy.

Sent a short squib to "The Times" about Lord Roden, which seems to have had some effect. "The Freeman's Journal," in copying it, says, "It is not difficult to tell from whose 'Roman' hand this piece of lively satire comes." Lord Kerry down for a few days, which he passed at Phipps's; asked to meet him at dinner, but went in the evening and had a good deal of town news from him. Asked me about the above squib, which he said I got the credit of in London.

25th. Preparing to start for town to-morrow. My only regret at not having gone yesterday is, that I should have liked to have attended the Duke of Sussex's Royal Society party last night, for which he was civil enough to send me a card down here; but a bumper after dinner to-day to the 25th of March, 1811 (twenty-one years since), will be a far better thing.

26th. Off in the York House coach for town. Alone a good part of the way; read Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales." Went to the Fieldings', who have kindly offered to lodge me.

27th. Breakfasted at R.'s; found there Barry Cornwall and Charles Murray. Proctor's stories of Charles Lamb. His excluding from his library the works of Robertson,

Hume, Gibbon, &c., and substituting for them the heroes of the "Dunciad," of whose writings he has made a collection. His saying to ——, in his odd, stammering way, on ——'s making some remark, "Johnson has said worse things than that;" then after a short pause, "and *better.*" R.'s story of the parson who was called upon suddenly to preach to some invalid establishment; poor, maimed creatures, hardly one of them able to get over a stile; and the only sermon he happened to have with him, and which he preached, was one against *foreign travel.* Grattan's saying to a lady, who asked him what was the subject of some letter he was reading, "It is a secret." "Well, but tell it now." "No; I would trust my life in your hands, but not a secret."

Went to Power's. Then to the Longmans; said that the sale of my "Lord Edward" was going on steadily; talked of Murray's late conduct to me. Had called upon Corry, on my way, and brought him with me. Fixed, he and I, to dine with the Longmans on Thursday. To Brookes's, where I found Sterling, of "The Times," who has been lately admitted a member. Strange enough this, and done by Lord Duncannon. Dined at Fielding's; and then to the Opera; where my name has been placed on the free list by my countryman, the new manager. Opera changed from La Vestale (the overture of which I went to hear) to the Mosé. House empty and cold. Came away, and went to Brookes's to hear politics instead.

28th. Called upon Corry; and he and his nephew accompanied me to the Charter House to see Tom, and have him out; but Dr. Russell not being at home, this was impossible. The dear little fellow quite well and rosy. From thence to Barnes, who was ill in bed; left word for him to come and dine at Longmans' with us on Friday.

To Mrs. Manners Sutton, whom we found at home. She mentioned a rumour that Lord Durham was *out*, founded, of course, on the supposed difference between him and Lord Grey. Promised to dine with her on Sunday. To Brookes's. Mentioned to Lord Dover the rumour of Durham being out. "No," he said; "not out, though he was very near it."

* * * Dined with Rogers: company, Luttrell, Kenny, C. Murray, and R.'s sister and niece. Was to have dined to meet the Valletorts at Fielding's, but had got engaged with Rogers. Luttrell quoted *àpropos* to something from the "Trip to Scarborough:" "If he gives me 500*l.* to buy pins, what will he give me to buy petticoats?" Stories of instinct in animals, carrier pigeons, &c. "I am told," says Luttrell, "a man who buys a flock of Welsh sheep never sees them again; they're all off to Carnarvonshire that night." Story of a man putting a crown piece under a stone, and sending a dog back a great distance to fetch it; delay of the dog; returned at last with the crown in a purse. A man had seen him turning up the stone, and took the piece from him; but the dog saw him put it in his purse, and never left him till he had it back again. Story of the man in the Highlands who buried his wife, and, as was the custom, read the funeral service over her himself; the same night as he was sitting lonely by his fire, heard a knock. "That's Mary's knock; go and open the door." His opening it himself, and finding it *was* his wife; who had been brought to life (according to the old story) by the sexton endeavouring to cut the ring off her finger.

29th. Breakfasted at home. Copied out the lost verses for Lady Valletort, and took them to her. Called at the Lansdownes' and saw them; had asked me to dinner to-morrow to meet Lord Plunket, but I had engaged myself

already to Lord Essex: visited Kenny in his high attic regions. * * * Dinner at Longmans'; Barnes grown most perilously corpulent. On putting a large bludgeon, which he brought with him, in the corner, he said, "There's my Conservative stick;" and added, "They have threatened to knock me on the head going over the bridge." "They!" I exclaimed; "who are *they?*" not knowing whether it was Greyites or ultras that had menaced him. "The people of the Rotunda," he answered; "I have had mobs of them in the Square." Company; besides Corry, his nephew and myself, M'Culloch and Barnes. Sat drinking port till eleven o'clock, Barnes owning that he "loved wine." On my mentioning what Charles Lamb said, told a similar sort of saying of his,—"You have no mock modesty about *you*, nor real either."

Home to dress, and got to Lansdowne House about twenty minutes after twelve; and entered one door just as Orloff, the newly-arrived lion, was disappearing through the other. * * * Found Sydney Smith holding forth to a laughing circle on the subject of tithes and the *Tripartite* division: "I am sorry to tell you," said he, "that the great historian Hallam has declared himself in favour of the Tripartite, and contends that it was so in the reign of King Fiddlefred: but we of the Church (continued Sydney, slapping his breast mock heroically) say, a fig for King Fiddlefred: we will keep our tithes to ourselves."

30th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet Washington Irving, who is about to start for America; glad to get a glimpse of him before his flight.

Went with Irving to call upon Mr. Van Buren, the American ambassador, who has been recalled: received me very graciously; and, in the short conversation I had with him, gave me the idea of a well-bred and intelligent

man. In speaking of poor Lord Dudley, whose melancholy state is now so much the topic of conversation; his large dinners, the manner he treats his guests, never speaking to them, but sitting in a sort of stupor, or reading to himself "Hume's History of England" (as he did one day Lord Lansdowne dined with him)—I remarked it showed what rank and station could do in England, when a man in such a state was still able to bring the best company about him; on which Van Buren said, "If there is any thing which rank and station cannot do in England, I have not found it out." He then added (what struck me a good deal, both as coming from a republican and as agreeing perfectly with my own opinion), "But still I must say that rank and station in England deserves (as far as *society* goes) the value set upon it; for I have found that the higher one rises in the atmosphere the purer the tone of society is." Told him how much this coincided with the whole of my own experience; that such an opinion, however, coming from a person like myself, who lived with that class without naturally belonging to them, was apt to be regarded with suspicion by my own equals, who were naturally inclined to say, "Oh yes, he is flattered by living with the great, and therefore flatters them in this way in return." I was glad to be backed in my opinion by such an authority as his, coming as he did free from all our little prepossessions and ambitions, and being in this respect so much more qualified to form an impartial judgment. He expressed at the same time strong disgust at the perpetual struggle towards this higher region that was visible in those below it; all trying to get above their own sphere, and sacrificing comfort and temper in the ineffectual effort. I agreed with him, and said it was like the exercise of the tread-mill; perpetual climbing without ever mounting. It was indeed the absence

of this sort of ambitious effort that gave the upper classes so much more repose of manner, and made them accordingly so much better company.

Dined at Lord Essex's; good deal of talk about politics: ventured to maintain the opinion that the cause of liberty has always (at least hitherto) suffered more than it gained by the Whigs being in power: forced as they are while in office to suspend if not relinquish the principles they held while *out;* and the Tories, to do them justice, seldom allowing even exclusion to alter theirs. The consequence is, that the Whig principle, unsupported on either side, remains in abeyance till some good chance turns its champions *out* again; even a boon such as the Whigs are now giving the people would have come better, at least with more safety, from Tories. In the first place it would have been dealt out with a reluctant hand, which would not have let the line run so rapidly through the fingers as it is doing at present, when the government and the people are both on one side; it is, as the saying is, "too much of a good thing." There is no counterpoise; all are pulling one way; and the consequence is, what we are but too likely to witness. It is in human nature, too, that favours from an opponent should have something sweeter and more piquant in them than when dispensed by a friend. If conceded graciously, gratitude is of course the natural consequence; if extorted, generous feelings succeed as naturally to triumph. It was at once the grace and strength of the Emancipation Bill that it should come from the hands of Wellington. R. remarked to-day that there were three great men in three different arts who all died at the age of thirty-seven; Raphael, Mozart, and Byron.

31st. Breakfasted at home; the Fieldings off to La-

cock; Talbot alone remaining. Went to Power's to beg him to send for Tom to the Charter House; from thence to Evans's to look over a copy of Irenæus (Grabe's edition) which he had procured for me. Back to Power's to meet Bishop for our musical arrangements: dined there, Tom and I, and off in the evening to the Olympic, where we were much amused; young Lord Duncan sitting behind me. In our way out was addressed with much cordiality by a lady whom at first I did not recognise, but who proved to be Mrs. Douglas, my old friend the admiral's wife; told me her address. Went to Power's, where I left Tom for the night after having supped.

April 1st. Have always intended to go some time to the Warwick Street Chapel during my visit to town, the music there is so good; but something has always prevented me. Reserved this morning for the purpose; breakfasted at Brookes's, and went: a mass of Haydn's performed; and being alone, I had my full enjoyment of it. My mind being just now full of Catholic reading, I felt myself transported back to the days of the St. Ambroses and St. Chrysostoms, when Christianity was yet in the first glow and enthusiasm of its triumph; and while the Sanctus was singing, "that dread moment," as St. Cyril calls it, found my eyes full of tears. What will not music make one feel and believe? On coming out, met Howard, who begged that, whenever I came again, I should make use of his pew.

Went to Rogers; talked politics. * * *

Had visits to pay, and R. said he would walk with me. In our various talk, he remarked what amusing memoirs I might write of my own life; told him I had long anticipated doing so, as a provision for those I should leave behind me; and if I could but once make a be-

ginning, I should be sure, I thought, to go on with it, as I intended to take no pains with the style, but let it run *à plume courante,* like a letter. He said that his sister admired my letters very much; thought them so well and shortly expressed. This rather a surprise to me, who have never had a very good opinion of my own powers of letter-writing. Met Lord Aberdeen in the park, and had some conversation with him about poor Lord Dudley, whose reconciliation dinner to Lady Holland takes place to-day. People thought something awful was going to happen to him, when, after such a long and obstinate holding out, he himself proposed terms of pacification in that quarter. Luttrell, too, whom he has for some time had some grudge against, is to be also one of the smokers of the calumet to-day. Made my visits to Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Shelley (whom we found at home), and, lastly, Admiral Douglas, where R. left me. To Brookes's, where George Ponsonby told me he was coming to meet me at dinner at Sterling's on Saturday next; odd enough this, Sterling having so generally the reputation (and I think with truth) of being the writer of the late bitter articles against Lord Grey: Ponsonby, however, I found, thinks they are *not* his. Shiel asked me anxiously whether I had made up my mind about Limerick, as he knew that the party there for bringing me in were seriously bent on it; but that if I did not bestir myself in time, some other candidate who was on the spot might pop in and have the start of me. Dined at the Speaker's: company, a Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton, ditto Kitcheners, William Bankes, and one or two more. The Speaker, as usual, good-humoured and agreeable. Bankes's story of the little girl in the street stopping with awe and amazement, on seeing a chariot stop at a door opposite, in which there were three or four skeletons seated in various

fantastic attitudes, with their laps full of livers and lights. It happened to be the day on which the sale of the great surgeon Heaviside's effects took place; and this was a coach full of his anatomical preparations going to the auction-room. Jekyll's saying, when it was mentioned that the Russians during their stay in England eat up great quantities of tallow candles, that it was a species of food "bad for the liver, but good for the lights." The Speaker said, that in the riots at Wigan this year, the mob, in plundering the house of their member, got possession of his will, and read it aloud at the market cross, whereby several near and dear relations, having found out that they were entirely cut off in his will, there had been nothing but dissension in the family ever since. Went to Mrs. Lytton Bulwer's assembly, and found such a collection as is seldom brought together; there was young Disraeli, and Rammohun Roy, and Lord Mulgrave, and Mrs. Leigh (Lord Byron's sister), and Godwin. Mrs. Leigh asked me, "Does Lord Mulgrave's look, when he laughs, remind you of somebody?" I said, it did a little.

2nd. Breakfasted at Brookes's:—went to the printer's with my MS., and left it for Simmons to calculate how many pages it would make in the printing. Went to the Longmans': in talking of this work I am about, they said, "But when are we to have a poem from you?" Asked them, did they really think a poem would have any chance of success now, when the public had been so glutted with rhymes and rhymers? "From you we really think it would," was their answer, much to my surprise. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord Auckland, Macaulay, Rogers, Schlegel, Charles Murray, &c. Rogers seated next Schlegel, and suffering manifest agony from the German's loud voice and unnecessary use of it. Got placed

between Lady Lansdowne and Macaulay very agreeably. In quoting Voltaire's "*Superflu, chose si nécessaire,*" I remarked that it had been suggested, I thought, by a passage in Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales;" and Macaulay agreed with me, and (remembering, as he does everything) repeated the passage.

Had some talk with Schlegel after dinner; asked me, if a man conscientiously, and without any intentional levity, published a book in England expressive of his disbelief in the Scriptures, and giving the reasons of his disbelief, how such a book would be received? Answered, that as to the *book*, I did'nt know, but I knew well how the *man* would be received; and I should not like to be in his place. In speaking of Pope, whom I, of course, praised, but whom he seemed not to have much taste for, he exclaimed, "Yes, to be sure, there are some fine things in him; that passage, for instance, 'Upon her neck a sparkling cross she wore,' charming!" So much for the German's appreciation of Pope. Intimated that Goethe was jealous of him in consequence of some Indian poem that he (Schlegel) wrote or translated. Rogers and I in doubt whether we should go to Lady Grey's or Lord Burghersh's music; decided for the latter. Told me, that on his asking Schlegel, in allusion to Goethe's death, "Are there any German poets now left?" Schlegel blurted out, "*I* am a German poet;" throwing his arms open pompously as he said it. Lord Lansdowne, by the bye, told me a curious mistake Charles Grant had made on his introducing Schlegel to him. Lord L. had told the latter beforehand, that Charles G. was very much versed in Indian learning; and the first thing Schlegel said to him when they were presented to each other was, "*On m'a dit monsieur, que vous vous occupez de la littérature Sanscrite.*" "*Mais toute l'Europe sait cela,*" answered

Grant; thinking that Schlegel had said he was himself so occupied.

The music at Lord Burghersh's chiefly his own: overheard the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst speaking about poor Lord Dudley, who was not able to meet his dinner guests yesterday, and who was now, as I could learn from them, quite gone. "Something, of course, will be done immediately," said the Duke, "about his property; and I suppose the Chancellor will look to-morrow to the custody of his person." Exchanged a few words with the Duke about the singing; though I doubt much whether he knows who I am. Since he was Secretary in Ireland, when I dined with him at his own table, I have met him very little in society. Came away with the Lansdownes, who brought me as far as L. House. Heard an anecdote (this morning I think) from Robinson, which is interesting, as showing, what I have never doubted, that poetry is a far more matter-of-fact thing than your people, who are only matter-of-fact, can understand or allow. Goethe told Robinson that his description of the Carnival at Rome, which is accounted one of the most delightful of his writings, had its origin in the following manner. Goethe's lodgings were on the Corso, and being solitary and *ennuyé*, he amused himself by taking notes exactly of all that passed before his eyes during the Carnival; and from those matter-of-fact notes, without any addition from fancy, he afterwards composed his description. Mentioned this to Schlegel to-day, and he confirmed the truth of it.

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers: company, Macaulay, Luttrell, Lord Kerry, and Wishaw. * * * Some strong politics talked, condemning Lord Grey's hesitation to make peers. Talking of success in college; how far it is a promise of future eminence. A number of persons men-

tioned, now distinguishing themselves (particularly in the law), who carried off honours at the university. Lord Grey distinguished at college. Anecdote of his being punished for knocking a man down in a row. Had been with some other young fellows to hear a speech of Burke's (where?), and was reciting the speech through the streets drunk. His eloquent apology before the college authorities when brought up for his offence, extorting from his judge the expression "*Melius sic pœnituisse quam non errasse.*" Luttrell's story of a tailor who used to be seen attending the Greek lectures constantly; and when some one noticed it to him as odd, the tailor saying modestly, that he knew too well what became his station to intrude himself as an auditor on any of those subjects of which from his rank in life he must be supposed to be ignorant; but "really (he added) at a *Greek* lecture I think we are all pretty much on a par."

Dined at Lord Dover's (who had made me fix the day): company, Duke of Devonshire, the Mount-Charleses, the Morleys, the Vernons, Lord De Roos, and C. Greville. Sat next Greville. In speaking of Ireland, asked me had I seen that my lines in Rock—"As long as Popish spade and scythe," &c.—were prefixed the other day to a violent petition on the subject of tithes? Mentioned also, that the first time he ever heard those verses was from Lord Manners (then Chancellor of Ireland), who repeated them to him, as well on account of their cleverness as of (what he was pleased to call) their mischievousness. After some conversation with Lady Morley, went to the Opera. Visited the Duchesse Cannizzaro, and found her with her newly-returned husband. Went from her to Lady Mansfield's box, where I remained for some time talking with Lady Caroline; then home.

5th. Breakfasted at the Literary Union — my first repast at this club, where I have been a long time an honorary member,—and shall make more use of it now that I have quitted the Athenæum. Found Lardner, whom I had asked to meet me there; talked over my unfortunate history, not a line of which is written yet; said he should not want it till about November, and he will be lucky if he gets it about June.

Went to call on Lord John Russell, who was at Woburn on my first arrival; only heard of his return from Lady William the night before. Found him at home, and as kind as ever. In the course of our conversation asked me how I came to write such a letter as I did some time since to Lord Francis Gower, saying of the Reform Bill, that it was a bill quite after my own taste, but that I was a little surprised at my friends the Whigs bringing in a measure of so evidently a republican tendency. Told him I had no recollection of having used those expressions, but it was not impossible that I might have said something like it; that, in fact, I had been always too much accustomed to speak my mind to be a very *prudent* friend of people in power, and that there was nothing I so constantly congratulated myself upon as living quietly the greatest part of my time in the country, where I could do no harm by my free speaking or thinking to any one. I said, "You yourself very well know what my opinion of this bill has been from the very first." "Yes," he answered; "you told me, I recollect, in one of your letters, that you were in heart and feeling with us, but in *opinion* with the Tories*; but I was sorry you wrote any

* What I meant by this was, that though the bill was quite in consonance with my own political feelings and principles, yet in the

thing of this nature to Lord Francis, for he showed it about, and the Tories were all delighted with it." Told him he might talk of my Παρρησια, but the worst things I have heard said about the ministry since I came to town were from some of their own troops. (I alluded to Macaulay's complaining the other day of their backwardness and timidity; of their being displeased, for instance, with the boldness of Hobhouse's speech, while Macaulay and all those on the back rows were delighted with it, &c. &c.) He said this was very true, and had sprung up but lately, as during the beginning of their career they had nothing but cheers and eulogies from their supporters. Promised to breakfast with him on Saturday.

Called upon Mrs. Norton; found her preparing to go to Hayter's, who is painting a picture of her; and offered to walk with her. Had accordingly a very brisk and agreeable walk across the two parks, and took her in the highest bloom of beauty to Hayter, who said he wished that some one would always put her through this process before she sat to him. Hayter's picture promises well. Happening to mention that almost everything I wrote was composed in my garden or the fields, "One would guess that of your poetry;" said Mrs. Norton, "it quite *smells* of them." Left her at Hayter's, and went to look for the American Secretary of Legation, through whom I wished to send a scrap of Byron's writing which I promised to Van Buren, but could not find him. Dined at Admiral Douglas's; Hinchcliffe the only one of the party I had ever met before, but almost all were West Indians; and for a wonder Reform was not mentioned during the day,

view of the consequences to which it must ultimately lead (that of *democratizing* our whole system), I could not but agree with the Tories.

nothing being talked of but the Orders in Council, the last meeting at Antigua, Mr. Somebody's excellent speech, &c. &c. Came away early.

5th. Breakfasted at home with Fielding. To Power's: have been urging him for my account; indeed, had written before I came up to town to say that one of the chief objects of my coming was to see how our long pending accounts stood, but he seems nervous and shy upon the subject. Called at Jeffrey's; saw Mrs. J., and bid her tell Jeffrey to meet me at Lord John's to-morrow morning.

Dined at Lord Essex's to meet Miss Stephens: company, besides her niece, Sharp and his ward, Rogers and his sister, Woolridge and Luttrell. Singing in the even ing; duets between Miss Stephens and her sister; Sharpe's ward also sung, and so, of course, did I. Miss Stephens and her niece *evidently*, I think, pleased with my singing. Rogers and I walked home together, and the difference there is between him thus *tête-à-tête* and when in society was never more striking; he both amused himself and me, and laughed at something I said like a boy.

6th. Breakfasted at Lord John's: company, Lady Hardy and one of her daughters, Lord William, Sydney Smith, and Luttrell: Sydney delightful. When the horse guards were passing the windows, said to Lord W., "I suppose now you must feel the same in looking at those that I do at looking at a congregation." Talking of the feelings people must have on going into battle, Lord William appealed to. Said it was, at first, always a very anxious and awful feeling, but soon went off. I mentioned my having been on board a frigate when she was cleared for action; and Luttrell said he had been in the same situation aboard a Post Office packet, and had a musket put

into his hands. This set Sydney off on the ingloriousness of such a combat; drawing a penny-post cutlass, and crying, "Freeling for ever!" Spoke of the knowledge sailors have of ships at a great distance; took them off, saying, with a telescope to the eye, "Damn her, she's the 'Delight' laden with tallow."

Sydney highly comical about Sir Henry Halford; his rout pill, to carry a lady over the night; his parliamentary pill, &c. Never shakes any one by the hand; seizes always the wrist.

Told of Leslie, the Scotch philosopher, once complaining to him that Jeffrey had "damned the North Pole." Leslie had called upon Jeffrey just as the latter was going out riding to explain some point (in an article for the "Edinburgh Review," I believe) concerning the North Pole; and Jeffrey, who was in a hurry, exclaimed impatiently, as he rode off, "O damn the North Pole!" This Leslie complained of to Sydney; who entered gravely into his feelings, and told him in confidence, that he himself had once heard Jeffrey "speak disrespectfully of the Equator." Left Lord John's with Sydney and Luttrell; and when we got to Cockspur Street (having laughed all the way) we were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something (I forget what) which Sydney said, that we were obliged to separate, and reel each his own way with the fit; I thought if any one that knew us happened to be looking, how it would amuse them. Lord John, by the bye, had asked me to meet them at dinner next Tuesday, but I shall then be at Sloperton. Turned back with Sydney to call at the Duke of Northumberland's; left our cards. Told me that he had been knocked down by a coach the other day in crossing the street, and was nearly run over; and that, knowing how much of Lord

Grey's patronage had accrued from accidents happening to clergymen, he found himself saying as he came down, "There's a vacancy."

Dined at Sterling's: company, Lord Plunket, Mrs. Archdeacon Singleton, Shiel, G. Ponsonby (who took me), Colonel Shaw, and Mrs. A., next whom I got seated; still a very handsome woman. A good deal of talk with her and Plunket, who sat at the other side of her. In speaking of the Duke of Wellington, after the ladies left us, Lord P. mentioned having been on a committee of the Dublin House of Commons with him in 1791 (I think), the case being some petition against Hutchinson of the College: Lord E. Fitzgerald was, he said, also on the same committee. The Duke was full of tricks; he and the other aide-de-camp always at some mischief or another. * * * On Lord P.'s mentioning some fine reply or extempore speech made by Grattan, Shiel sharply asked, "Could Grattan speak extempore?" Shiel himself is beginning, as he told me the other day, to interweave occasionally extempore bits in his speeches, which have hitherto been all prepared elaborately and verbally. Finds that he can manage this, and that his speeches are, of course, all the more effective for it. This, in fact, the great secret of public speaking: to prepare well the main points, and then to be able to fill up without much *disparate* as you go on with matter rising out of the occasion; the "*callida junctura*" is the difficulty.

During dinner a good deal of talk with Mrs. A. about German literature, her hobby. Mentioned a love song of Goethe's, and gave the literal English of it; which, she said, might be made a good deal of in my hands. Appeared to me (in her translation, at least) the tritest stuff possible. The only words in which there was anything

like originality or nature were as follows: "It is for him alone I walk out of the door; it is for him alone I look out of the window." But thus are people deceived by the sound and the mystery of a language foreign to them, the novelty of the words, the pride of raising the veil and discovering the "*no meaning*" under them! Paid back her brass with gold by quoting some of the beautiful ballad (of Logan's, I believe), "His mother from the window looked, with all the longing of a mother, &c." Talked of the state of religion in Germany. A deep religious feeling, she said, everywhere prevalent, and yet the freest toleration for the most bold and infidel opinions. This, I remarked, was perhaps the very reverse of what existed in England, where a most worldly indifference prevailed as to real religion, while the slightest whisper of scepticism was sure to raise an outcry against him who dared to breathe it. She mentioned with enthusiastic envy some person who had the good luck to meet (all together at some evening assembly) Goethe, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland; a most illustrious group certainly. Either she or Plunket cited Berkeley as one of the purest writers of English, and were astonished at the instance to the contrary which I produced in his use of the word "embarrass" as a noun. Dryden, too, who may also be counted one of the best writers of good English, uses "painture" for painting; to "*falsify* a shield," meaning to break it, &c. &c.

7th. Meant to have gone to Warwick Street Chapel, but happening to mention it to Rogers he said, if I would breakfast with him, he would accompany me thither. Foresaw that this would be fatal to my plans: accordingly, when I went found that he had asked Jeffrey to meet me; a good meeting at all times, but I had now set my heart

upon the music, and did not like being disappointed. Was, however, soon reconciled by the pleasure of seeing Jeffrey, who is one of my most especial favourites. In talking of Allen, mentioned that he once had a sort of Frankenstein fancy for producing life out of blood; and used to have a large tub of blood which he watched over like a wizard as it became (or as he thought it became) vascular and "instinct with life:" this, of course, a joke. Rogers produced a letter of Allen's, which he had just received, containing remarks on a late work of the American Channing, which R. had lent him. Allen's remarks, though written off *à plume courante*, very clever; showed how ignorant Channing was of the English divines, and that he criticised them evidently without having read them. His absurdity in classing Heber with Berkeley! Talked of Berkeley; his powerfully philosophic mind, and the sort of form in which he conveyed his thoughts (that of dialogue) being characteristic of such a mind; sifting both sides and leaving nothing *un*enforced on either.

In talking of different races and the proportionate predominance of the father and mother in the mind, complexion, &c. of the progeny (the Mintos, for instance; some of whom are very fair, like one parent, and others almost black, like the other), Rogers mentioned an observation of John Hunter's, that wherever there was but one boy with a number of sisters the boy was sure to be effeminate; and John Hunter used to give it as a proof of Homer's knowledge of human nature that he makes the cowardly youth, Dolon, in the night scene, "sole brother of five sisters."

Went to make calls, and to prepare for my departure to-morrow. Dined with Rogers: company, Lord Clifden, Sir J. Newport, Shiel, Barnes, and Luttrell. Sat next

Barnes, to whom I gave some verses about the peerage which I had copied out in the morning, "A Letter from the Honourable Henry —— to Lady Emma ——." Begged me, in anything I might now write for him, to spare Croker; which, I told him, was an unnecessary caution, as Croker and I were old allies.* Conversation chiefly on Irish subjects. Sir John Newport mentioned some gross instances of corruption at the Union. Shiel more than usual (at least more than I have ever seen) loud and ardent. Talk of Molyneux, who, it appears, was a great advocate for union with England, and has in his book some strong expressions on the subject. Left party early and home to pack.

8th. Started at eight o'clock and arrived safely at the dear cottage.

From this period to the present day (June 14th) I have not had time to do more in the way of journalising than merely to copy out at full, in the foregoing pages, the pencil memorandums which I had made during my visit to town. In the course of the two months that have since passed, enough has happened both to embarrass and to afflict me. * * *

April 12th. A visit from a bookseller, Mr. Harding of Cornhill, who came down, by one of the night coaches, expressly for the purpose. Had called at Power's, to ask my address in town, but found I had started the day before; and thought it better to come himself, on the business he had with me, than write. His object was to get

* To Moore it was unnecessary to address a request to spare a friend; if the request had been addressed to the other party, asking him to spare Moore, what would have been the result? Probably while Moore was alive, and able to wield his pen, it might have been successful; had Moore been dead, it would have served only to give an additional zest to the pleasure of safe malignity.—Ed.

me to write a poem for him and have it illustrated in the manner of Rogers's Italy. Asked him, did he know what an enormous sum Mr. R.'s book cost him? (7000*l.* I think Rogers told me, when I was last in town.) Said he was perfectly aware of this, and had made all his calculations on the subject, and had no doubt that a poem by me thus illustrated would pay him handsomely. I then put to him what the poem itself would cost; that I was accustomed to high prices; had received 3000 guineas from the Longmans for "Lalla Rookh," and so on. He answered that he was prepared for all this; that he should require for his purpose a poem but a third of the length of "Lalla Rookh," and would of course pay accordingly. I then told him that I was at present much occupied with other tasks, but would consider of the matter, and after having consulted with the Longmans, would let him know my decision. Pressed him to lunch, dine, &c., but the poor man was anxious to get back to his business after his (I fear) totally useless journey, and off he went. When I told Bessy, it amused her to think that, at the very moment when I was turning a thousand guineas from the door, she was just considering, with much anxiety, whether she would go to the expense of five or six shillings for a fly to take her to Devizes to-morrow. * * *

14th. Went into Devizes (Bessy and I) to hear two Swiss singers, and dined at Hughes'.

17th. To Lacock, to dine with the Fieldings; only Kit Talbot; slept there.

21st. A visit from Lord Lansdowne, who had come down for a few days; was on foot, and I walked back with him a great part of the way. Conversation about the prospects of the Reform Bill; expressed his hope that there would be no necessity for a new creation of peers, to

which step he seemed to have strong repugnance. Told him of the journal kept by Crabbe in one of his visits to London, which has been found among his papers, and which the son has sent me. But little of it, and, in general, mere details; but there were a few striking and characteristic bits.

24th. To Bowood to dinner; only themselves; very agreeable; slept there.

28th. To Fieldings' to meet Madlle. M. and Lord Lansdowne. In talking of the letters of Napoleon that remain, Madlle. M. mentioned that Montholon has heaps of notes in pencilling which Napoleon used to write to him from his chambers at St. Helena. In speaking of French readings, Lord L. told very livelily of his being nailed one evening after a dinner at Benjamin Constant's to hear Benjamin read a novel; he (Lord L.) wanting to go somewhere else. Two long hours was he kept under this operation, seated next Madame Constant; when by good luck for him her favourite Tom cat, which had, contrary to custom, been excluded, on this occasion watched its opportunity of entrance and made a sudden irruption into the room. "Instantly (says Lord Lansdowne), with an adroitness of which I could have hardly thought myself capable, I started up, as if indignant at the interruption, and, seizing the cat in my arms, rushed out with him upon the landing-place, from whence I lost no time in escaping as fast as possible to the hall door." Slept at Lacock.

29th. After breakfast Fielding and Madlle. M. walked part of the way home with me. * * * In talking of the late Lord Hastings, she said that she had often heard her father mention a day he passed in company with the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.), Lord Hastings, and the Duc de Blacas; and his being so much struck, not only

with the high-bred deportment of all three, but with the great resemblance they bore in their manners to each other. Power's accounts at last arrived; being busy, however, did not look into them till

May 1st. Glanced my eye hastily over the balance against me, and was somewhat startled by its amount; but on looking through some of the items saw such regularity and (as I thought) fairness in them, that I concluded all was right, and wrote to Power to say so, adding, in my simplicity, that I flattered myself never were accounts of so long a standing settled so smoothly and amicably as ours would be.

4th. Took the opportunity of a leisure moment to look more accurately over Power's accounts; and found, to my consternation, that they are anything but what I had supposed. * * * Wrote to him that in looking more accurately over his accounts I had found what *must*, I thought, be a mistake; namely, his charges against me during several years for the half (125*l.*) of an annuity which it appeared he paid to Mr. Bishop, and the *whole* of the large sums charged by Mr. Bishop for the compositions and arrangements to my songs; that it was very true I had assented to a deduction of 50*l.* annually from the 500*l.* that had been for some years paid to me, as an aid towards defraying the expense of the composer, but that I had never, by either word or writing, consented to any further reduction of my stipulated annuity, nor had he himself ever even hinted to me his intention of making such a reduction, and therefore his bringing such charges against me now must be an entire mistake.

6th. A smooth answer from Power, saying that it was no mistake; that having informed me at the time what was the annuity he was about to give Bishop, he "*con-*

cluded" that I would not consider it too much to pay the half of it. "Concluded," indeed! not the slightest notice does he take of the actual fact that I never assented, in word or writing, to any other reduction of my annuity than the 50*l.* which was agreed on between us. Instead of which, he has now mounted up charges little short of from 150*l.* to 200*l.* each year.

8th. Received a letter from my sister Ellen, saying that our dearest mother was by no means well. Have never of course had much confidence in her health since I last saw her, when she had recovered as it were from the very grave; but have indeed blessed God for every hour of comfortable existence that has been granted to her since, knowing well that she could not long be left to us, and dreading only for her a death of lingering pain.

9th. Another letter, if I recollect right, in which Ellen desired me not to think of coming over till I should hear further from her, as my mother was then much easier. Had I followed my own wishes I would have started instantly; but Bessy, full of alarm about the cholera, which is raging in Dublin, entreated me not to go, and seemed resolved if I did to accompany me. I therefore waited.

12th. A letter from Crampton, which Bessy gave me, saying that my darling mother was almost insensible; but that, as she had recovered from quite as bad a state before, she might now; and entreating me not to stir till I should hear from him again. Resolved to start immediately; but after breakfast my sweet Bessy, after preparing my mind to hear the worst, produced another letter from Peter Leigh, which she had withheld, and which contained the account that all was over (on Wednesday night), and that the funeral was to take place on this very morning (Saturday). Returned home.

It is now useless, besides being painful, to say what I felt at the event. I had been too well prepared for it to feel anything violent, and the effect it had upon me was rather that of deep and saddening depression, which continued for some days, and seemed more like bodily indisposition than any mental affliction. The fact was too that I *was* ill, whether from the shock at the last I know not. The difference it makes in life to have lost *such* a mother, those only who have had that blessing, and have lost it, can feel: it is like a part of one's life going out of one.

14th. Forgot to mention that about a week since I had a visit from Saunders, the present publisher of the "Metropolitan" (who came down by the night coach expressly for the purpose), to request me to become a contributor to that publication. Proposed to me three hundred a-year for my contributions; but I declined it, expressing my general repugnance to having anything to do with periodicals, and adding that, at all events, the sum he proposed was not such as could ever tempt me to get over that repugnance. He then begged me to name my own terms, but I would not. Promised, however, to give him for his next month my verses to Lady Valletort, in case she and her family should have no objection to their publication. Asked him to stay to dinner, but he was obliged, he said, to return by the night's coach. In consequence of this visit of Saunders's, have had a letter from Captain Marryat, the proprietor of the "Metropolitan," renewing his proposals. The depression of my spirits, and the feeling of indisposition, still continued. I should have been much better I know had I followed my own first impulse, and started immediately for Ireland; for even though I had but gone half way I should have felt I was doing

something: the very effort and excitement of the journey would have done me good, and I should not have been left so helplessly to my own feelings as I was now.

15th to 21st. An effort of nature considerably relieved me, and I began to feel lighter and better. Bessy wrote to the Napiers to propose our coming to see them for a day.

22nd. In a fly to Freshford; our dear Tom riding and in high delight, Mr. Hughes having lent him young Brabant's pony during the holidays. The Napiers very kind, and Napier himself hospitable and agreeable.

23rd. Received a letter from Captain Marryat, the proprietor of the "Metropolitan," proposing to me 1000*l.* a-year, if I would become editor of the "Metropolitan," and saying there would be no necessity for my living in town in consequence, as there was a sub-editor who would look to all the details. Took time to consider of the proposition, which was one not hastily to be rejected. I had sent up to them the verses to Lady Valletort, and had said that whatever sum they thought them worth would be very acceptable; in consequence of which Marryat now inclosed me 100*l.*, expressing a hope that I would continue my contributions through the two next numbers. Returned him the 100*l.*, saying that I could not pledge myself to any further contributions, and that for the verses I had sent a sum in proportion to what Mr. Saunders had offered annually would be abundantly sufficient.

24th to 26th. From some late letters of Lady Morgan on the subject of the "Metropolitan," I had been led to believe that Campbell meant to give up the editorship of the magazine, which belief alone could have induced me to enter into any negociations on the subject. Finding, however, from Marryat that Campbell was still to con-

tinue in the concern, I felt that my engaging as editor would look like forcing myself into his shoes; and therefore wrote to decline the proposition, saying, that "though I should consider it an honour to *succeed* Campbell, I could not possibly think of *supplanting* him."

27th. Another offer from Marryat, which he said he could not help making, though with but little hope of my accepting it; and this was 500*l.* a-year for contributions as often as it might suit me to give them, and only stipulating that for each of the three next numbers I should give them something. This I felt was too liberal an offer and too convenient to me in my present circumstances to refuse, though hating the thing most heartily, and still feeling it to be a sort of degradation of literature. I wrote to him to say that I should act unfairly, both by him and myself, were I, without due consideration, to reject an offer so handsome, and that, therefore, I should turn the matter over in my mind and let him know my determination in a day or two.

29th. Our dear Tom's holidays being to expire to-morrow, we took him off to Marlborough for a gipsy party in the Forest, with Russell and some of his schoolfellows. A delightful day of it, though I (in walking on before the rest of the party) lost my way as usual, and had some difficulty in finding the place which they had fixed on for dinner. Five or six of Russell's schoolfellows, chosen by himself, formed our company, and all very merry.

30th. Wrote to Marryat, to say I accepted his offer for one year.

June 1st to 16th. Much annoyed and disgusted on receiving the new number of the "Metropolitan" (that which contains my verses to Lady Valletort) to see some ribald

attacks upon Rogers in it, and also some vulgar trash about myself. The latter I did'nt care a pin about, but the stuff against Rogers, appearing in a work with which my name will now be connected, annoyed me exceedingly and gave me the first specimen of the sort of tarnish one must expect by such contact. Wrote to Captain Marryat to say that I really must pause here, and ask leave to be off my bargain, if there could be the slightest risk of any repetition of such disreputable attacks. Received a very gentlemanlike answer from Marryat, to say that he was as much shocked as I had been to see the passages about Rogers; and that I might depend upon nothing of the kind being ever again suffered to appear.

17th to 26th. Received a letter from M., in which he said, that in the course of an interview with Spring Rice upon some business, Rice had expressed to him the great pleasure it would give him to have me for a colleague in the representation of Limerick (should he not leave that place for Cambridge); and added that it was also the wish of government to have me in for Limerick. The government are, however, mistaken if they think they might count upon me as a supporter on Irish matters. I can already foresee I should be against them tooth and nail.

27th. Went (Bessy and I and little Russell) to pass a day or two with the Salmons.

28th. To Watson Taylor's sale. Met there Wm. P., who told me that the metropolitan elections, instead of taking the turn that he and others dreaded they would, were likely to be, if any thing, too aristocratical.

29th. A curious journal of Sir Edward Bayntun's has fallen into Salmon's hands, of which I glanced through a few pages. His difficulties about money, and the small sums he raised by bills (though living in the first company),

very striking; taking up, for instance, a bill of 25*l.* by another to the same amount. Dinner hours of people of rank at that time (1740 or so) from three to four o'clock; then to White's, and afterwards to the Smyrna.

July 1st to 3rd. On the 3rd dined at Salmon's (myself only): a large party, Lockes, &c. Slept there.

4th. Received a letter from O'Connell, marked "confidential," on the subject of my return for Limerick; of which he says there would not be the slightest doubt, were there not an impression entertained that, from my friendship with Lord Lansdowne, I should consider myself bound to follow his line of politics. Answered to say, that if I *did* come into Parliament it would not be to follow the track of Lord Lansdowne or any other man's politics, but to maintain Irish liberties and Irish interests at all risks and against all ministers; that it would, of course, be painful to me to come politically into collision with one or two of the present ministers, whose friendship I highly valued, but that these friends themselves were too well acquainted with my opinions not to be fully prepared for the line I should take on Irish politics, and that, at all events, prepared or not, Irish they should find me to the back-bone. I then added, that having thus answered for myself as far as regarded English influence, I must say to him who embodied in his own person all Irish influence, that of *him* also, in the event of my coming into Parliament, I must keep myself equally independent; and, in short, to repeat his own words in his letter, "be bound to no *man* or *party whatever*."

5th. A letter from John Scully relating to Cashel, where they appear, by his account, to be even still more eager to have me for their member than at Limerick. According to his showing, out of 200 and odd votes which

the reform will create, 150 are already secured to me; and on my presenting myself there (which he strongly urges) there would not be, he says, the slightest doubt of my success.

6th. A letter from Captain Marryat, he having proposed himself some weeks since to come down to us.

7th. Took Marryat over to Bowood.

8th. Marryat left us. In the course of one of our conversations together, I took an opportunity of representing to him that he was really throwing away his money in giving me so much for my mere name; and his answer was, that if *he* was satisfied with the bargain, he did not see why *I* should make myself uneasy about it.

9th to 16th. Have been kept in a good deal of anxiety and doubt by the expectation of my dear sister Ellen, who is coming to pass some time with us, but is delayed by business.

17th. Set off to go to Bristol, to meet Ellen, who I had some reason to think was to sail this morning from Dublin. At Melksham received a letter from her to say that she should not sail till next Tuesday. Having taken my place, went on to Bath; drove about the new park with Crawford, who had a very comfortable dinner got ready for me at four; and at five I started to return home.

18th to 23rd. Writing some verses on Crabbe's inkstand for the "Metropolitan."

24th. Set off for Bath, with Bessy and Russell, in a fly; walked about performing commissions till four, when they left me to return home; dined at the York House, and was lucky enough to find Bowles there, with whom I had some very amusing conversation.

25th. Off for Bristol in a chaise. Arrived early at Clifton; and walked about the whole day, enchanted with

the place, which I had never seen before, having once merely passed through. It is quite unlike anything else, and in its way most beautiful. Called upon Strong the bookseller at Bristol, who took me to the Library, the Institution, &c. At four the packet (the Killarney) with my dear little Ellen arrived. Two other packets preparing to go out at the same time; in one of which O'Connell was to start. Some conversation with him about my return for some Irish place or another, which he said I was quite sure of; and added that I myself could have no notion of the enthusiasm that prevailed about me everywhere in Ireland.

Told him of a correspondence I had had on the subject of Limerick with M.; and of which, as I have not noted it down in its place, I shall here hastily give the particulars. M. sent me a copy of a letter from a Dr. Griffin of Limerick, very sensibly written; in which he said, with reference to my election for Limerick, that those who represented me as likely to be backed by Lord Lansdowne's interest there did me more harm than good, as at present the only drawback on the disposition of the people of Limerick towards me was their being afraid, from my known friendship with Lord Lansdowne, that I should be little better than his nominee. In my answer to M. on the subject of this letter I begged him to set his Limerick correspondent right with respect to my supposed dependence on Lord Lansdowne, or on any other man. My whole past life ought to have been a sufficient security, I thought, for my independence in future; and so far from there being any chance of my becoming the nominee of Lord Lansdowne, I doubted very much whether (knowing the line I should take in Irish politics) he would be at all disposed to *give* me his interest in Limerick; and most certainly *I* should not be disposed to *ask* him for it. After something more to the same pur-

port I added, that whether I should make up my mind to come into Parliament or not was a matter of very trifling consideration in my mind compared with the duty I felt thus instantly to repel such unjust surmises. The substance of this I now told briefly to O'Connell, representing to him at the same time the impossibility I feared there would be of my coming into Parliament at all, from my whole means of subsistence being dependent on my daily labour. The contemptuous snap he gave of his fingers when I mentioned Lord L.'s interest in Limerick was but too expressive, I fear, of the real facts of the case; *i. e.* of the impotence of *any* lord's interest, anywhere, opposed to himself and the people. Got dear Nell safe ashore; and, having dined at Bristol, set off for home, where we arrived about ten at night.

August 1st. Bowles and the Hughes dined with us. Bowles very amusing; full of a story he is about to write concerning Ela, the foundress of Lacock Abbey; could not get on, however, without consulting Matthew Paris, and said he should be obliged to go to Salisbury expressly for the purpose. Recollected that I had a copy of Matthew Paris, and, to his great joy, produced it.

8th to 19th. Nothing noteable. At work at my "Travels," &c.; wrote, for the "Metropolitan," "Song of the departing Spirit of Tithe;" also songs for Power, to complete the number wanting of my annual amount, and something for "The Times."

20th to 25th. A visit from Lord Lansdowne, who had arrived a day or two before. Walked part of the way back with him; and was rejoiced to see how firmly and healthily, and in his old way, he was again able to step out.

27th. The day tremendously wet; made up my mind

to remain; wrote some verses for "The Times" — "Tory Pledges." In the evening, the two Galways, Horatia Fielding, and Edwards acted charades: their dresses very well managed, and showed off the beauties of the whole party to great advantage.

28th. Returned home pretty early.

29th. A letter from Corry, in which he tells me of a conversation he had had with a good "factious priest" (as he calls him), at Cheltenham, with respect to my forthcoming work. The priest had asked him, with much anxiety, to which religion I meant to give the preference in my "Search." "All I can tell you," answered Corry, "is, that I believe he means to place *your* religion very high." "Then he is a true Irishman?" demanded the priest. "That he is in every respect," answered Corry. A ball at Phipps's, to which Bessy and I went, not forgetting dear Tom and Nell. A very pretty ball, good supper, &c. &c. Bessy danced herself nearly off her legs.

September 11th. Corry at breakfast; speaking of the theatricals at Blessington's. A set of mock resolutions drawn up, one of which was the following, chiefly levelled at Crampton, who was always imperfect in his part: — "That every gentleman shall be at liberty to avail himself of the words of the author in case his own invention fails him." P. F., who acted the King in Warwick, saying, in his affected way, with a twist of the mouth, "Gracious heavens! what am I?" and Humphrey Butler, who was one of the lords sitting round him, and was rather tipsy, answering, in an under tone, "By —— you're the ugliest fellow and the worst actor that I ever saw!" Grattan saying to Corry, about the head of John Crampton, which is given in the "Kilkenny Theatricals," "How very unkind to give Mr. Crampton without his legs!" "It

would be hard to manage it," said Corry. "Why no; I would put one leg there, and the other there," pointing to each side of the head. Fielding to dinner: Corry very amusing.

12th. To Bath, Corry and I; my object being to attend a dinner given to Henry Hobhouse by the electors, to which they have invited me. Placed at dinner next John Cam Hobhouse, whom I found very good-natured and agreeable. My health drunk, and my speech in return very flatteringly received, though I found the first part (in which I lamented the little prospect there was of any change for the better in the system of government in Ireland) fall but coldly on the ears of my auditors. This is lamentable. When I came, however, to speak of England and Reform I got on most triumphantly, and the company called for me afterwards to address them again, but I declined. Got home, with my host, Dr. Crawford, about twelve. Despatched a note to the editor of the "Bath Chronicle," entreating him *not* to give a report of my speech.

13th. Called upon Burdett. Left Bath, with Corry, for Joy's before five, Joy having invited him to accompany me. It was near twelve before we arose from table; and soon after Corry and I started for Sloperton, where we arrived about a quarter past one, and found Bessy sitting up for us.

14th. All dined at Bowood — Corry, Bessy, my sister Ellen, and myself. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Lansdownes to my poor dear little Ellen, who told me afterwards that the sad thought often crossed her mind during the day, what delight it would have given to our darling mother to have seen her among such people, and so cordially noticed by them: company, the Scotts, Lut-

trell, &c. Spoke, among other things, of the pretty French farce "Les Voitures versées," and the old fellow describing the delights of a good upset at his gate; poets, musicians, painters, &c.: "*Imaginez vous quand tout ça verse à la fois!*"

17th. Dined at Bowood: company, Lord and Lady Barrington, P. Oakden, the Listers, two Poles (one of them old Nimyerich, a Polish poet, who has been staying at Lacock, and expressing great impatience to "see his brother poet, Thomas Moore"), Luttrell, &c. Talking of the late Duke of Devonshire, his taciturnity, losing a game at cards one evening, and saying, "That's unlucky, Chiswick was burned this morning;" being the first intimation he had given his family of the accident.

Nimyerich mentioned a German author who has written two large volumes on the "Digestion of a Flea." A French term of cooking, "*Dinde à la veuve éplorée.*" I mentioned Diodati having accused the French language (most foolishly) of being deficient in terms of cookery, and Voltaire replying to him, "*Plût à Dieu que vous eûssiez raison! Je m'en porterais mieux; mais malheureusement nous avons un dictionnaire entier de cuisine.*"

Talked of Gibbon's French; the manifesto in that language which he drew up during the American war (the "Mémoire Justificatif"), which was considered in England so perfect in its style; but which Lord Lansdowne said some Frenchman told him was easily discoverable to be a foreigner's. Talked of Sir W. Jones's French and of Beckford's in "Vathek." Anecdote of Mad. de Stäel mistaking Charles Long for Serjeant Lens, who had just then done something disinterested in the way of refusing office; and saying to him, What a pleasure and honour she felt it to be made known to a man who in these days could so

magnanimously "*rejeter les emplois.*"* Music in the evening. Lady Barrington's Scotch song, "Charlie," most stirring and triumphant; shows off her fine clear, bell-toned voice with great effect. Slept there.

18th. Walked home, had three or four hours' work, and returned. Rogers arrived from town at five.

19th. A walk before breakfast with Rogers, who was in a most amiable mood. After breakfast had music, at the organ first, and then at the pianoforte. Sung a good deal. R. and Luttrell walked part of the way home with me. Had Dr. Starkey, Coventry, and the girls to dine with us. R., during our walk, mentioned what Bobus Smith says of ——: "Why he is the most capacious believer that's to be found anywhere! he believes more than almost any other man: he believes in no cause at all; in the existence of all things from all eternity without any beginning whatever; that they could not be otherwise than they are," &c. &c.

20th. Met Rogers, by appointment, on his way to call upon Bessy; full of kindness to her, as usual. Told me what success my late squib against tithes has had; heard several people in town speaking of it. It is odd enough that he had never seen my verses to Crabbe's inkstand, where he himself plays a part.

21st. Lady Elizabeth called, with Lady Valletort and the old Pole, Nimyerich, who had been anxious to see my cottage. Fixed me to come to Lacock on Wednesday next, and, if possible, stay over Thursday; foresee that I shall have nothing now but idleness for a fortnight to come.

* Lord B., who was standing by, said, "I beg your pardon, Madam; Mr. Long has shown his patriotism by serving the Crown." —Ed.

23rd. Walked to Bowood to call upon Rogers; found he had gone to breakfast and church at Bowles's, and set off there, accompanied part of the way by Lord L. and Luttrell. Lunched at Bowles's, and walked back with Rogers; making, by the time I reached Sloperton, between twelve and thirteen miles. Bowles, by the bye, has been writing a most twaddling answer to my tithe squib, which has appeared in the Devizes paper; looked a little nervous on the strength of it to-day. Bessy said, when I read it to her, "It is lucky for him he is your friend;" and I *could*, to be sure, have made rare reprisals on him. A note from Mrs. Napier to Bessy, in which she says how much Napier had liked my late speech (of which "The Times" has given a good report) at the Bath dinner. "I have never," she says, "seen him more delighted than with the reading of it." This proves I was at least *radical* enough. Received a letter from Dr. Griffin of Limerick, telling me that they had formed an Election Society there, which would command at least 1500 of the 2000 votes likely to be registered there; and that they waited but for my consent to send me a public invitation.

25th. Bessy and Tom off to Buckhill, in order to start from thence to-morrow. Called myself on Rogers at Bowood. Talking of Ireland, he enumerated the long list of distinguished men whom she has poured into England. Believed the Irish to be beyond most other people in *genius*, but behind them in *sense*. Dined at Buckhill, and walked home at night; Bessy and Tom being to start in the York House in the morning.

26th. Struck by a curious account in the newspapers of the effects of darkness in producing deformity. Some caverns mentioned, I forget where, in which the poor people take up their abode; and where, there being little or no

light, monstrous births are frequent. In confirmation of the same fact, some French naturalist has found that tadpoles, if kept in the dark, may be nursed up to an enormous size without ever becoming frogs. To Lacock to dinner: company, Luttrell and Count Zamoiski; slept there. Luttrell telling of Sir F. Gould, on some one saying to him, "I am told you eat three eggs every day at breakfast;" "No;" answered Gould, "on the contrary." Some of us asked, "What was the contrary of eating three eggs?" "Laying three eggs, I suppose," said Luttrell.

27th. To Bowood to dinner; two Neapolitan Counts Poerio* (father and son), Rogers, and the Mundys. The old Count very eloquent after dinner on the state of Italy; spoke very good French. Some conversation with him and his son after dinner; with the latter upon literature, Nicollini, Manzoni, &c. &c. Slept there.

28th. Walked home; Rogers with me great part of the way. Told a story of a young girl who had been sacristine (query, are there female sacristines?) in a convent, and conducted herself most innocently and industriously; till having her imagination inflamed by the searching questions of the confessor, she left her situation and abandoned herself to a licentious life. Her becoming weary of it and repenting, and returning to the neighbourhood of the convent; where some woman, a stranger to her, seeing her fatigue and distress, asks her to take refreshment. The girl inquiring about the convent and asking who was now sacristine of it; and the woman answering, "Antonia" (the girl's own name), and adding "The same who has been sacristine for some years; a

* Poerio the father was a man of very considerable talent. The son is one of the victims of the political persecutions of Naples; himself a patriot, and distinguished for his abilities.—Ed.

very good and pious girl." The girl's amazement; and her having a dream that night, in which the Virgin Mary appeared to her and said, that in consideration of her previous goodness and innocence, and the prospect of her repentance, she herself had acted as sacristine for her ever since her fall, and that she might now resume her place without tarnish, and become again worthy of her former character. R. said, that on mentioning this story (which W. Irving had told him) to Lady Holland, she remembered having read it somewhere, and sending her page for a volume of Le Grand's "Fabliaux," they found it. * * * In talking of pictures, R. mentioned Lord Carhampton saying to some one who asked him whether he would like to see a very fine picture of Poussin's, "Why yes; and if it *is* a fine picture, I had just as lieve it had been painted by any one else." Returned to Bowood to dinner: company, Dr. and Mrs. Fowler, Lady Elizabeth, Luttrell, and Zamoiski. Slept.

29th. Rogers and Lord L. walked part of the way home with me. R.'s account of the early part of Horne Tooke's life; his life in Italy; being cut by a whole party on being found out to be a clergyman; his winning them all over, and being seen home to his house with a band of music. A saying of Horne Tooke's, "I don't like to hear people dwelling so much on *precedent;* it always shows there is something wrong in the *principle.*" To Lacock to dinner; slept there.

30th. Meant to have staid at Lacock, but received a letter to say that Bessy was returning from town this evening, so came away after breakfast; I answered Dr. Griffin's letter, declining the proposal of the Limerick people on the ground that my circumstances are not such as could justify my coming into Parliament at all.

October 1st, 2nd. A note from Lord Lansdowne asking me for Thursday to meet Lord John.

4th. To Bowood to dinner. Lord John in excellent spirits after his canvass. I had mentioned to Lord L. in a note that I should like to go up to town with Lord John if he could take me, and he now offered most cordially to do so. Talked in the evening of Pascal, Gibbon, &c.; and Lord L. read out Gibbon's splendid, but far too operose and ostentatious, passage about comets.

5th. Obliged to return home, though they wished me to stay; day desperately wet.

6th. Lord John called, and was very agreeable; laughed like a schoolboy half the time. Staid a good while with us, and delighted both Bessy and my sister; particularly the latter, to whom the sight of the famous Lord John was quite a godsend.

7th. Preparing for my trip to town. To Bowood to dinner: company, besides Lord John, the Bowles's and Fieldings. Bowles amusing us by saying that he had once an offer to be made a member of the Whig Club; on our looking a little surprised, "Yes," he added, "and of the Linnæan, too." I said, that in both instances it must have been some mistake, as he was neither Whig nor naturalist. Whishaw (who had been some time at Bowood confined by an accident, in consequence of which he bruised his nose very much) was able to come down and join us in the evening. Forgot to mention a note I had from Talbot, who was staying at Lord Shrewsbury's, at Alton, saying how much Lady Shrewsbury wished to be acquainted with me, and telling me that she had my "Melodies" bound in green velvet embroidered with gold, and the Irish harp in gold upon the covers. In answering him, I inclosed my note in a letter to Lord Shrewsbury,

communicating to him the nature of the work I was engaged upon, and paying him some compliments upon his own work on the same subject; asking, at the same time, with respect to his theological library, and whether I might be permitted to have access to it. Received a very polite answer, saying that he had a great number of books of the kind I wanted at Alton, and would forward to me such as I should mark in his catalogue; but that it would gratify him and Lady Shrewsbury much more if I would come and study *at* Alton, where they would be glad of my company for a month, or as long as I could make it convenient to stay.

8th. Started with Lord John about eight o'clock. A good deal of conversation about politics; never ceased, indeed, talking on one subject or another the whole way. Told him freely that I was still of the same opinion as to the rashness of giving so much to the people at once by the Reform Bill. He said, "So far from its being rash, he thought it the most prudent thing they could have done. It was a very different measure they had to take of the quantum of reform necessary when in and when out. While in opposition they were obliged to take what they could get; but when in power, and called upon to originate a measure themselves, they were pledged, he thought, to give the amplest they could with safety." In these latter words, however, lay the point upon which our difference of opinion turned. It appeared to me that the principle upon which they justified their giving so much, — namely, that if they had given less, the people would not have been satisfied, — ought, on the contrary, to have made them reserve still further boons in their own hands, as the people were sure to be dissatisfied, at all events, and to ask for more, let the quantity given be

as ample as it might. This is human nature, at least popular nature; and they had made a false calculation, I thought, in supposing it would be otherwise. Already, I said, this was apparent in the demand for ballot and shorter parliaments. To this he answered, fairly enough, that these two points were not to be considered as exceeding the *principle* of the Bill; because he himself had expressly adverted to them, in proposing the measure, as subjects open to future consideration. In speaking of the position in which the Ministry were now placed, I mentioned how constant were my apprehensions lest circumstances should arise to place them still more and more every day in opposition to the popular feeling, and to their own former principles. As a symptom of this, I referred to Lord John's own answer lately to a speech of Burdett's on the foreign policy of the Ministry, and said how sorry I was to see the tone he was forced by circumstances to take on that topic. Told him what Hobhouse had mentioned to me of the consternation into which Burdett's foreign policy speech had thrown the Treasury Bench, and of Lord Althorp saying to him (Hobhouse), "Now I dare say it would give Sir F. Burdett very sincere pain if, in consequence of that speech, I were to-morrow to resign; but really to that it must come if our supporters bring us into such difficulties by indulging in such speeches." Lord John, however, seemed to say that it was not on that occasion but on some other that Althorp threatened to resign. Spoke very cordially of Lord Althorp, and of the sort of Pylades and Orestes style (this *my* phrase, not *his*) in which they had gone on together through the Bill. As a proof of their inseparableness during that time, he mentioned that, in company somewhere, where Lord Althorp was not

present, on some one asking him (Lord John) whether he had a snuff-box, he answered, "No; but Althorp has." * * *

Speaking of Lord Grey, he said that there was far more humility and tractableness about him in his opinions and decisions, than the world, from his reputed temper and his manner, gave him credit for; that, in fact, few men were more ready to consult with and pay deference to others. Said that the only time during the progress of the Reform Bill that he himself felt nervous, was on their being about to resume office on the failure of the Duke of Wellington to form a Ministry. Was much struck, I own, during this whole day's conversation, not only with the manly frankness of Lord John himself, but still more at the temper and candour with which he bore the free speaking of his companion. Lord John mentioned that he had dined with Canning at Paris at the time when my squib about the Turtle and the Foreign Secretary appeared; that they talked about it, and Canning seemed much amused by it. Luncheon at Reading, and arrived at the Pay Office before seven. Found a snug dinner ready, and also a snug bed-room, into which (instead of going to Fielding's) I turned for the night; Lord John expressing his regret that he could not ask me to use it all the time I remained in town, as he expected Lady William up daily from Woburn.

9th. Lord John had told me as we came up, that he had been employed during his other great occupations no only in writing a book but in printing it, and would lend me the sheets to look over. Could not, however, now find them. Left him after breakfast. Went and took possession of my comfortable bed-room at Fielding's.

Breakfasted at Brookes's; called upon the Bryans

the chief object of my coming to town, Bessy having told me that Bryan said he wanted most anxiously to see me upon a matter of much importance. Walked with me as far as the Charter-house to see Tom.

From thence I went to the Longmans; promised to dine with them on Friday. Told me they thought the Trade gave some symptoms of improvement, though whether it might not be a mere momentary excitement produced by the *penny* things which are now inundating the world of literature they could not feel quite sure. At a late sale, however, of theirs, they had sold upwards of 20,000*l.* worth of stock. Thought of calling at Rogers's, on the chance of his not having yet gone to Broadstairs: found that he was not to go till morning and would dine at home, alone; so took my seat and waited his return. A most agreeable *tête-à-tête* dinner and evening. Spoke of poor Mackintosh*: said he had sacrificed himself to conversation; that he read for it, thought for it, and gave up future fame for it. Told an anecdote of the Empress Catherine, which Lord St. Helen's had related to him. At one of her private parties, when she was as usual walking about from card-table to card-table looking at the players, she suddenly rang the bell for her page, but he did not come; she looked agitated and impatient, and rang again, but still no page appeared. At length she left the room, and did not again return; and conjecture was of course busy as to what might be the fate of the inattentive page. Shortly after, however, some one having occasion to go into the anti-chamber of the pages, found a party of them at cards, and the Empress seated playing along with them. The fact was, she had found that the

* Sir James Mackintosh died in the year 1832.—Ed.

page she rung for was so interested in the game he was engaged in, that he could not leave it to attend to her summons; and accordingly she had quietly taken his hand for him, to play it out, while he went on the errand. So meekly can they who have the power of life and death over those around them sometimes deal with their slaves! Lord St. Helen's himself was one of the Empress's company on the occasion.

10th. Breakfasted at Brookes's. Thence to Holland House; saw my Lady, who is very ill, and poor Lord H. still worse. Called at Murray's to inquire what was doing relative to the subscription for Sir W. Scott's family. Found I had been appointed on the committee formed for that purpose; some of the members of which are to have a meeting on Friday next.

11th. Breakfasted at Brookes's. Called on Marryat at United Service Club, but did not find him. Went hunting among the book-stalls of Holborn for theological books, and treated myself to a few. Back in time to dress for a five o'clock dinner at Holland House. Saw Lord H. before dinner lying on a sofa, with a folio volume of Erasmus propped up before him; looked very languid. Told me I should see him again after dinner, either there or in his bed. No one at dinner but Allen, Miss Fox, and my Lady; the latter most perilously well and in a high state of excitement and agreeableness. * * * Promised to send me to Sloperton a few flaggons of her light dinner Burgundy, the *Vin de Nuit*. Just as we had finished our dessert Lord John and Lord Lansdowne arrived, having come from the great Cabinet Council for which they have all been summoned to town. Lord John dined, but Lord L. returned to town to dine with Lord Melbourne. After his dinner Lord John went to Lord

Holland to talk over what had been done at the Council. * * *

12th. Either to-day or yesterday went in search of Barnes, who has temporarily changed his residence. Could not find him. * * * Went to the meeting at Murray's relative to the subscription for Sir W. Scott. Found there Scott of Harden, Sir Coutts Trotter, Pusey, Hay, and one or two more. The object was to raise a sum for the purchase of Abbotsford. A statement of the amount of property left by him, how disposed of, and how encumbered, was laid before us. Abbotsford itself, it appeared, was not worth at the utmost 600*l.* a-year; and it would take that sum at least to keep it up, the very window-tax absorbing a good part of it. Though Scott was insolvent (not, of course, knowing that he was so) at the time when he settled Abbotsford on his son's wife, it appears that the settlement is not (as it would have been in other cases) null; as, Mrs. Scott's fortune (60,000*l.*) having been advanced on the faith of that settlement, her claim takes precedence of that of the creditors. Letters were read from Scotland requesting that we should merge our object in theirs and subscribe for the monument: as if the most solid monument, and the most welcome (if I may so say) to the spirit of Scott himself, would not be the gift from the country to his family of the place which will be for ever connected with his name. I saw plainly that there was but little hope of our object being attained; and fear much that even party has a good deal to do with the coldness if not disinclination manifested towards it, as if forgetting that Scott was a man of mankind, and one that ought not to be measured within the small and wretched circumference of Party.

Dined at Longman's: company, all, with the exception

of M'Culloch and myself, printers, paper-men, and booksellers; the high church Rivington among the latter. Got on very well, though I now and then startled the ears of the Establishment publisher with our political heterodoxies. Talking of the Benthamites; a good specimen of their slang given in one of the objects professed by them, namely, "To minimise the degree of official pay, and maximise that of political aptitude." Wrote a note to Tom to tell him I should have him out to-morrow.

13th. Preparing for my departure on Monday, having taken my place in the York House. Dined at Bryan's; none present but myself, Edward Moore, and Bryan. Rather uneasy at Tom's absence. Took Bryan's carriage after dinner and whisked off to the Charter-house; found that he had supposed the note to refer to to-morrow. Returned to Bryan's, and home early. Met Tom Campbell in the course of the day, and promised to breakfast with him to-morrow.

14th. Tom with me between eight and nine. Took him to Campbell's, where we breakfasted in the room allotted to the Polish Association; Campbell himself (the President) occupying the bed-room annexed to it, all for the good of poor Poland. Had at breakfast also the secretary, Dr. Bache, and one or two more. Walked about with Campbell afterwards. Forgot whether I have mentioned that he has withdrawn himself from the "Metropolitan." Explained to me the reason now, which was, that Marryat had required of him an article in prose as well as in poetry every month. (Marryat himself, by the bye, told me that it was an article in prose *instead* of one in poetry he had asked of him.) Took him with me to call at Power's. My first visit to that gentleman since I have been in town. Had called at his shop

yesterday, and learned that he was still confined by illness to his bed; found him there now, and staid but a few minutes. Campbell left me to go pass the day with Hobhouse at Richmond. The Longmans had told me of a design Heath has on me, in the annual way; and to-day I had a visit from him on the subject. What he proposes is this: that I should furnish the whole contents of his Annual (the "Keepsake") myself, and that he shall give me a thousand pounds for it; in short, that it is to be my book illustrated, or rather my book illustrating his prints. Confessed to him that in this shape the task appeared to me a more attractive one than any other (annual) shape he could have put it in. Begged most earnestly that I would give it a favourable consideration, which I promised. Dined, Tom and I, at Admiral Douglas's: none but themselves; and after dinner I was left alone with my excellent old friend over a bottle of his good wine, just as we used to sit opposite each other, twenty-nine years ago, aboard the crazy old Boston, in which ship, with no other ally than a twenty-gun sloop (the Driver), he had before challenged two fine French frigates, the Didon and Cybèle, to come out from New York and fight him; though having every reason to fear, as he told me, that at the very first broadside the quarter-deck of the old Boston would go to pieces. Walked with Tom part of his way at night, and then put him into a cabriolet to go to the Longmans, where he slept. Had packed up before dinner and left my things at the Gloucester Coffee House, where I was to sleep.

15th. Off in the morning at seven. An agreeable old gentleman in the coach, with whom I had much conversation: and astonished him exceedingly at the close by

telling him who I was. Saw dear Russell at Marlborough on my way. Found Bessy and Ellen quite well.

16th. Preparing for the departure of our dear Ellen, whom it grieves us to lose. To Bessy the loss is irreparable; for no two beings could go on more sweetly and happily together, and the contrast between Ellen's quiet and Bessy's life and energy makes them but the more agreeable to each other. Both, too, so cheerful: it is quite a delight to me when in my study to hear their frequent laughter down stairs over some story or novel.

17th. Went to Bowood, Bessy, Nell, and myself; Lady L. having expressed a wish to show the gardens to Ellen before she went.

19th. Set off with Nell (Bessy of the party) for Bristol, stopping about an hour in Bath on our way. Had thought that the packet was to sail early the following morning, but found that it would not sail till half-past three in the day; so that we might have enjoyed this day quietly at home, and saved the expense also of the night passed at Bristol. Provoking! Passed a comfortable evening, however, for our money, at the "Gloucester."

20th. Passed the morning in walking about the cliffs and through Bristol; and at one o'clock (in order to avoid the expense of a chaise) Bessy and I took our departure in the coach, leaving our darling Ellen to the care of the master of the inn to see her on board, with every prospect of a most prosperous passage. Got a fly at Bath, and arrived at home (with a tired horse, which could hardly drag us the latter part of the way) before eight.

I shall now put down hastily such particulars as occur to me with respect to my projected election for Limerick. I know not whether I have already made mention of a letter from Dr. Griffin (arising out of that which I had

addressed to M. on the subject), wherein he informed me of the organisation of a political union in Limerick, of the result of the registries hitherto, and of the certainty he foresaw of my being returned if I would allow them to put me in nomination. To this I returned an answer, acknowledging warmly and gratefully their kind intentions towards me, and adding that it had always been one of the fondest objects of my ambition to sit in Parliament for Ireland: but that, unfortunately, my circumstances were such, at once so narrow and precarious, that it would be impossible for me to afford either the time or expense which a proper attendance upon Parliament would require of me; in short, that my pen was my only support, and that to shut up the workshop for a single session would entail embarrassment upon me which neither my own feelings of ambition, nor any service I could hope to render Ireland, could in any degree justify. In this letter I happened to mention an opinion on the subject of the Repeal of the Union thus:—"For myself I will say, with Grattan in 1810, that 'having been an enemy to the extinguishment of the Irish Parliament, I must be a friend to its restoration,' but I will also add, with Grattan, that 'such a proposition in Parliament, to be either prudent or possible, must be called for and backed by the Irish nation.'" The only part of this letter which my correspondent, as it seems, allowed to transpire, was the first clause of the quotation from Grattan. The refusal to accept their offer, and the second qualifying sentence of the quotation, appear to have been entirely suppressed, or at least withheld, from the public. The consequence was, my warm-hearted (and warm-headed) friends then continued as much a-gog for me as ever; and, in a set of resolutions passed by their political union, I was announced as an unqualified Re-

pealer, and hurraed for accordingly. On my return from town I received a letter from Dr. Griffin telling me of the enthusiasm which my declaration in favour of Repeal had excited; that they were determined to have me for their representative; and, in order to remove the only obstacle which appeared to their wishes, were about to raise a subscription for the purpose of purchasing an estate for me, and were then actually (as he communicated in confidence) negociating for a small estate of 400*l.* a-year which was for sale in Limerick, and which the owner had agreed to suspend the sale of till the determination respecting me was known. As he had intimated in this letter (if I recollect right) that I was not as yet to be supposed to know what was going on, I answered in general terms expressive of my gratitude for the kind feelings entertained towards me, and saying that in any further step on my part I must be guided by the further intelligence I should receive from him. Shortly after this arrived a letter from Dr. Griffin, written before his receipt of mine, and begging for a definite answer as to my intentions with respect to accepting their proposal, as there were many who hesitated in acting for me on account of the uncertainty there was of my, after all, acceding to their wishes. Thus called upon for my decision, I could not hesitate as to the answer I ought to give. Expressing all the gratitude which I could not but feel at their generous offer, I added that, while it removed the difficulty which I had alleged on the score of want of means, it was attended with a difficulty of another kind still more insurmountable. To receive such a popular tribute *after* the performance of parliamentary services would, I said, be as honourable to him who accepted as to them who gave it: but to be thus rewarded *beforehand*, to go into Parliament

their feed counsel, and even in my heartiest efforts for their cause to be exposed to the suspicion (tarnishing even when unjust) that I derived my inspiration from my rent-roll, and was at best "a labourer worthy of his hire;" this, I said, was a situation in which neither for *their* sakes nor my *own* was it advisable that I should place myself. However generously and honourably both the parties concerned might enter into such a transaction, there was but too much danger, constituted as this world is, of its ending in disappointment to one of the parties, and perhaps disgrace to the other.

Not long after the above answer I received an application from another quarter, which was not a little, I confess, flattering, and the more so from its being so totally unexpected. It came in a letter from my old friend Archy Douglas, who was then on a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Cloncurry; and the following are his words:— "Lord Cloncurry tells me that he has just come from Lord Anglesey, who expressed himself *most anxious* that *you should* start for the College, and you should be *supported* by all the *government interest*, which must be considerable, in particular with the Bar. All expectants for appointments in the law would of course go with the government; and as to my profession I think you might reckon on a fair support. I feel there is no constituency by whom you could be returned to Parliament on whom you have so graceful and well-founded claims as Trinity College, Dublin. Your distinguished career in that university, of which you were one of the best ornaments, places your pretensions to its representation on high grounds. By the long conversation I had with Lord Cloncurry on the subject, he seems to think Lord Anglesey is most anxious to have you represent the College." * * * In

my answer to Douglas's letter, I professed myself, of course, deeply grateful for the honour which Lord Anglesey did me in considering me worthy of such a station and such patronage; but (on the same grounds on which I had declined the Limerick proposal) assigned the limited state of my means as an insurmountable bar to my coming into Parliament. Lest, however, this might seem to imply that, had my circumstances allowed of it, I would have accepted of the proposition, I took care to say that, "Even if this objection did not exist, I felt that, with the views I entertained, it would be hardly possible for me to come into Parliament under the sanction of the present government;" adding, "When I say the *present* government, I must mean, I fear, *any* government, for where *they* fail how can I hope that others will succeed? but as long as the principle on which Ireland is at present governed shall continue to be acted upon, I can never consent to couple my name, humble as it is, with theirs."

November 1st to 8th. Talbot came over unexpectedly from Lacock, and brought us the account of Lady Valletort's safe accouchement of a boy. Asked him to come to dinner the next day. Was surprised by a visit from two Limerick gentlemen, the brothers of my correspondent in that city, Dr. Griffin; and one of them the author of the very striking novel, "The Collegians." They had come, as they told me, expressly on the subject of my election for Limerick; their brother being of opinion that in a personal interview they could best convey to me all the anxiety there existed amongst the electors to have me for their member, and the certainty of the success of those measures which they were now vigorously setting on foot for the purpose of removing all the obstacles I had alleged to my consent. Asked them to stay to dinner, which they

readily agreed to do; and, though I was obliged to leave them a great part of the day to themselves, not being able to spare the time from my study, we had at intervals a good deal of conversation on the subject of their mission, and there certainly could not have been found two more anxious or pressing suitors. The estate which the electors had their eye upon for me, and which Dr. Griffin represented as worth 400*l.* a-year, was reduced in their statement to about 300*l.*; but, as a proof of the facilities and the ardour there was towards the purchase of it, they told me of one man, a man in business in Limerick, who had offered to contribute to the subscription as his own share 100*l.* Talbot at dinner, and very agreeable. My Irish guests shy and silent; but Talbot and I made up the deficiency in both ways. Agreed with my two friends (who to the last expressed their hope of a favourable answer) that I would give the matter still further consideration, and would let them know the result to-morrow. In the course of our conversations, referring to the Repeal of the Union, I gave it as my opinion, that whoever took up that question as an object of serious pursuit, must be prepared to look *separation* in the face as an inevitable consequence of it. This startled them, and they most earnestly (and I have no doubt sincerely) disclaimed for themselves, as well as for the great majority of Irishmen, all thoughts or apprehension of the Repeal leading to such a result. But what strange short-sightedness! As if a Catholic House of Commons (which they would be sure to have *out* and *out*) would not instantly set about disposing of Church property in the first place, and absentee property in the second; and as if England would stand quietly by to see the work of spoliation go on: as if (even were *these* elements of strife out of the way) there would not constantly arise questions

on trade, foreign treaties, going to war, &c., on which two legislatures like those of England and Ireland would be certain to differ; and then away would go their slight link of connection to the winds. What was so near happening in 1789, when the Irish parliament was Protestant, could hardly fail to take place after a repeal, when it would be to all intents and purposes Catholic. To these and other such points which I put to them, they did not know well what to answer. "Still," I continued, "notwithstanding all this, and with all these (to me) evident consequences staring me in the face, so hopeless appeared the fate of Ireland under English government, whether of Whigs or Tories (the experiment now having been tried with both, and the results of both being the same), that, as the only chance of Ireland's future resuscitation, I would be almost inclined to run the risk of Repeal, even with separation as its too certain consequence, being convinced that Ireland must go through some violent and convulsive process before the anomalies of her present position can be got rid of; and thinking such riddance well worth the price, however dreadful would be the pain of it. Whether, even then, she would be able to remain free between England and France, to one or other of whom she seems destined to belong, is another awful question; but that she will be at some time or other not very distant the seat of war between both countries, is but too probable."

9th. At three o'clock my two friends called according to appointment, when I told them definitively that it was impossible for me to accede to the proposition, and, having before they came pencilled in my pocket-book a sketch of the sort of answer I meant to return to the Limerick Union, submitted it for their approval. This done, I saw them cross the fields on their way to Devizes, and the

warm-hearted fellows parted from me, I must say, with tears in their eyes.

10th. Despatched my answer to the Requisition.

11th to 13th. Received a letter, one of these days, from Dr. Griffin, in the postscript of which he informed me that O'Connell had just arrived in Limerick; and having seen my answer, which was on the point of being laid before the Union, begged that it might be withheld till he himself should have communication with me, as he thought he could put the matter to me in such a shape as would remove all my objections. In consequence of this I waited some posts, as a matter of courtesy; and then, not hearing from O'Connell, wrote to him to say that I had heard of his kind interference, but that nothing even *he* could say (though his word, like Joshua's, seemed to be capable of controlling far greater luminaries than *I* was) could have the effect of altering my resolution; at the same time wrote to Dr. Griffin, that if my letter did not soon appear in the Limerick papers I should be forced in my own defence to publish it here.

14th to 30th. For the remainder of the month at work in various ways; at my Theology; for the "Metropolitan," and for the "Times." Sent two squibs to the latter lately, which appear to have been very successful,—"St. Jerome on Earth," First and Second Visits. Soon after the appearance of the first received a letter from some person (a stranger to me) asking in very civil and flattering terms whether this *jeu-d'esprit* was mine or not? as he had laid a wager with a friend on the subject, and had inquired in vain of the editor of the "Times" to help him to a decision on it: not that he had himself, he said, the least doubt on his mind that the verses came from the same hand that had already given the world a series of the

most exquisite, &c. &c. &c., but because the wager could not be decided without some such authority. Thinking it was a pity so civil a gentleman should lose his wager, I got Talbot one morning to write him a letter for me saying, "The person to whom Mr. —— addressed a letter of such a date takes this method of informing him that he is right in his conjecture, and is therefore the winner of the wager."

December 1st, 2nd. Great praises of me in the late speeches of O'Connell at the Dublin Union. My letter to the Limerick people printed at last, and most flattering comments on it by some of the speakers at the Limerick Union.*

* This is the address alluded to in the text:—

"Sloperton Cottage, Nov. 8th, 1832.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have to acknowledge, with every feeling of respect and gratitude, the requisition so numerously signed, which I have this day had the honour of receiving from you. Already had I been in a great degree prepared for such a call by a correspondence in which I have been engaged with one of your fellow-citizens, and which, though but preliminary to the decisive step which has now been taken, had put me fully in possession of the kind feelings entertained towards me by the greater portion of the enlightened electors of your city.

"To know that even a thought of selecting me as their representative had once entered into the contemplation of persons like yourselves, so well qualified by a zealous sense of the value of liberty to judge of the requisites of those to whom such a trust should be confided, would in itself have been a source of pride and gratification to my mind; you may judge therefore what are my feelings on receiving so signal a proof, both in the cordial and unsought requisition which has this morning reached me, and in those further proceedings which I understand you meditate, that the honour you did me in selecting my name from among the many offered to you was no light or transient compliment, but that you deliberately think me worthy of being the representative of your interests in the great crisis, as well for England as for Ireland, which is now approaching.

"But, Gentlemen, rarely in this life can so high and bright a position as that in which your offer now places me be enjoyed without its opposing shadow; and in proportion to the pleasure, the triumph,

3rd. A visit from Bowles, full of delight at my letter; "manly, affecting, &c.; had made him cry in reading it."

4th. Lord Kerry called; spoke also of the letter: "The best letter ever written." Asked me to attend his election dinner. Lady Lansdowne and Lady Louisa called likewise in the course of the day; Lady L. bringing a nice French bonnet as a present for Bessy from Paris.

which I cannot but feel at this manifestation of your opinion,—placing as it does within my reach a post of honour which I have so often in the ambition of my young days sighed for,—in proportion to my deep and thorough sense of the distinction you would thus confer upon me, is the pain with which I am compelled reluctantly to declare that I cannot accept it. The truth, plainly told, is, that my circumstances render such an appropriation of my time impossible; not even for a single session could I devote myself to the duties of Parliament without incurring considerable embarrassment. To the labour of the day, in short, am I indebted for my daily support; and though it is by being content with this lot that I have been able to preserve that independence of mind which has now so honourably, and I may be allowed to boast in so many quarters, won for me the confidence of my fellow-countrymen, it is not the less an insuperable impediment to the acceptance of the high honour you offer me.

"I am not unaware, as I have already intimated, that, in your strong and generous desire to remove this only obstacle which you know opposed itself to my compliance with your wishes, you have set on foot a national subscription for the purpose, as you yourselves express it, of providing me with the qualification necessary for a member of the House of Commons. This proof of your earnestness in the cause I feel, both on public and private grounds, most sensibly. But, however honourable I might deem such a gift after the performance of services in Parliament, I see objections to it which to me are insurmountable. Were I obliged to choose which should be my direct paymaster, the Government or the People, I should say without hesitation the People; but I prefer holding on my free course, humble as it is, unpurchased by either: nor shall I the less continue, as far as my limited sphere of action extends, to devote such powers as God has gifted me with to that cause which has always been uppermost in my heart, which was my first inspiration and shall be my last,—the cause of Irish freedom.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your faithful and devoted Servant,

"THOMAS MOORE."

5th to 11th. A visit from Talbot to tell us of his success at Chippenham. A letter from Lord John Russell, in which he says, "I am glad to find, what I should have been sorry to find on any other occasion, that you are not coming into Parliament: I should have been sorry to see you going out into the lobby when I was staying in; and as I am convinced that must have been the case, I would rather have a worse man in your place than have that violence done to my feelings."

12th. Lord Kerry's election dinner at Calne. Lady L. had written to say Kerry would take me; but Phipps having already offered, went with him. Nothing could go off better than the day did altogether; the young chairman very adroit in his toast givings, and the company very civilised and intelligent. Their reception of me most enthusiastic. Some good glees sung; and one of the singers in them a shoemaker. Brought home by Phipps. They had wanted me to sleep at Bowood, but I preferred this.

13th. A note from Lord L. to ask me to fix a day to dine. Said he could not delay, even till then, telling me how very much he admired my address to the Limerick electors. "It was," he said, "really perfect for the occasion."

15th. A note from Lady L. to say the carriage would be with me at four. Nobody but Labouchere. In talking in the evening Lord L. asked me whether I had ever read any English work of Sir Thomas More, as Mackintosh praised him for being one of the first that wrote anything like a good English style. We then consulted a Bibliographical Dictionary, and found some English works of his mentioned which none of us knew anything about. Speaking of the construction so often used in public speaking, of the "*then* Government," "*then* Minister," Guthrie

said it was following the Greek idiom; but I expressed my doubts whether he could show either "now" or "then" used before a noun in this manner in Greek. In the course of the evening he showed me a passage of Thucydides, which certainly came *near* the case in question, though it was not altogether what he had asserted — *της νυν Ἑλληνικης Θαλασσης*. Slept there.

18th to 31st. A letter from Corry, in which he quotes to me some opinions of his Irish correspondents about my address to the Limerick people. Bellew says, "Moore's address does him infinite honour." The Chief Justice Bushe writes, "I rejoice with you at Moore's farewell: he was right; what would the Muse do in a Pandemonium?" William Curran says, "I join most heartily with you in your admiration of Moore's address: it breathes the dignity of the bard and the spirit of the gentleman; the latter rather a novelty of late here."

1833.

JANUARY 1st, 1833. Had been for some days in correspondence with Lardner respecting my Irish History, which I am now about to resume in earnest; and my resources from Power no longer going on, and my supplies from the "Metropolitan" being now at an end, I found it necessary to request of him an advance of money on the work. With great readiness he entered into my wishes, and agreed to the terms of accommodation which I proposed. Dined at Bowood, to meet Sydney Smith and his family: party, besides the Smiths, Lord Ilchester and his family. Sydney, as usual, full of wit and fun. Talking of Dumont and Bentham; the luminous manner in which the former brought Bentham's thoughts out: a good deal of his own must have been mixed up with it; his remarks on the drama, for instance. The chapter on Peines Caractéristiques full of stark staring Benthamism: the punishment for a coiner of false money, a hot half-crown impressed upon the cheek; a woman who murdered her child, to carry always a basket suspended from her neck with a leaden child in it of a weight proportioned to her strength, *à sa force naturelle.* * * * Talking of a paragraph lately which stated that all the Church dignitaries meant to resign in case the threatened Church Reform was brought forward, he went off at score on the sad state we should be reduced to by such a resignation; our being obliged to send to America to borrow a bishop: "Have you such a thing as a bishop you could lend us? Shall keep him only a fortnight, and return him with new cassock," &c.

2nd to 4th. Sydney called at Sloperton, and was very good-natured in admiring and praising everything; said afterwards that it gratified him to see genius so well lodged, and that he had found out a good motto for my house — "*Ingenium benè habitat.*"

5th. Went to Bowood to dinner. I staid to sleep, and pass to-morrow.

6th. Talking of the bread they were now about to make from sawdust, Sydney said, people would soon have *sprigs* coming out of them. Young ladies, in dressing for a ball, would say, "Mamma, I'm beginning to sprout." Spoke of derivations of different words: nincompoop, from *non compos;* cock-a-hoop, from the taking the cock out of the barrel of ale, and setting it on the hoop to let the ale flow merrily. Talbot, by the bye, has since suggested that it was from a game cock put on his mettle with his *houppe* erect.* * * * Quoted an excellent *mot* of somebody to Fontenelle, on the latter saying that he flattered himself he had a good heart — "Yes, my dear Fontenelle, you have as good a heart as can be made out of brains."

In talking with Hallam afterwards, I put it to him, *why* it was that this short way of expressing truths did not do with the world, often as it had been tried, even Rochefoucauld being kept alive chiefly by his ill-nature. There was in this one saying to Fontenelle all that I myself had expended many pages on in my "Life of Byron" endeavouring to bring it out clearly; namely, the great difference there is between that sort of sensibility which is lighted up in the head and imagination of men of genius and the genuine natural sensibility whose seat is in the heart. Even now, in thus explaining my meaning, how many superfluous words have I made use of? Talking of the Brahmins being such good chess-players (nobody it

seems can stand before them at the game), Mrs. Hastings' *naïveté* was mentioned in saying, "Well, people talk a good deal about the Brahmins playing well; but I assure you Mr. Hastings, who is very fond of chess, constantly plays with those who come to the Government House, and *always beats* them." Lord L. mentioned Mrs. Siddons saying one day, when looking over the statues at Lansdowne House, that the first thing that suggested to her the mode of expressing intensity of feeling was the position of some of the Egyptian statues, with the arms close down by the sides, and the hands clenched. This implied a more *intellectual* feeling as to her art than I have ever given Mrs. Siddons credit for. To be sure, if ever great actor or actress had that feeling, she (the greatest *I* had ever seen) ought to have been inspired with it; but, in my opinion, none have. It is not an intellectual art. She was a dull woman. Kemble was a cultivated man; but a poor creature when he put pen to paper, or otherwise attempted to bring out anything of mind. Had a good sermon from Sydney Smith; only that it was all expressly addressed to people living in London (one of his St. Paul's sermons, in short), and therefore ninety miles wide of the mark. Dined and slept.

7th. Sydney and his family off after breakfast. Staid for an hour or two looking over books in the library, and then took leave of Lord Lansdowne, who starts for town in two or three days.

8th to 31st. From this time busy at home, with the exception of a visit which Bessy and I paid for two days at Lacock, where we made acquaintance with Talbot's newly espoused wife.

February 1st to 27th. So busy finishing off my theological work, that I have not had time to journalise. Sent

a squib to the "Times," entitled "Lord Henry and St. Cecilia." Had before sent an "Ode to the Youths of Trinity College." Towards the latter end of the month my peace very much disturbed by this new Algerine act of my friends, the Whigs, against Ireland, the Coercion Act. Constant discussions with my friend Fielding on the subject.

28th. Sent Barnes some verses against the late act, entitled "Paddy's Metamorphosis." Through fear, I suppose, of his saintly readers, Barnes altered my ejaculation "Oh Christ!" into "Father's blood," which is quite new to me either in Ireland or anywhere else, and is a disfigurement to the verses.

March 1st. A visit from Lady E. Fielding, who broke out about the verses which were in to-day's paper. Wants me to defer my visit to town in order to meet the Valletorts, who come in a few days, and she wishes Mrs. Moore and me to meet them; but must be off on Tuesday or Wednesday. A letter from Lord John this morning as follows: —

"Dear Moore,

"Here is for your 'black and woolly already,'* if it be yours; more sense, though less poetry. Yours truly, J. R."

(Lord John's verses.)

"The Irish ——.

"In Genoa 'tis said that a jewel of yore,
Clear, large, and resplendent, ennobl'd the shrine,
Where the faithful in multitudes flock'd to adore;
And the emerald was pure and the saint was divine.

"But the priest who attended the altar was base,
And the faithful who worshipp'd besotted and blind;
He put a green glass in the emerald's place,
And the multitude still in mute worship inclin'd.

"So Ireland had once a fair gem of pure water,
When Grattan and Charlemont wept with her sorrow;
But a token of glass her new patriots have bought her,—
'Tis a jewel to-day,—'twill be shiver'd to-morrow."

* The burden of my verses.

6th. Started for town. Had written to Bryan to say I should dine with him; and arrived there before half-past seven: none but himself and Mrs. B. Told of —— one of the new Irish members, that having, at his election, bantered a butter merchant who came to vote against him, asking him at which side of the firkin of butter he put the stone as a make-weight, the fellow, after giving him some answer, said, "And now, Mr. ——, let me ask you a question: which was it, the leaders or the wheelers you held that night when your father robbed the mail?" Bryan, as usual, savage against Ireland, and all for the new bill. "By God! it's not *half* strong enough." Got to my lodgings (15, Duke Street) early.

7th. At home till three. Went out with Mrs. Bryan in her carriage; drove to Charter House, but could not see Tom. To Rogers's at six, to take my chance of dining with him; had dined, and was going alone to some theatre, but ordered a beefsteak for me, and both went to Drury-Lane, where we saw "Don Juan," and a beautiful ballet, the. "Sleeping Beauty;" very pretty dancing, *à la Taglioni*, by Madlle. Duvernay. Rogers very kind and agreeable; fixed to dine with him again to-morrow.

8th. At home busy till four. At Brookes's found two or three, who, when I said, "I can't bear this bill," answered in an under tone, "I don't like it either." They are all in a wretchedly false position, and evidently feel that they are so. Dinner with Rogers. Even he (whose views of politics are in general so manly and consistent) has got bitten a little with this new Whig frenzy, and tries to defend their apostacy, for it is apostacy. Went together to the oratorio, which was very fine throughout; the last scene of the Israelites passing through the Red Sea very animated and striking.

9th. Had Tom out from the Charter House. Talking of "Killing no Murder," Sharp said that it appeared, after all, it was not written by Col. Pride. Remarked how admirable it was, and quoted a famous passage from it. Dined (Tom and I) at Edward Moore's, for the purpose of going to some theatre. Met a Mr. Nugent, nephew to Mrs. Edmund Burke, to whom, it appears, she left all Burke's papers. Mentioned his having found the rough draft of the Prince's celebrated letter at the time of the Regency among Burke's papers. Is at present in negociation, by his own account, with Lord Milton (Lord Fitzwilliam) on the subject of these papers, which Lord F. means to edit. Two opera tickets having arrived, determined to take Tom to the opera. The opera, "Corradino;" the ballet, "Faust."

10th. Made calls; saw Barbara Godfrey. Dined with Rogers to meet Wilkie and Kenny. Talking of the picture from "Lalla Rookh" which is now exhibiting at the British Gallery,—"Mokanna unveiling his face to Zelica,"—Wilkie, in his matter-of-fact way, said, "Pray, Mr. Moore, can you give me any idea of the *sort* of face you meant to be under that veil?"

11th. Hard at work all day. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Duke of Bedford, Lord Lansdowne, Lord J. Russell, Marsh, &c. * * * The Hollands talking at dinner of their tour on the continent in 1800, when Marsh accompanied them; some difficulties they had with a *commis* in their way; his saying, "*Enfin! je suis dans le cas de vous arrêter;*" Marsh's alarm at the phrase, *je suis dans le cas*—"I don't like that *dans le cas.*" Marsh having arrived at Dover before them, was seized as a spy, on account of his memorandum-book, and kept there a long time; not suffered to stir out without somebody to watch

him, but told, for his comfort, that "the Government was disposed to be lenient."

12th. Taken out by Mrs. Bryan to make calls: a great saving of coach-hire. Called upon Mrs. Conyngham, whose face reminded me a little of poor Emmett's. Dined at Rogers's: Leslie and Chalons dined; we had also Kenny and Allen. In talking with Leslie in the evening I put it to him to account for the extraordinary fact, that the Italian artists of the present day, living in the midst of all that is most beautiful in art, and having it constantly before their eyes, should yet produce nothing but abortions themselves. His explanation of this not satisfactory; so little so, that I forget what it was.

13th. Dined at Lansdowne House. Had told them that I meant to have Tom out, and they were good-natured enough to ask him also, but I did not take him. A family party; Miss Fox, Lady Mary Fox, and Bobus Smith, — the first time of my ever meeting him. Very agreeable; and I can easily imagine, in his best time, preferable, with some people, to Sydney. Lord L., for instance, rates him higher. But Sydney, Sydney is, in his way, inimitable; and, as a conversational wit, beats all the men I have ever met. Curran's fancy went much higher, but also much *lower*. Sydney, in his gayest flights, though boisterous, is never vulgar.

14th. At home at work, as usual. Dined with Mrs. Manners Sutton, for the purpose of attending the House of Commons after dinner, to hear the Irish Church Reform discussion; but was disappointed. Found, on taking my seat under the gallery (next to Lord Sandon), that the debate was put off.

15th. Dined at Lord Listowel's: company, Lord and Lady Mayo, the Newtons (she a very pleasing as well as

pretty person), Latham, the Bushes, &c. Sat within one of Lord Mayo:

> "For who, with an ounce of sense, would go
> To sit and be bored by Lord Mayo?"

Suppose he never heard of those wicked lines of mine; at all events, nothing could be more friendly than both himself and his lady.

15th. Had Tom out, the Lockes having good-naturedly asked him to dine. Singing in the evening; but I took flight at ten, having engaged to accompany Rogers to the Duke of Sussex's *conversazione*. Called upon him at Sharpe's, where he had dined with Macaulay, Jeffrey, Charles Grant, &c. Had a good deal of conversation with Jeffrey (whom it always delights me to meet) on the subject of the Irish bill, and I saw that he feels most sorely the position in which it places him and all of them. Asked me could I think that anything but a strong sense of the necessity of the crisis could induce men to damage themselves in the eyes of the public (as he owned was but too likely to be the case) by such a departure from their general principles? The necessity, however, is what I question; and though the excitement produced everywhere by their own precious Reform Bill may have stirred up into somewhat more activity the spirit always alive in Ireland, I think there has not passed a year, during the last thirty, in which almost as good a case might not have been made out for a green bag or a red box, as these ministers have produced. But the fact is, that Jeffrey, and other such conscientious members of the party (and there cannot be a man more honourably and liberally disposed than he is), are the victims of their position. From that much abused feeling of honour which binds party-men together, one hot,

petulant man, like ——, can commit the whole set, by making them gulp down measures the most alien to their real sentiments.

16th. My mornings mostly the same; despatching, as hastily as I can, the last sheets of my work. Dined at Rogers's, a dinner originating in my wish to meet Barnes while in town, and which was to have taken place last Sunday but that B. was engaged: company, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Clifden, Lord Gosford, Burdett, C. Fox, W. Ponsonby, Luttrell, Labouchere, Warre, and one or two more. In talking of Wolfe Tone's Journal (which Labouchere compared with Swift's "Journal to Stella!" and pronounced it affected, insincere, &c.), Rogers mentioned what I was glad to hear, that the Duke of Wellington had spoken highly of it to him, and said that but few books had ever interested him so much. Burdett and myself remained with Rogers talking politics after the rest had gone. Burdett's conservatism deplorable. By the way, young Murray told me the other day that Croker had lately met Burdett somewhere (for the first time) at dinner, and that he said afterwards to Murray, "Talk of conservatism! he beats me hollow." As an addition to this, I have heard since that Peel was also of the party; and that, after one of Burdett's extravaganzas in his new line, Peel said quietly, "This is all very well, and I, of course, agree with you; but it would be as well not to take quite so high a tone." Peel keeping down Burdett's Toryism is excellent! But I doubt this supplement to the story.

17th. In talking one of these days at Brookes's with Lord K. he said, "What's to be done with Stanley? for he won't go with the times, and no ministry can go on without him." He then remarked that he (Stanley) and

Peel were evidently destined, before long, to come together; the only difficulty was, which should yield to the other, as both would want to be leaders.

18th. Went to Lansdowne House: found a large assembly: talked with a number of old acquaintances. Sydney Smith, in speaking of the meditated "Life of Mackintosh," by his son, said to me, "How I wish it was in the hands of a certain friend of mine, instead!" Mentioned that a journal which Mackintosh kept while in India, and which it was feared had been lost, has been lately discovered.

19th. Dined with Byng: company, Lord de Ros, Luttrell, Greville, Dr. Quin, &c. In my way to dinner left at De Ros's the papers relative to Lord Edward he lent me: as well as some curious old letters of his family; some of Lord Coningsby, &c., which *might* have been, perhaps, turned to some account, had I had time to examine them. Dinner agreeable enough. Went afterwards to the Opera.

23rd. Paid a visit to Mrs. Conyngham; promised to dine with her next week. A visit, before I turned out, from Tom, whom the Merewethers have undertaken to dine to-day. Dined, myself, at Brookes's. Forgot to mention a sally of Lady Holland's the other day, which amused me a good deal from its truth. Lord John had been mentioning some proceedings of Hume and others, in the House, all indicative enough of what is still further to come. "Well," she said, with a sort of shrug of disgust, addressing herself to Lord John and Lord Holland, "*Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin.*" Nothing can be truer. They have no right to complain who so deliberately gave the impulse Have been sitting to Moore, the sculptor, for

my bust. On my way from him to-day called at Sir Martin Shee's, and agreed to dine with him to-morrow.

24th. Tom disposed of at the Merewethers'. Dined at Shee's: his own family merely. A good man, and independent. The gentlemen at Brookes's full of ire at Abercromby's vote against them the other night. "*I* take him to my heart for it," said I to Hobhouse; "but I suppose you are all in a rage with him." On talking with Fazakerley afterwards, I found that the ministers were fully prepared for the thing. Faz. himself highly indignant with Abercromby, and had called upon him to rate him on the subject. "I suppose," said A. to him, "the *mob* of the House are in high dudgeon with me." * * * I will *not* give up my good opinion of Abercromby.

25th. Mrs. Bryan took me about in her carriage to pay visits. Called at Lord Dover's, and saw Lady Dover, who asked me to name some day this week to dine with them; named Thursday. Met there Lady Stafford (Gower that was), who asked me to dine on Wednesday, and go to a private view of the microscope in the evening. Unluckily engaged for dinner, but promised to join her party in the evening. Took advantage of the carriage to be left at Longman's, where I was to dine, and had an hour's talk on business before dinner. A few days after my last interview with Power I wrote him a note to say that, in order to avoid coming to any extremities, I was very willing to submit the differences between us to the arbitration of two persons appointed by common consent; that I would name either Mr. Longman or Mr. Rogers, both men of business, and he should appoint somebody equally qualified on his side; or (as I looked for nothing that *any* two fair men would not award to me) *he* might appoint both arbitrators, and I was perfectly ready to

abide by their decision. To this he answered that he had no objection whatever to Mr. Longman or Mr. Rogers, and would be very glad if Mr. Rees would act on his side. This ready assent to my proposal of an arbitration looked, I thought, well and promising; and, in the note I wrote acquainting him of Rees's consent to act between us, I took the opportunity of mentioning the favourable impression this step of his had made upon me. In talking over the matter with Rees and Longman now, I found that Power had been with Rees in the morning, and left him our deeds of agreement and some extracts from my letters to look over; the result of which examination, was that, in the opinion both of Rees and Longman (to the latter of whom the matter was more explained), Power "had not," as they expressed it, "a leg to stand upon." Even the deduction of the 50*l.* annually from my annuity (which I agreed to give towards the payment of the arranger), he has, from these documents, they think, no power of enforcing, if I chose to refuse it. In consequence of finding the case so bad, it was Rees's intention to decline being arbitrator; but I suggested that it would be advisable to state, at the same time, his reasons for so declining, as it might have the effect of making Power think a little more seriously on the subject. Company at dinner, Merivale (who has sent me lately the new edition of his agreeable work, the "Greek Anthology"), M'Culloch, James Stuart, author of the "Three Years in North America," and the partners. Story of a Scotch divine, well-known for being a *seccatore* in his preaching, who, having been caught one day in a shower going to church, was complaining to a friend of being very wet; "Well, Geordie," said the friend, "only get up in the pulpit, and ye'll be dry enough."

27th. Told Rogers (who, I forgot to mention, had consented to meet Rees as my arbiter in the business with Power) of Rees having looked over Power's papers, and then declined having anything to do with the business. Nothing, Rogers thought, could be more injudicious and mischievous to me than this step. Rees ought to have refused looking at my papers till they were laid before him and Rogers together, when they might have secured a settlement; but now, by defeating thus the prospect of an amicable arrangement, he had thrown the whole thing adrift, and left no other alternative but law. This I felt to be but too true. * * * Rogers was most hearty and anxious on the subject, and (as he never fails to be on matters of business) clear-sighted and judicious.

31st. Wished much to have been able to get to the Warwick Street Chapel, but could not leave my transcribing. Tom went, but, from the great crowd, could not get in. Walked about with him a little, intending him to return to the Charter House afterwards, but, by good luck, Admiral Douglas, on whom we called, kept him to dinner, I myself being engaged to Lansdowne House. Had been asked, also, to the Speaker's. Large party at L. House; Sir C. and Lady Coote, Hobhouse, Codrington, Spring Rice, &c. Somebody mentioned that the Duke of Modena has set up a newspaper in his dominions, of which he is himself the editor, and calls it "*Luce di Verità.*" Was told, one of these days, of a smart thing said by Alvanley respecting an exquisite bachelor's box, fitted up, it appears, in the most ornamented style, but where, it also appears, there is never by any chance a *dinner* given. "I should like a little less gilding and more carving," said Alvanley. Luttrell mentioned rather an amusing quaintness he had read somewhere lately. In speaking of some young man

just come of age, it was said, "he had nothing to do, and a great deal of money to do it *with*."

April 2nd. Walking with G—— D——, he mentioned having met Talleyrand yesterday, and his saying of some woman that L—— was praising as having *beaucoup d'esprit*, "*Oui, beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup; elle ne s'en sert jamais.*" Mentioned a thing Talleyrand had said to him in speaking of the Americans, which he (G——) professed not to be able to understand, nor do I quite comprehend it either: "*Comme toutes les nouvelles nations, ils manquent de sensibilité*," meaning physical sensibility. Talleyrand's notion must, I think, have been that civilisation and luxury act, through the mind, upon the body, and render men *physically* more sensitive both to pleasure and pain; and there may be some truth in this. Talked over some of Talleyrand's *mots;* his replying to —— (I forget who, some notorious reprobate*), who had said to T., "*Je n'ai fait qu'une seule méchanceté dans ma vie;*" "*Et celle-là*," answered Talleyrand, "*quand finira-t-elle?*" His sitting by M.'s bed when the latter was in great agony, and thought to be dying. "*Je sens les tourmens de l'enfer*," said M.; "*Déjà?*" asked Talleyrand. Of the same nature was another, on some occasion when M., very ill, had fallen on the floor, and was grasping violently at it with his hands: "*Il veut absolument descendre*," said T.

4th. Visit from Power. Was soon made sensible of the great injury Rees had done me by declining the arbitration, and declining it, too, in such a way as to leave Power still under the impression that there was nothing beyond the mere ordinary course of business in his conduct to me. * * * Dined at Byng's: company, Lord

* Said to be Rivarol.—ED.

Essex, Sir Francis Burdett, Baron Dedel, the Dutch ambassador, and somebody else, whom I now forget. Dedel a sensible man, and speaks English like an Englishman; the only word he used which betrayed the foreigner was in speaking of the arrangement he is come to effect: "It would be very *desirous* that it should take place." This, too, he has an authority for in Gay, who, in one of Macheath's songs, uses the word in this sense, being forced thereto, however, by the hard necessity of *rhyme.** In talking of the present state of politics I took an opportunity of saying, that "Whatever excuses might be pleaded for men placed as the Whigs now are for occasionally departing from the principles which they had all their lives professed, it was at least unfortunate for the cause of freedom that they should be driven to any such change, as it could have no other effect than that of bringing all public principle into disrepute." I was rather glad to have this slap at Burdett, and before the Dutchman, too, as it will show him what *little* men in this country can venture to say to *great* ones.

5th. A fine day. Wrote to Rogers to propose we should pass it together, and he answered, "I am delighted; come here early, and let us go to the Zoological Gardens." This I, at first declined, as rather a greater *abandon* of the day than I had meditated; but, at last, not being able to resist the sunshine, I sallied out. Found Rogers had just set off to Newton's, and guessed it was to ask N. and his wife to dinner: got there before him. As I antici-

* "Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine should life employ;
Is there ought else in life *desirous?*"
Beggar's Opera.

pated, he invited them to join us, and they consented. All started together in R.'s carriage for the Zoological, and dined together afterwards. Day altogether very agreeable; and the Newtons proposed the same sort of dinner with them on Monday next, my last day.

6th. Hard at work transcribing notes to swell out my first volume, the second having exceeded it in bulk by near fifty pages.

7th. Staid at home all day to write a preface for my book, but could not please myself. Cut away half, and sent the remainder to the printer. Tom drove with Mrs. Bryan to the park. Dined, both of us, with the Bryans; none but ourselves. On consideration made up my mind to have no preface at all.

8th. Went to the printer's and cancelled preface. Busy with commissions for home. Dinner (Tom and I) at Newton's. N. and his wife sung in the evening, and her singing very agreeable indeed. Her expression and manner of pronouncing in some old duets of my own, very much to my taste. Rogers came away with Tom and me in the evening, and was most kind and amiable. His manner of speaking of my dear Bessy full of cordiality; and it always warms my heart through and through to hear any one do her justice. Saw Bessy's mother before I went home to pack, having first packed Tom off to Paternoster Row. Did not get to bed till late.

9th. Off in the "Emerald" at eight. In stopping to dine at Marlborough was accosted by Talbot's servant, who told me that Lady Valletort was at the inn, on her way to town. Went up to her immediately, and have seldom seen (even in painting) half so beautiful a group as herself, her child, and her pretty Irish nurse presented; each perfect in their several ways, and all *rayonnans* with

freshness and good humour. She was on her way to join Lord Valletort, and pay a visit to Windsor (to show the king his little god-son) before they leave England. When this said Irish nurse first came to take charge of the child she asked one of the servants its name, and was told "Mr. Edgecumbe." "Faith then," she answered, "it's the smallest gentleman to be called a *mister* that ever I set my eyes on." Arrived at Devizes between six and seven, and took a chaise home.

One day I was told that there had been *four* gentlemen inquiring after me, and that they seemed to be foreigners. Poor devils! They were Irishmen; a deputation, from the Committee of the Irish Working Classes in London, to ask me to write an inscription for a piece of plate they are about to present to O'Connell. Sent them an answer to "The Coach and Horses," Hatton Garden, explaining the reasons of my not being able to comply with their request, and (in defiance of the sneers of Brookes's) *praising* O'Connell. By the way, I have forgot to mention that one of the first things I did on coming to town was to call upon this great Bug-a-boo of the Whigs, much to the horror, too, of my *quondam Radical* friend, B. Found him at home, and had some conversation with him. In talking of the Coercion Bill, and the feeling of the House of Commons towards Ireland, he said, "I am now convinced that Repeal wont do, and that it must be Separation." I told him that I had always considered them identical questions, and that my great difficulty in espousing Repeal publicly (that is, in Parliament) would have been to conceal (if I could have concealed) the consciousness, or rather conviction, there is in my mind that one would be followed by the other as naturally and necessarily as night is by day-light.

In one of my conversations with Lord John this time we talked about my forthcoming book, and I explained to him the nature of it, adding that I had not the least doubt in my own mind of the truth of the case I undertook to prove in it, namely, that Popery is in all respects the old original Christianity, and Protestantism a departure from it. In talking of prose-writing one morning with Rogers, he pointed out to me a letter of Lord Essex's (printed in Bacon's works) which Hallam had directed his attention to. Some most admirable writing in it. Must see (for I had then but time to glance over it) whether this is the letter mentioned by Hume.

24th. Made up my mind to write to Sir R. Peel on the subject of the Charter House for my little Russell, though having still less hope of success than ever from Tom having told me that a relative of Peel's has been lately placed on the foundation. Begged of Peel in my letter not to take the trouble of answering if (as I felt pretty sure would be the case) he should be unable to comply with my request; adding that, giving him every credit for good will on the subject, I would take his silence as a negative.

26th. An answer from Sir Robert of the kindest description; fully justifying the high opinion which (even when most hating his politics) I have unvaryingly entertained of him. The following is the commencement of his letter: — "My dear Sir, — I must say I should have had the greatest personal satisfaction in being enabled to comply with your wishes, for I feel I could not make a worthier use of my Charter House privilege than by nominating the son of one who has done honour to the literature of his country by his genius, and has upheld its character by a high spirit of integrity and independence."

He then mentions his having so recently nominated the son of a relative of his own, but expresses a strong wish and hope that it may be in his power, by some arrangement or other, to make his next turn of appointment available towards my object. This opens, at least, a chance for my little Russell; for I remember some years since General Bathurst being very anxious to exchange a *present* appointment (which his son was not then old enough to accept) for the promise of a *future* one, and something of this kind may turn up for my Russell. At all events, it is most kind, liberal, and high-minded conduct on the part of Peel.

Had a strange letter from a man about the Irish Round Towers, saying that he, and he alone, has found out their whole secret history, and will communicate it to me for my present work, '*moyennant une bonne somme d'argent.* A second letter from him, offering to come and pass a month with me, or more, if occasion should require; during which time he will make me master of the whole birth, parentage, and *bringing up* of the Irish Round Towers, asking of me only (in addition to the honour of his visit) one hundred guineas for the same!

May 1st to 19th. At work, and little else.

20th. Bowles called with Hughes on his way to Devizes, and we asked him to return and dine, which he did. Very amusing and good-humoured about my theology, about Miss Martineau, about Lord Henley, &c. &c. Have not for a long time laughed so much.

24th. After breakfast went to Upham's to look over his catalogue, and found some books useful to me in my Irish task, which I brought away with me. Started for Buckhill (where Bessy and son were to meet me with the car) at three. Dined there, and home in the evening.

Our dear Tom's improvement, in every way, is most delightful to us, and never did we enjoy his company (nor he, to all appearance, ours) half so much as we have done these holidays.

June 1st to 8th. To dinner at Hughes's in Devizes: company, Dr. Thackeray (the provost of King's College, Cambridge), young Phipps, and Mr. and Mrs. de Bouilly, Talking of strange texts for sermons, the following were mentioned: "Take it by the tail," from Exodus ("Put forth thine hand and take it by the tail"); the argument founded upon it being that we must judge of God's providence by the event; "Old shoes and clouted" (Joshua ix.), which I forget what the preacher made of; and "Top not come down," from Matthew ("Let him which is in the house-top not come down"), which was taken as a text for a sermon against ladies' top-knots.

25th. Our Dublin friend, Meara, arrived unexpectedly from London. Walked him over to Spye Park, where he had a good specimen of English heartiness and hospitality in their very kind attentions to him, their anxiety that he should stay and dine, their offer of the curricle to take him to Bowood, &c. I was glad that he should return to Ireland with a better impression than the "heartlessness" (as he calls it) of London had left upon him. Dined with us, and returned to Devizes in the evening.

26th. Started for Bath (Bessy, Russ, and myself), on our way to visit the Napiers and Houltons. Called upon Mrs. Crawford, and sang over to her some of the words I have written to her pretty Russian airs. Met M. at Upham's, and had some curious opinions from him on the subject of my "Irish Gentleman," which he was then engaged in the perusal of. Said "it would be the text-

work of the Christian world in some half century hence." Praised the style of it very warmly; but remarked upon what he considered an Irishism, and what Burke himself, he added, had fallen into,—my saying the "*three first* centuries," the "*four first* centuries," &c., instead of the "first three," the "first four," &c. Told him, however, that it was not inadvertently nor *Irishly* that I had fallen into this mode of expression, but from deliberately thinking (whether rightly or wrongly, I could not be sure) that it was the true English idiom. For instance, every one says "the two first cantos of 'Childe Harold,'" meaning the two cantos that come first, or are placed first. I recollect having a little struggle with Simmons, my valuable typograph, on this very point, as he wanted to make it "first two cantos," but I held out stoutly for the other way. Whether I am right or not can't say. On to Napier's.

28th. People to dinner from Bath; to wit, General Mina, Madame Aguada, a pretty Spanish woman, who teaches music and languages at Bath, and Mr. and Mrs. Soden.

29th. An impudent trick in to-day's "Standard," but I must say (though myself the victim of it) not a bad one. The fellows have pretended to think that some *very* trashy verses which have appeared in the "Times" (why admitted there I know not) are *mine*, and have shown them up with all their might. What makes it more provoking is, that I must bear it all *sans réplique*, as to put in a disavowal of *these* verses would be in some degree to acknowledge others. Napier very anxious to stimulate me to something vigorous on the occasion; but the true strength on such occasions is to keep quiet. Removed bag and baggage to Farleigh, where we had at dinner a

rector and his lady, and a young curate. Speaking of the *horreurs* which are sometimes told as exhibited in Paris, I said it would be found, I thought, on inquiry, that *Englishmen* are, in nine cases out of ten, the chief promoters and spectators of such abominations. The Italians have a sort of proverb which says (as well as I can recollect it), —

"Inglese Italianato
É un diavolo incarnato;"

and certainly the manner in which this "most moral of all nations" breaks loose when abroad is quite frightful.

July 1st to 5th. Left Farleigh for home about twelve, the Houltons sending their carriage on with us to Melksham, where we took a fly. On the 5th Mrs. Napier and Fanny arrived to pass some days with us, in the hope that the change of air may do poor Fanny some good.

6th to 13th. On the 12th or 13th the Napiers left us. The sight of the poor girl every day made me melancholy, by bringing back some most sad recollections. Read plays to her two or three evenings, which seemed to give her great pleasure. Received a letter (accompanying a copy of his lately published work) from Dr. Rock, a Catholic divine, full of the most enthusiastic praises of my book.

14th to 31st. Nothing else of any importance this month.

August 2nd. Set off for town, partly as a little change of scene, and partly for the despatch of some business which could not be so well managed at a distance. Alone all the way, and employed myself in polishing some verses I have written to Russian airs. Went to the Fieldings, where I had been kindly offered house-room. Found them at dinner, in order to be early enough at the French

play. After dining with them called upon Bessy's mother; thence to Brookes's, and home early to bed.

3rd. Went to the Charter House: saw Saunders, the master, who gave me a very good account of Tom, and took the trouble of calculating the periods of the different nominations for the next few years, in order to see what was my chance of getting Russell on the foundation. It appeared that, even if I could not effect an exchange in the intermediate time, Peel's turn for a nomination will recur sufficiently soon to enable him to appoint Russell. This very agreeable intelligence I of course communicated, by letter, to mamma.

4th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and went afterwards to the Warwick Street Chapel; a fine mass of Haydn's, but the female voices wretched. Joined there by Tom, with whom I walked about. Took him to Lansdowne House and saw Lady L. Were both with Rogers at four to go dine at Highbury (his sister's). Drove to Regent's Park; told of Coleridge riding about in a strange shabby dress, with I forget whom, at Keswick, and on some company approaching them, Coleridge offered to fall behind and pass for his companion's servant. "No," said the other, "I am proud of you as a friend; but, I must say, I should be ashamed of you as a servant." Called for one of Rogers's married sisters on our way, and had a very agreeble dinner at Highbury, taking care that Tom should be off early enough in the evening for the Charter House hours.

5th. Called at Sir Robert Peel's and just missed him, but saw and sat some time with Lady Peel. Showed me Haydon's picture of Napoleon at Elba: something fine in the simplicity and solitariness of it; nothing but the man, the rock, and the sea. Left a message for Sir Robert, which she very willingly and kindly undertook, telling

him the state of the future presentations at the Charter House, and the good chance there was in prospect for my little Russell, if he (Sir R.) should find that it was in his power to appoint him. Went afterwards to the Speaker's, and found Mrs. Speaker herself and Billy Holmes at their wine: the Speaker having just left them to go into the House.

7th. Breakfasted at Brookes's, and received there a young American, Mr. Ritchie, who brought me a letter of introduction from Washington Irving. After saying in it that he had been on a tour to some of their most wild and beautiful scenes, Irving adds that he has settled himself in a snug rural box of his own, and that Mrs. Moore will, he is sure, be rejoiced to hear that he has got in the neighbourhood of Sleepy Hollow. This is in allusion to Bessy having often laughed at him for his habit of falling asleep after dinner.

8th. Sat to Moore. Took Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. George to see Rogers's house, and was astonished myself at the variety and rarity of his treasures. He had very kindly left out some of his most beautiful and precious things for us to look at, and the ladies were enchanted. Dressed early to go with Lady Elizabeth Fielding to dine at Richmond with the Lansdownes. Sauntered about the grounds and wrote letters before dinner: company, the Lord Chancellor (Brougham), Lord Melbourne, Lord Auckland, the two Villierses, Smyth, and ourselves. The day dull enough. Lord Melbourne laughs *more* and *at less* than ever. Wm. Smyth rather amused us, for lack of better, with an account of the last scientific meeting at Cambridge, and his complaints of some hard-hearted Irish orators who *would* speak, though the dinner was waiting and spoiling. The *naïveté* with which he dwelt on the im-

portance of the dinner was excellent. * * * I may, perhaps, speak from *jealousy* of his powers, for he has done me the favour of writing all the "Irish Melodies" over again for the world. For instance, "The Minstrel Boy" goes thus in his version —

> "Then, soldier, come, fill high the wine,
> For we reck not of to-morrow," &c.

One of the verses is in the following poetic strain —

> "Driveller to be in my fire-side chair,
> With saws and tales unheeded;
> A tottering thing of aches and care,
> No longer lov'd or needed."

As nobody would mind or sing *my* "Go where glory waits thee," he has kindly supplied the air with such rhymes as the following: —

> "Oh! thou hapless soldier,
> Left alone to moulder (*mouldier!*)."

And "Eveline's Bower" is thus moralised by the Professor —

> "I am bow'd down with years,
> And fast flow my tears,
> But I wander, I mourn not, your pity to win:
> 'Tis not age, want, or care,
> I could poverty bear," &c. &c.

In the same improving spirit he has turned the song "Avenging and bright fell the swift sword of Erin" into —

> "Oh who, my dear Dermot, has dar'd to deceive thee?"

And "The Valley lay smiling before me" is, in his *rifacimento*, thus —

> "Oh, would I were but that sweet linnet,
> That I had my apple tree too;
> Could sit all the sunny day *on* it,
> With nothing but singing to *do!*"

9th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went and looked over books at the Museum for two or three hours, having agreed to dine and go to Vauxhall with R. He took me first to the British Gallery to see the triple exhibition of Reynolds, West, and Lawrence; and never was there a more fatal juxtaposition than that of Reynolds beside Lawrence is to the latter: it amounts almost to a deathblow to his fame. After reading at the Museum (book about Ireland) went to sit to Moore. Dined with Rogers and Wilkie, and about eleven R. and I (gay young fellows!) sallied forth for Vauxhall. Met there the Clanricardes, and sat with them to see the fireworks. Have taken my place in the "Emerald" for Monday next.

Forgot to mention that one of these mornings I called upon Lord John and sat some time with him. Told me that he was going to Ireland as soon as Parliament was up, with Lord Ebrington. Spoke a good deal of Peel; it was owing to him that the Tories did not press their late opposition so far as to defeat the Ministers in the House of Lords. The old eager ones, * *, very angry with him, said, "It's all very well for Peel to take this line: he is still young and has a large fortune, and so can *wait;* but *we*, &c." This is in the true spirit of blind and reckless place-seekers. Lord J. seemed to think the Ministry in smooth water now for some time to come.

11th. Breakfasted at Moore's, to meet the famous and anonymous caricaturist H. B.; a brother-in-law of his also of the party. H. B. (who is an Irish artist) a very sensible and gentlemanlike person, and it was not a little interesting to hear his history of the course of his *anonyme*, the guesses, risks of discovery, &c. Told him of Rogers, Wilkie, and myself having been employed the night before one, in looking over his caricatures, and comparing them

with Gilray's. He was evidently anxious to know what Wilkie thought of them, and I told him pretty nearly the general result of our comparison; which was that, with the exception of one or two things ("George the Third with Napoleon on his hand" being of the number) we all agreed that there was a quiet power about his caricatures, producing as they did their effect without either extravagance or ill-nature, which set them, in a very important respect, far above Gilray's.

12th. Off at eight. Met a very agreeable fellow-traveller in Miss Wyatt, whom I had seen once before at Devizes. Found dear Bess and Tom waiting for me at Devizes, with the car.

13th. Archery meeting. Lady Lansdowne offered to take us; but Bessy, wishing to be there early for the shooting, preferred our own fly and *one* to the Marchioness's coach and four. My voice completely gone with cold; could not speak above a whisper. By the secretary's wish, took Lady Lansdowne in to dinner, and sat between her and Lady T. Hale, the lady patroness. Glad to get home at night, being in but bad tune for a fête.

14th to 16th. On this last day Rees arrived to pay us a visit. Were about to go to a pic-nic on Roundaway, but, on receiving his letter by the morning's post announcing himself, it was decided that Bessy alone should go. Arrived at dinner hour.

24th. Bessy returned from Freshford, bringing with her Napier. Napier full of my book (the "Travels").

27th to 30th. Have not had time to journalise. Busy at my History; at "Irish Melodies;" at an article for the "Edinburgh," &c. &c. My singing voice, I grieve to say, not yet returned.

31st. Letter from Lord John Russell, telling me that

he was at last actually going to Ireland, and asking me to join him there in a trip to Killarney and return by Dublin. This a most tempting offer, and under any other circumstances but the present I should have jumped at it; but money and time both run short with me,—bills coming in at Christmas, and my History *due* at the same time: what was I to do? My dear generous Bessy all anxiety that I should go; and enumerated all the little businesses I could transact, to show that it would be well worth my while. Took time to consider, and wrote to Lord John for further particulars. In his letter Lord John says very good-humouredly, "You may be as patriotic as you please (during our journey) about the 'First Flower of the Earth, &c.;' indeed, your being a rebel may somewhat atone for my being a cabinet minister."

September 5th. Dined at Bowood, Bessy and myself, to meet the Bowleses and Fieldings. Madame M. there also. Day very agreeable. The Lansdownes' carriage, which had taken us, brought us back again. Bowles in a most amusing mood during the evening, showing himself up with a degree of *abandon* which convulsed us all with laughter. His account of his course of education at Strasbourg, where he was for a short time when young; his having learnt French fortification, and the *pierres gravées* (*peer gravvy*, as he pronounced it); and the specimens he gave us of his proficiency in these two branches of learning, French and the peer gravvy, beyond measure laughable. Fixed to go with him on Saturday to Stonehenge, a long-projected expedition.

6th. Bowles called to make some alterations in our arrangement for Saturday (to-morrow), and was evidently uneasy at the exhibition he made of himself yesterday evening; but I assured him that nothing could be more

delightful, and that such playfulness and *bonhomie* could leave no other impression behind than that of pleasure, which is very nearly the truth.

7th. Bowles called for us in his carriage about nine, when we all set off together, Tom riding. At Ledway, four miles beyond Devizes, we found B.'s pony-carriage, which had been sent on there last night; and in that we proceeded to Stonehenge. It was my first time of seeing this "noblest ornament of Albion's isle," as Warton calls it, and the impression of its grandeur rather *grew* upon me than struck me all at once; which I find is the course its effect takes with most people. Found some sensible Quakers there, with whom we had some conversation, and one of them mentioned his having lately taken an American gentleman there, making him keep his eyes shut till he got directly under the highest stones. But the American, on looking up, merely said, "What do you mean by this?" and saw nothing wonderful in it. The same person, however, when they took him to Salisbury Cathedral, was overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment at it. The fact is, that it is *art* surprises the Americans; *nature* they have on the grandest scale themselves: and stones so little removed from a state of nature as those at Stonehenge (however wonderfully they may be placed) have but little of new or marvellous for him who has seen the rocks beyond the Atlantic, and has ever sailed in a tall ship (as this American said he had done) under a natural arch of rock. But the wonders of *art* they are wholly unaccustomed to—the combination of size and space with laborious ornament and elegance; and therefore is it that Salisbury would carry it hollow with them against Stonehenge. Dined at the "Bustard," well and cheaply, and taking the carriage again at Ledway, were conveyed back comfortably

by our Reverend *Vetturino*, reaching home before eight o'clock. Nothing could be managed better or more agreeably than the whole journey; Bowles and I talking Druidical learning the whole way, much to Bessy's edification and amusement.

8th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne, at Hughes's request, on the subject of his son. Received a letter from Lord John from Holyhead, whither mine, which I sent to the Foreign Office, had followed him. The violent winds had induced him to change his route: and had I known this, and been able to join him in England, the thing would have been more feasible, as I might have staid in Dublin during the greater part of his visit to the south; and thus (besides seeing my dear Nell) have turned my time in Dublin to some account (in the *book* way), which would have reconciled me to the waste of time and money otherwise. Made up my mind, with great reluctance, to decline joining him. I had told him, in my letter, of Mrs. Moore's anxiety that I should go; and he says in his answer that it only confirms the opinion he always entertained of her amiability.

9th. A note from Lord Lansdowne just before he started, in which he says that if I should make up my mind to go to Ireland, and will join him at Limerick, he will take me on to Lord Duncannon's, and from thence bring me, by Lord Cawdor's, home. All very tempting; but I had made up my mind *not*, and accordingly wrote to Lord John to say so.

10th to 18th. One of these days had a visit from an Irish priest, who brought me an introduction from Ellen; a very interesting and intelligent little man, and armed at all points in theology: full of praise and surprise at my book.

20th to 22nd. Nothing. Received a letter from Lord John from Bessborough, saying he was expecting me, and that Lord and Lady Duncannon would be most happy to see me. * * * * A letter from Lord John from Cork, beginning "Dear Captain Rock," and saying that I was very wrong in not joining him, but that he was himself very much to blame for it in not giving me earlier and clearer notice of his intentions. Received some short time ago a letter from a gentleman at New Orleans, informing me that a manuscript had come into his hands at the sale of some deceased Englishman's effects, which was evidently written by some one concerned in the Revolution of 1688, and which he thought curious and valuable. His wish was to present it to some public institution in England, as from a friend to the historical literature of that country; and as soon as he received my answer he should transmit it to me for this purpose. The tone, style, and subject of the letter are such as one could have little expected from New Orleans. Though singling me out as the channel for his gift, there is not a word of the usual flattery about "genius," "high reputation," &c.; but, coming at once, simply and intelligibly, to the point, he leaves his reasons for addressing *me* on the subject to speak for themselves. This struck me, both from its singularity and its good taste. Have received within these few days another transatlantic letter from Washington, written by a gentleman who signs himself member of the Asiatic*al*, Geographical, and Anthropological Societies of Paris, late United States Consul General for the Empire of Morocco, &c. &c. Notwithstanding this battery of titles, his letter is both intelligently and modestly written; his chief object being to request my aid in collecting autographs for him among our great men for some library at Washington. After mentioning that there

are several cenotaphs erecting or about to be erected throughout America to Byron and Scott, he proceeds to say: "The feeling produced in this country by your 'Satires' has long been consigned to oblivion from the great pleasure and instruction derived from the perusal of your other productions; and where your effigy would once have been burnt, your eulogy (if you were to die to-morrow) would be pronounced by the most competent man in the States."

October 1st. Dined at Merewether's, his daughter and Miss Macdonald having called to fetch me. Bessy not well enough to go. His grounds pretty, and the day delicious. Nothing, indeed, can equal in the way of weather the days that are now passing over us. I sit out in the garden from breakfast till dinner-time, with my books and papers about me. Walked about with Merewether before dinner. Company, the Bowleses, Macdonalds, and Salmons, Heneage, and an old Dr. Hawes. Sat next to Bowles luckily. He had shown me, before dinner, a letter he had just received from his friend Archbishop Howley, in answer to one he had written to him on the subject of the Mausoleum at Bowood, which Lady Lansdowne wishes to have consecrated, a step at which, it seems, the Bishop of Salisbury hesitates. After saying that he sees no objection to the consecration, the archbishop proceeds to speak of the aspect of the times, which he declares to be not a little lowering (meaning, in respect to the Church), and adds, "For myself, I can say with Latinus, *Mihi parta est quies, omnisque in littore portus!*" Bowles had read the name of this author Latinensis; but I saw it was Latinus, and found on reference to "Morhofius," when I came home, that the archbishop's classic is Latinius Latinus, a Catholic divine of the six-

teenth century, who wrote, among other things, Latin poems, and is lauded as a very honest man by Lipsius. In speaking of Sir W. Petty's double-bottomed ship, which was meant to be capable of sailing against wind and tide, but which, after one successful voyage, went down, Bowles told me that the last Lord Lansdowne thought he had found out why the contrivance had failed, and constructed a ship accordingly, which he put to sea in himself from Southampton, asking Bowles to accompany him! He had persuaded a German and a Frenchman to accompany him, and as the ship sailed from the shore, the people on the beach cried, "She'll be over; she'll be over; she is over, by G—d!" which was actually the case, the ship having capsized before they got many yards from the shore, the noble inventor and his companions being thrown out into the mud, where, to make the ridicule the greater, Lord Lansdowne began to speechify to the German and Frenchman, making a thousand apologies for having brought them into that condition. A good many jokes of Jekyll told. Mr. Salmon mentioned having heard Jekyll make a quotation in one of his speeches, which he could never trace to its source. The subject was, the employment of *two* physicians instead of *one*, as a means of making death *doubly* sure. The one physician was compared to a single scull, in rowing —

> "But two physicians, like a *pair* of oars,
> Waft us more swiftly to the Stygian shores."

* * * Returned at night in a fly.

2nd to 6th. A visit one of these days from Lord Lansdowne: sat some time with me. A good deal of conversation. Asked whether I was not surprised at Lord Wellesley's wishing to take the government of Ireland

again. Never saw Lord L. in better spirits, and as kind and agreeable as, to do him justice, he always is. Franked some letters for me; one acknowledging a civility from the new manager of the two great theatres, Mr. Bunn, who lately wrote to me to say that he had placed my name on the free list of both houses. * * *

7th. A good deal of talk about politics after breakfast. In talking of the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland Lord Lansdowne said, "If I were to consent to take it, it would be on the condition of having much more power placed in my hands than (looking archly and laughing at me) you would be inclined to give me." I answered that, on the contrary, I thought an autocrat could alone do what was wanting in Ireland, and that there were few hands I would so readily trust with the autocracy as his: but still there was some smashing work to be done, which I feared he would rather shrink from; the Church, for instance, which must go by the board to have any peace in Ireland. He then pointed out strongly and fairly the difficulty, and still more, as he thought, the injustice, of dealing so summarily with an establishment which had grown up under the auspices and encouragement of England, and round which so large, wealthy, and respectable a portion of the population rallied. All this I could not but grant to him, so that, in fact, hopelessness, utter hopelessness, seems the only result one ever arrives at in considering Ireland's miseries; it has been the burden of her sad song from the first, and will be to the last.

14th. A visit from Lord Kerry, who has just returned from his Norwegian trip. Came to tell me that Lady Lansdowne would send the car for me. Went in it only as far as the "George," and walked the rest. Company (besides John and Mrs. Starkey), Serjeant Merewether,

and two barristers (who are come to Calne on a commission), — the Belgian minister Van De Weyer, and two ladies, artists, who have come to copy some of the Bowood pictures. An odd assemblage, but not unamusing. Some talk about the antiquities of Wiltshire after dinner, Van De Weyer having been employed in reading Button during the morning, and being full of Wansdyke and the "Belgic boundary." Miller talked of Rammohun Roy; some difficulties, as it appears, about disposing of his remains, so as not to interfere with the Indian law of caste. Strange that he should have kept caste while alive, considering all the un-Brahminical things he has done; crossing the forbidden river in the first place, and then turning Unitarian Christian in the second. If this makes no difference in a Brahmin's orthodoxy, it's all over with the *Veds*. Miller mentioned some of the cases of caste that come before the law courts in India: and one was where a man in giving a dinner left out some particular person, and this person immediately brought an action against the entertainer, on the ground that such a slight was likely to endanger his right of caste. Lord Lansdowne mentioned having been once at a lecture of Owen's, at the time when he first began his operations; and there were among his auditors, on this occasion, besides bishops and archbishops, one of the royal princes, the Duke of Gloucester, I believe. For the purpose of better explaining his views of society, Owen had prepared small pieces of metal of different sizes, to represent the various classes of the community and the relative value which they bore as parts of the whole, and began by apologising to the illustrious duke for the very *small* bi of metal that represented royalty on the occasion.

15th. Before breakfast Lord Kerry came in to my

room with some Norwegian songs he promised to show me. Read over a translation of them to me, while I traced the sense through the original, and the similarity of a number of words to the English was far closer than I could have conceived. A party after breakfast to the Wansdyke to show it to Van De Weyer, but I did not accompany them, having to occupy myself in the library. Bobus Smith arrived to luncheon; full of agreeable knowledge and conversation. In talking of the two races into which mankind are generally divided, the Celt and Goth, seemed to think that the Scandinavian was a race distinct from both; but there is no end to the variety and confusion of the hypotheses on this subject. The company at dinner all the better for being *plus* by Smith, and *minus* by some of yesterday's folk. The Belgian said that one of the worst names you could call any body (in Belgium, I think) was *un hibou quarré.* Lord L. owned he should not like to be called a *hibou quarré.*

Mentioned also an action brought by some one against another for calling him *un individu,* and, it having appeared on the trial that the plaintiff had called defendant *un être,* the judge decided that they were *sur un pied d'égalité* with each other. Lord L. told of some old woman who was shocked at being called a "noun-substantive." The *caller* of names had tried all possible terms of reproach—"wretch," "old devil," &c. &c., but nothing produced any effect till the word "noun-substantive" was applied; the *ignotum pro horrifico* was then fully exemplified. In talking of the general spread of information and of a certain degree of artificial cleverness that is now in progress, which will ultimately raise the whole of society to the same level, and render *distinction* a rare phenomenon, Smith told of a conversation he had once with Talleyrand

on this point. Referring to the number of clever men, in all walks, that used to appear in France, he asked "*Qu'est-elle devenue cette classe d'hommes delettres?*" "*Vous voulez que je vous dise* (answered Talleyrand) *ce qu'elle est devenue; elle est devenue tout le monde.*" This was well said and true; but what is ultimately to come of such a state of things it is hard to conjecture. In talking of Frere, Smith told a *mot* of his I had not heard before. Madame de —— having said, in her intense style, "I should like to be married in *English*, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was *she* married in?" "*Broken* English, I suppose," answered Frere. Sung a little in the evening.

16th. Some agreeable conversation after breakfast with Smith and Lord Lansdowne. In talking of O'Connell, of the mixture there is in him of high and low, formidable and contemptible, mighty and mean, Smith summed up all by saying, "The only way to deal with such a man is to hang him up and erect a statue to him under his gallows." This *balancing* of the account is admirable. Told of Lord Camelford taking an old fiddler with him to Tom's (a place where, during the times of Jacobinism, the Radical fellows used to assemble at night), and having planted his musician in a corner, taking his seat by him and saying, "There, now play God save the King." In a small minority there was on one occasion for peace, upon a question moved by Lord Grey, the name of Lord Camelford was, to the astonishment of everybody, found among the peace-seekers; but it turned out that he had, for some offence, challenged a German officer who refused to fight him till *after* the war, and he therefore felt himself bound, in spite of his political opinions, to vote for peace.

This leading to some talk about duelling, I remarked that one of the worst things, perhaps, O'Connell had done for Ireland was his removing, by his example, that restraint which the responsibility of one man to another under the law of duelling imposed, and which in a country so little advanced in civilisation as Ireland was absolutely necessary. We see accordingly that the tone of society there is every day growing lower and lower, and men bear blackguarding from each other in a way that to an Irishman of the good old school, or to real gentlemen of *any* school, seems inconceivable. In all this they both agreed with me, and said that to the existence of the code of honour introduced by duelling we owed very much the great difference between the moderns and the ancients in the good breeding and decorum of manners in social life. What personal abuse, for instance, what blackguarding (as it would now be deemed), Cicero indulged in towards his adversaries! Walked home.

23rd. To Bowood: walked. Company at dinner, the Listers, the Fieldings, Mr. Topenny, young Villiers, and Mr. Grenville. Day very agreeable: sung in the evening. Asked Mr. Grenville about the Irish MS. which Lord Holland told me he had, relating to the Brehon laws (had already seen by a note in O'Connor's book that he had given it to the library at Stowe). Said that it was still at Stowe; that he had sent an order to have it purchased for him at the sale of Count Macarty's books at Paris, and had commissioned his agent to go as far as 10*l.*, but got it, I think, for 4*l.* O'Connor all in raptures at the sight of it, on finding that it was on the subject of the Brehon laws: but, on examining further into its contents, met with so many unintelligible law words and ancient phrases as made

it almost a matter of despair to think of translating it; meant, however, to do what he could with it, but died soon after.

24th. At breakfast Mr. Grenville told some amusing things. In talking of Baron de Rolle (a follower of the exiled Bourbons), whom I met a good deal at Donington Park, told of De Rolle when on a visit at the Staffords'. Lady Stafford wishing, one day, to get rid of him, pointing to a mountain at a distance which she told him was very curious, and advising him to go and see it: "*Vous aurez un petit cabriolet, et cela sera fort agréable!*" "*Ah! Miladi,*" replied De Rolle, holding up his hands in a supplicatory posture, "*Je suis Suisse: j'ai tant vu de montagnes!*"

Mentioned as a good trait of Bourbon character that, when Charles Dix was at one time shooting in Lincolnshire, whenever they came to any of those wet ditches or pools which abound there, and the rest of the party were floundering through as well as they could, a *chasseur* who attended the Comte d'Artois always stepped forward, and, laying himself down as a bridge across the puddle, was walked over by his royal master as unconcernedly as if he was a plank made expressly for such purposes.

Read Whitaker's "Manchester," and Richard of Cirencester's "Itinerary;" then took a walk to Spye Park, and wrote, *chemin faisant*, a verse of my "Irish Melody." The same party to dinner as yesterday. Talked of the Americans; the aristocratic distinctions they have among themselves, and their looking up to what they call "the high social class." A story Cooper (the novelist) told Lord Lansdowne, as a proof of their passion for races. In their anxiety, on this occasion, for the success of a favourite horse

which had failed for want of a good rider, they looked round for some one worthy to mount him, and fixed on an eminent bank director at Philadelphia, who was famous for his good riding. A deputation waited upon him; he declined; but they were resolved to have him at all events, and a purse was made up by subscription, which, being of a large amount, the bank director could not resist it, and accordingly rode and won the prize. This story from Cooper, of all people! What would he have said or done, if it had been told in England by any one else? Lord L. mentioned also, that on one occasion, when Cooper dined with him, some one (whose name he would not give us) had the bad taste to relate before Cooper a circumstance which he said had been told to him as having occurred once in Congress. This was, that in the warmth of discussion one of the members walked across the floor, and spat in another's face. Cooper acknowledged that the story was true, but said, rather indignantly, "You should have added, however, in justice, that though he certainly did spit in his face, the other immediately knocked him down." Evening altogether very agreeable. Asked Fielding about the best word for *aditus* in translating what Tacitus says of the *portus et aditus* of Ireland being better than those of England; whether the "waters" was not better than the "approaches," and he said, "Certainly."

25th. After breakfast walked home, having promised after some struggle to come again to dinner to-morrow. Found Bess returned from Spye Park, where she has been while I have been away. Delivered to her Lady L.'s pressing request that she would go there to dinner to-morrow and sleep; but my dear girl, from some difficulties

about her toilette, and in fact from not being well enough for the effort, made up her mind not to go.

29th. Off at half-past ten by the "Emerald." On my arrival had a mutton chop and negus at Brookes's. My lodging at Sackville Street (which Fielding has again kindly accommodated me with) most comfortably ready to receive me.

30th. Disappointed of having Tom, the boys now not being allowed to come out on Wednesdays. Dined at Longman's: company, M'Culloch, Dr. Lardner, and a Mr. Murray. Talking of Professor Leslie; his review of some voyage of Humboldt's, in which the latter expresses great regret at not having had with him Leslie's differential thermometer: "Most sincerely do we join in this regret of Mr. Humboldt," writes the Reviewer. In talking of Sir W. Scott's rapid and careless manner of writing, Lardner mentioned that, in sending to him (Lardner) the MS. of his "History of Scotland," he begged that he would be so kind as to "throw in a few dates and authorities."

31st. Asked by Lord Essex to dinner. Company at Lord Essex's, Le Marchant, Grenfell, Rich, &c. Le M. told some stories of Erskine, rather amusing. His being sent for on some important case tried in the country; arriving the evening before the trial and finding Serjeant ——, the counsel who sent for him, waiting dinner for him. The Serjeant anxiously endeavouring to explain to him the merits of the cause; but Erskine impatient of his learned brother's prosing, and apparently much more interested in discussing several bottles of wine, which they finished between them. The Serjeant's uneasiness next morning; his sense of the great responsibility he had taken upon himself in bringing down Erskine, and his panic at

the failure which he thought could not but take place from Erskine's total ignorance of the case. Then his joyful surprise in court, at the luminous statement which broke forth from Erskine, showing that he had, at once, fathomed the whole question from the few hints to which he had the night before so impatiently listened; the complete triumph of the cause, and the gratitude of the party concerned to the Serjeant for calling in the aid of such a man.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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